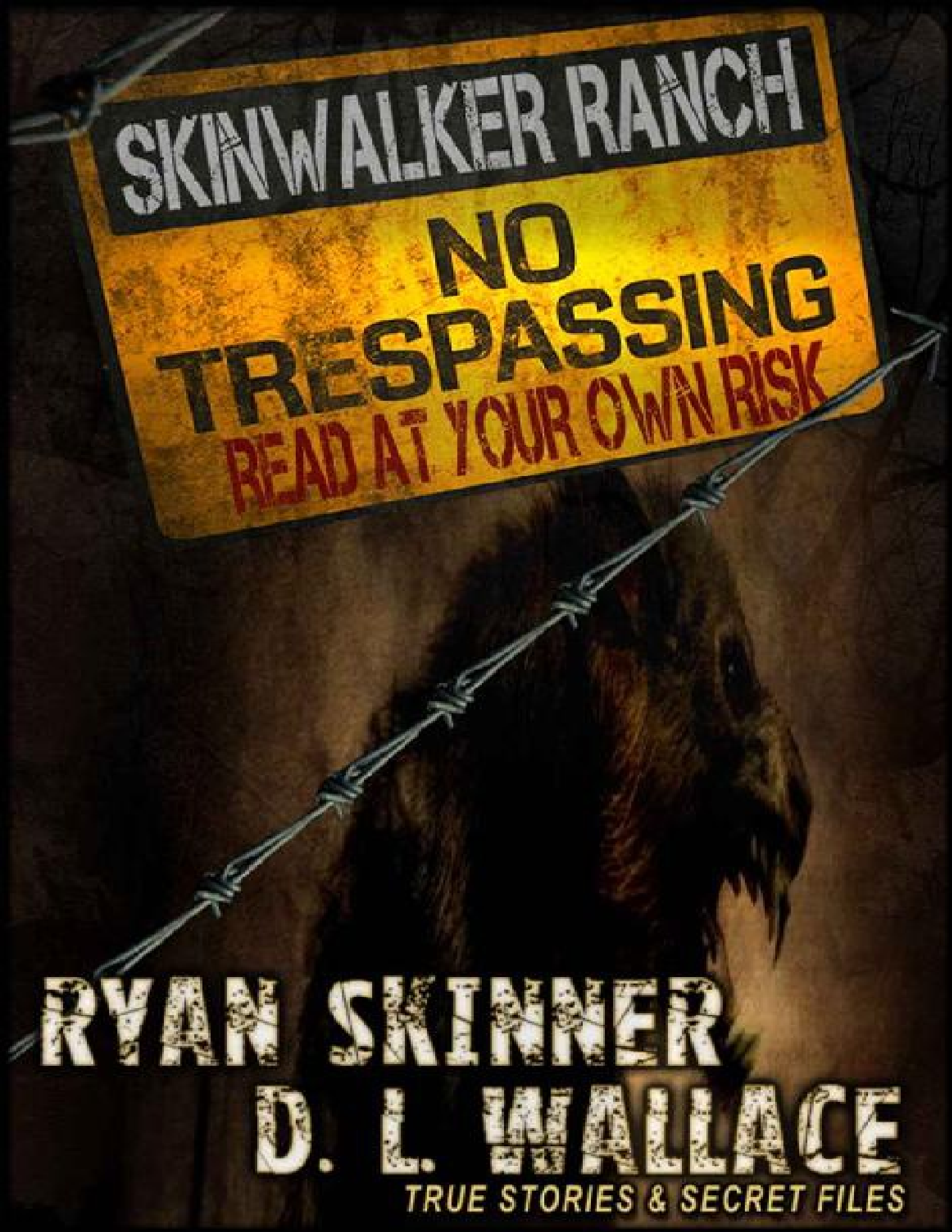
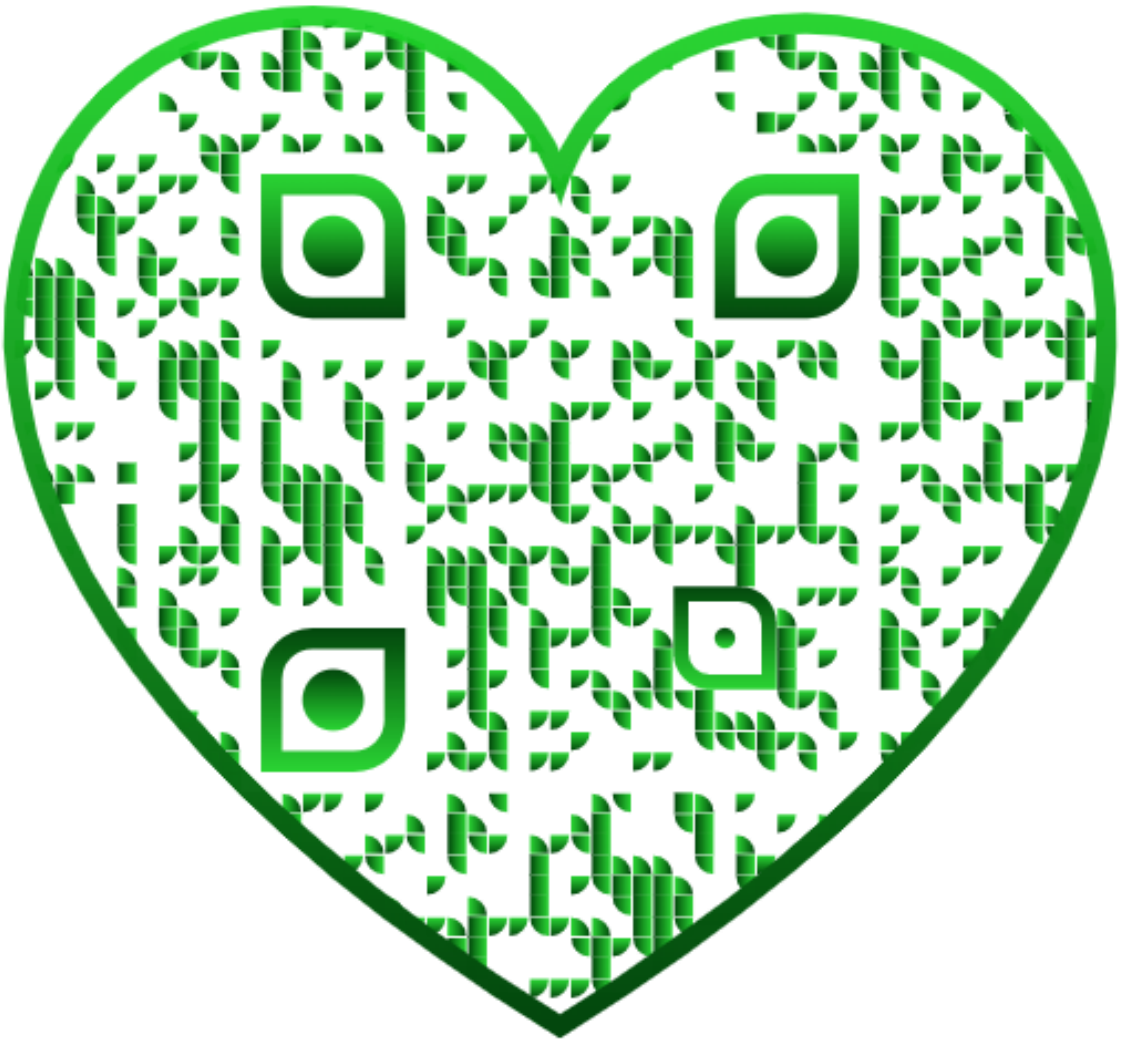

SKINWALKER RANCH
NO
TRESPASSING
READ AT YOUR OWN RISK
RYAN SKINNER
D. L. WALLACE
TRUE STORIES & SECRET FILES



SKINWALKER RANCH
NO TRESPASSING
True Stories
And
Secret Files

Ryan Skinner
With
D. L. Wallace

Table of Contents

Introduction

Book 1: Utah from a Pre-Historical Perspective and an Introduction to Skinwalker Ranch

- The Path of the Skinwalker

Chapter 1: The Early History of Utah

- PRIOR TO THE ARRIVAL OF MAN
- THE EARLIEST HUMANS
- NATIVE AMERICANS
- FORT DUCHESNE, UTAH—HOME OF THE UINTAH
- ARCHEOLOGICAL SITES

Chapter 2: The Skinwalker

- INTRODUCTION TO THE SKINWALKER
- CURSE OF THE SKINWALKER
- MODERN DAY TALES OF THE SKINWALKER

Chapter 3: Skinwalker Ranch

- LOCATION OF THE RANCH

Chapter 4: Bigelow and Bigelow Aerospace

- ROBERT BIGELOW
- NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR DISCOVERY SCIENCE (NIDS), 1996-2004
- MUFON: THE MUTUAL UFO NETWORK

Book 2: Two Interviews

Chapter 1: BAASS Debriefing

- SCIENTIFIC DEPLOYMENT MEMO
- OFFICIAL SPREADSHEET: DOG-LIKE CREATURE/LITTLE PEOPLE

Chapter 2: Conversation with one time resident of Skinwalker Ranch

Book 3: Psychic Investigations and Daily Ranch Logs
Chapter 1: The Nevada Remote Viewing Group Investigation
REMOTE VIEWING
DR. ANGELA THOMPSON SMITH
INVESTIGATIVE REPORT: SHERMAN RANCH ACTIVITIES
CONCLUSION
Preface to Chapter 2
Chapter 2: Ranch Log Entries, 2009
Pursuit of alleged trespassers
Report by Ranch Hand: Dog Incident (9/21/09)
Chapter 3: More Ranch Logs, Hobby Horse, Ranch Hand and others
Hobby Horse Impression of the event of August 13, 2009
Recent text correspondence between Ryan and Rocky, 2014
BOOK 3 CONCLUSION
Book 4: First Person Accounts and Narratives
Chapter 1: Correspondence with Pete M.
Chapter 2: Correspondence with Jeremy K.
Chapter 3: Forum dialogue with “Rich”
Chapter 4: Skinwalker and Paranormal Narratives
Story 1: Lara C.
Story 2: Three Friends at Skinwalker Ranch
Story 3: Utah Woman’s Recollection
Story 4: Bill Muldoon
Story 5: Abridged interview with Larry C., Ute tribe member
Story 6: Colm Kelleher incident report
Chapter 5: Texas Hot Spot
Chapter 6: Anonymous Narratives and Recollections
Story 1: Anonymous contributor, various sightings and the Little People
Story 2: Unidentified lights in the sky above Skinwalker Ranch

Story 3: Anonymous contributor, red creature in the road
Story 4: Anonymous contributor, wolf-like creature in the kitchen
Story 5: Four friends and an encounter with Bigfoot
Story 6: Anonymous Native American contributor, friends encounter multiple Skinwalkers out in the desert
Story 7: Posted by anonymous Utah resident #1
Story 8: Posted by anonymous Utah resident #2
Story #9: Indian Burial Grounds
Story #10: A boy who became a Skinwalker
Afterword
Author Page

Introduction

Skinwalker Ranch is an extensive piece of property located in north-east Utah and on the southern border of the Uintah Indian Reservation. It is thought by many to be a center of paranormal activity and aerial anomalies, including frequent incidence of UFO activity. Multiple books dealing with the property have already been published.

Interest in Skinwalker Ranch has increased substantially since the previous owners, the Sherman family, went somewhat public with the incredible events that interrupted their lives the two years that they spent on the property. Robert T. Bigelow's subsequent purchase of the ranch served only to heighten that interest, the story evolving into one of speculation, with some suggesting the Ranch serves as a portal to an alternate universe, while others believe its current owner is engaging in projects of advanced technology based on engineering concepts derived from alien sources.

With this book I have set out to provide as much objective perspective as possible regarding the topic, relying on research, documents that have been made available to me—mostly from anonymous, but trustworthy sources, eyewitness accounts and narratives and experiences of those who have had substantiated and verifiable proximity to the Ranch and in the surrounding area. I have worked to avoid any and all speculation, unfounded or unsubstantiated theories—regardless of the reliability of potential sources, and interpretation of alleged sightings or encounters. That said, the final section of this book has been reserved for first person encounters presented as narratives only, and not as evidence of any sort. What may or may not be true, I leave up to the reader.

The book is presented in four sections each with its own theme and series of topics.

Book 1 has as its objective to introduce the reader to the general history of Utah—primarily the rich abundance of prehistoric treasures, its original inhabitants and the cultural contributions of the Native Americans that reside to this day in the state. In addition, there is a brief piece on the location and history of the Ranch, and some insight on Robert T. Bigelow, his aerospace program and its relationship with MUFON.

Book 2 provides an inside look at Mr. Bigelow's interest in the

Ranch and the paranormal by revealing the contents of a confidential interview involving the director of one of his earlier initiatives and two investigators with key roles. In addition, there is a never before published interview with a prior resident of the Ranch.

Book 3 takes a look at a specific psychic investigation which focused on the ranch. The content of a confidential document produced as a result of that investigation provides specific details as to the objective of the investigation and its outcome. The second part of Book 3 presents excerpts from the Daily Security Logs generated by the security staff at the Ranch in 2009. Through these excerpts, the reader receives an inside perspective as to paranormal activity and the presence of aerial anomalies on the property, as well as the security routines and strategies for dealing with potential trespassers.

Book 4 is a series of narratives from individuals throughout the Four Corners territories that either personally experienced paranormal or extraterrestrial activity or have attempted to investigate for themselves activity on the Ranch.

As for those who are concerned that this book on the topic of the Skinwalker Ranch is more of what is already out there, I assure you this is a completely different approach. The information presented is derived from actual documents and correspondence with those who currently have or have had in the past a substantiated and verified connection with the Ranch itself and are writing or speaking from actual experience.

Book 1: Utah from a Pre-Historical Perspective and an Introduction to Skinwalker Ranch

The Path of the Skinwalker

That the path of the Skinwalker originates in the state of Utah and makes its way through the territories of the Four Corners is not owing to the randomness of fate, but instead to the deep and abiding spirituality of the original inhabitants of the area, and perhaps even to a time further beyond when creatures first took recognizable shape and form from the amorphous life force that existed prior. It was, and continues to be, the very force which inspires modern man to consider not only his own origin, but the possibility that other manifestations of life exist out there in the furthest reaches of space, or perhaps even here on Earth, beyond curtains separating us from alternate dimensions.

Both the Anasazi and Fremont peoples were cognizant of and believers in a place of origin, one from where the first of their people crossed over to the world as we know it, and another to where all people return following death. To these ancient people neither place was celestial, but alternate dimensions here on Earth and reached through portals known only to spirits. To know of this spirituality, one only need see the recorded history left chipped and painted on the rock face of the canyons and valleys within which they lived and thrived.

As for the Ranch—Skinwalker Ranch, it lies in the heart of that ancient territory, there in the center of some of the largest remaining Native American lands in the United States. To the north and north-east is the expansive Ute reservation. To the south—in Arizona, but well within the cultural sphere of influence, is the Navajo reservation, the largest of its kind in the country. To the south-east, in the state of New Mexico, are a number of reservations belonging to the Apache which combined cover a substantial part of the north-west corner of that state. The Southern Ute have a reservation located in southern Colorado. All told, there are literally more than 30 reservations in the Great Basin/Colorado Plateau territories.

To this day, this territory is the home of the United States' greatest concentration of Native Americans, and as such rich in the traditional culture and spirituality of their ancestors. It is this culture and spirituality that keeps alive the legends and myths of their people, and depending on your own personal experiences, or your open-mindedness when hearing of those of

others, but particularly residents of the Four Corners, perhaps in a way significantly more substantial than we, at least some of us, are prepared to believe.

Given the intense and ancient life force that yet emanates from these territories, there should be no wonder that if there was a source of energy detectable by, and drawing the attention of extraterrestrial life, that it would be coming from here, and as such would provide rationale for the inordinate number of claims for UFO sightings and encounters associated with the area as compared to elsewhere on the planet.

Chapter 1: The Early History of Utah

PRIOR TO THE ARRIVAL OF MAN

Pre-historic Utah was most influenced by a huge body of fresh water which developed about 32,000 years ago known as Lake Bonneville. The lake, at 145 miles wide and almost 350 miles long, covered not only most of the state, but extended also into Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. It had an elevation of more than a mile, and at its greatest depths exceeded 1000'. Today this area is generally referred to as the Great Basin.

The earliest recorded life forms, those that left fossils, were trilobites, a marine arthropod generally associated with the Early Cambrian age, more than 500 million years ago. Their fossils are some of the most common and recognizable. At the other end of the spectrum was the Mastodon, which roamed Utah some 10,000 years ago. Today, Utah is home to two of the most extensive dinosaur dig sites in the world, Dinosaur National Monument to the north and Cleveland-Lloyd Quarry to the east-central part of the state.

THE EARLIEST HUMANS

The earliest human inhabitants were believed to be bands of nomadic hunters that found their way over the Bering Strait, and then came down through what is now Canada following game. The first signs of these people —primarily simple tools—were discovered in ancient caves in Utah's foothills. Most of the items catalogued date back to approximately 10,000 B.C., and include flint points and knives.

The first permanent inhabitants of the state appeared about 1200 B.C. They were called the Ancient Pueblo People, and were divided into two tribes, the Anasazi— Navajo for 'enemy ancestors'—and the Fremont. Evidence shows that they were farmers, primarily raising corn, and that they abandoned the area some 1300 years later, most probably due to a period of extended drought believed to have lasted for about three hundred years.

Besides artifacts, these people left behind extensive rock art depicting upright figures suggestive of man, but with additional physical attributes generally associated with other animals, and at least in one area, alien to both.

As for specific religious or spiritual culture, archaeologists point to evidence of belief in a place of origin and another to which the dead travel, both of which required a dimensional doorway between this world and the next. To access this dimensional doorway, the Anasazi built a series of roadways—most of which ended without specific destination—throughout north-western New Mexico and southern and central Utah.

NATIVE AMERICANS

There were multiple Native Americans indigenous to Utah, but the primary peoples were the Ute, the Paiute and the Shoshone, each having arrived as early as 1000 A.D.

THE UTE

The Ute lived throughout Utah, parts of western Colorado, and hunted as far as Nebraska and southern New Mexico. At their height, there were as many as eleven different bands of Ute, the Uintah being those most associated with Utah, and though each generally stuck to its own territory, movement from one band to another was common. Existing primarily by hunting and gathering, they lived in simple structures such as teepees and wikiups.

The Ute's spiritual beliefs were founded in nature, with animals as deities. As a people, they believed they were related to the bear.[1] Their spiritual leader was known as a Shaman. Peyote and White Uinta water lily, a potent narcotic, were commonly used in their religious ceremonies, and in all likelihood account for their deep belief in ghosts and other less corporeal entities.

Divided into three peoples, it was the northern Ute that were most opposed to surrendering their way of life with the appearance of the Mormons, choosing instead to raid and plunder. They were conquered shortly thereafter, eventually being confined to reservations. Today there are still about 3500 Uintah living on more than 1.3 million acres of land in Utah, much of which is hills and canyons.

THE PAIUTE

The Paiute arrived in southern Utah, southern Nevada and northern

Arizona around 1200 A. D., settling primarily in Bryce Canyon.[2] They were hunters and gathers, including fishing, and were thought to have developed means of irrigation to raise wheat and corn. They too lived in wikiups.

Spiritually, the Paiute relied on shamanic views, but did not recognize a supreme or any other god-like being. Their spirits were incarnations of nature that would appear for reasons of their own, and though capable of influencing the material world, were not considered creators or masters of an afterlife. In their creation myth, it was the animals themselves, particularly the Wolf and Coyote, who disenchanted with an existence confined to a world of water, created land.

With the arrival of the Mormons, the Paiute were pushed from their lands, and as a result many died of starvation and disease. Today, the remaining Paiute live on 4500 acres of tribal land in south western Utah permanently granted to them in 1984.

THE SHOSHONE

The majority of the approximately 8000 Shoshone lived in the Snake River valley in Idaho starting as early as 700 B. C., but were generally nomadic, moving extensively about north-western Utah, and much like the Ute, were hunters and gathers, relying mainly on bison for meat.

In terms of spirituality, the Shoshone were led by a Medicine Man who was thought to have magical powers and the ability to prophesize. The Shoshone believed that survival could be assured through the acquisition of supernatural powers from the spiritual world, including the power to fend off evil prophesized by the Medicine Man. Such supernatural powers were obtained directly from a spiritual entity appearing in a vision. The Shoshone, too, were known to use peyote in their rituals. Certain ghosts were to be feared, including Water Ghost and Rock Ghost, and those that took the form of apparitions and whirlwinds.[3]

In tribal mythology, the wolf was seen as the creator god with the ability to bring the dead back to life.[4] Coyotes, too, were personified and thought to be able to talk, but they as tricksters were to be avoided.

There are currently a small number of Shoshone living on reservation land in northern Utah and Idaho, with larger populations in Wyoming.

FORT DUCHESNE, UTAH—HOME OF THE UINTAH

Fort Duchesne, located in Uintah County, was established as a military post in 1886 and abandoned in 1912. Currently, it is the location of the headquarters of the Uintah Indian Reservation. In the last U.S. Census, the city reportedly occupied 7.7 square miles, .7 of which is water. The population was approximately 700 people, slightly more than 90% of whom are Native Americans. Forty percent of the residents live below the poverty line.

The actual reservation is located 150 miles east of Salt Lake City on US Highway 40, and covers over 4.5 million acres of land.[5] Slightly more than 3300 Uintah live on the reservation. The reservation is bordered east to west by the Uintah Mountains to the north. The Green River is to the east and runs north to south where it joins with the Colorado River.

ARCHEOLOGICAL SITES

While there are multiple archaeological sites in and around Utah, including Alkali Ridge with its multistoried ruins, Danger Cave with evidence of human life dating back to 9000 B.C., False Kiva known for its manmade stone circle of unknown origin and purpose, or Moon House with its ceremonial Kiva, there are three sites of greater interest to the theme of this book. They are Buckhorn Draw, Horseshoe Canyon, and the Rochester Panels.

THE BUCKHORN DRAW

The Buckhorn Draw Pictograph Panel is located in the San Rafael Swell in central Utah and is attributed to the Fremont Indians. The panel is an example of rock art, particularly petro graphs—forms and shapes painted on rock face. One panel of interest depicts two upright figures with rectangular upper bodies and arms extended.[6] The figure in the center of the drawings has what appears to be the ears of a canine, while in the figure to the right the ears are noticeably absent. In all likelihood, both depict Skinwalkers, a human capable of assuming the form of an animal. While Skinwalkers are believed to have had the ability to assume the shape of any animal, the wolf and bear were those most associated with the transformation.

HORSESHOE CANYON

Horseshoe Canyon is located in a remote area west of the Green River. The Great Gallery, a repository of petroglyphs and petro graphs dating back as far as 7000 B. C., and including more than 20 life-size panels of anthropomorphic figures, was left behind by a desert culture predating both the Fremont and the Anasazi.[7]

One panel in particular, shown below, depicts seven upright figures, all shrouded and without the type of detail seen in the previous example. The Ancient Pueblo People were known to believe in the existence of portal that served as the point of origin of their people, and through which their ancestors passed to come to this world or dimension.

Archaeological studies in Chaco Canyon, ancestral home of the Anasazi, reveal over 200 miles of straight-path roads, many as wide as 40 feet, and none that lead to anywhere specific. In fact, the Anasazi did not make use of the wheel, nor did they have particularly large carts, leading to the popular belief that these roads were largely ceremonial and spiritual. When the Navajo came along after the departure of the Anasazi, they viewed these roads as evil and dark and a means for seeking refuge from one they referred to as Dark Monster.[8]

However, for the Anasazi these roads symbolized a spiritual path upon which one would ceremoniously return directly to the heart and purity of life. In addition, it was believed that the spirit of the dead would leave this world traveling north along a road ending at a dimensional portal which opened into—if not an afterlife in the Christian sense—an alternative consciousness. That the dead were believed to have consciousness is

evidenced by the fact that food was left along these roads to tide them over until they reached their destination.

In this particular petroglyph, the shrouds suggest the figures are dead. The two figures to the far left were drawn proportionately smaller to suggest depth perception and distance, as if the dead were approaching the portal two by two and in line. Note that the four figures to the left are all drawn on the same perspective. The larger of the figures is distinguished by significantly more detail, including a skull-like face with two large holes where the eyes once were. Together they suggest a higher level of being that is otherworldly and there to receive the newly dead. The two figures on either side were clearly drawn in the foreground to appear as if they were being judged or greeted prior to passing through the portal.

Note that in general, the Anasazi did not wear much in the way of clothing, and that the shrouded form of the figures is more representative of the transformation of the physical body of the living to the spiritual form of the dead than any sort of ceremonial burial garb.

THE ROCHESTER PANEL

The Rochester Rock Art Panel is located east of Emery, Utah. Not as extensive as the other two sites here mentioned, there is yet a considerable number of examples of petroglyphs—figures chipped into the stone, and not painted on the surface. They are believed to be of Fremont origin.

Two of the more interesting panels appear below.[9] The first clearly depicts a canine as evidenced by the nose, teeth, tail and hind legs, and is clear evidence that the Ancient Pueblos held the wolf and coyote in high esteem. The second panel presents an upright figure that is generally human in appearance. However, the taper to the body and the absence of a neck would seem to suggest something more ghostly or spirit-like. The presence of

the horns, while no doubt paying homage to the bison, is clearly supernatural in as much as the figure is otherwise anthropomorphic and suggestive of the Skinwalker. At the very least, the figure is evidence that these ancient people believed in a spiritual link or kinship between man and animals that did not have as its origin the physical world.

The third panel (below) has a unique combination of a variety of the elements that appear in the others. Taken together—as intended—the scene clearly depicts the world of the dead, or if not the actual dimension, the portal that opens before it. Consistent with the Ancient Pueblo practice of leaving food along the road traveled between dimensions, there are various urns in the foreground. The three figures provided with the most detail all share the same skull-like eyes and animal-like protrusions, either ears or horns, and characteristic of the Skinwalker and suggestive of supernatural power. The figure to the right stands before what seems to be a portal.

There are two additional figures in the scene. The first, to the viewer's left, is crudely depicted as a skeleton, the bones of the arms and legs drawn as simple lines, while the skull is rounded, but lacking the eyes given the supernatural beings. The second figure, to the viewer's right, appears to be prone. By including these two figures, the Ancient Pueblo, by contrast, are acknowledging a distinction between mortal men and those that exist in that next dimension, while at the same time suggesting that these supernatural entities are free to move between both dimensions.

With regard to these petroglyphs, the Ute offer alternative interpretations, one of which suggests that these entities are actually extraterrestrials that visited the area around the time of their ancestors.[10]

Chapter 2: The Skinwalker

INTRODUCTION TO THE SKINWALKER

A Skinwalker is a shape-shifter, most often a mortal man, but at times a woman or child, which has, according to legend, the ability to assume at will the physical form of an animal, usually, but not always, a wolf, bear, or eagle. Once in the form of the animal, the Skinwalker attains at a supernatural level the innate attributes of that animal, and in addition is capable of traveling by supernatural means.

Unlike a werewolf, the were-tiger of India, or any of the other multitude of were-beasts associated with other cultures, the Skinwalker known to the Indians native to the Four Corners of the United States—where Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah meet—is a practitioner of witch craft. It is generally noted across the various Indian cultures that Skinwalkers are motivated by their own greed and have malevolent intentions. In some, the only way to become a Skinwalker is to kill a sibling or other family member, thereby surrendering or forfeiting one's own humanity. [11] Following the taking of life, the Shaman or witch drains the victim or victims of their souls, and thereby gains the power to shape shift. In some cultures, in order to transform the Skinwalker first must drape himself in the skin of the animal he wishes to become.

Much about the Skinwalker remains unknown as cultural beliefs prohibit Native American Indians from speaking to non-Native Americans about the subject. There is also the belief that openly speaking about a Skinwalker may attract its unwanted attention.

The two drawings below depict different versions of a Skinwalker wearing the pelt of a wolf. In the first, the Shaman has assumed some of the animal's canine attributes, including the lengthening of the feet and finger nails, but essentially maintains his human form. In this case, the pelt is used to conceal the identity of the Shaman, who would otherwise risk being recognized by the tribal member he is targeting.

The second is a Navajo drawing in which the transformation is more complete, suggesting that the pelt is more a catalyst of change resulting in a creature that is clearly more supernatural. In addition, this drawing seems to

support claims that describe the transformation process as leaving the Skinwalker either awkwardly formed or abnormal in shape and with an unnatural gait, and as such, easily distinguishable from the actual animal.

While many tribes of the American South-West, including the Hopi and the Ute, have the Skinwalker as part of their culture, the deepest understanding of its influence in spiritual and daily life has been derived from anthropological studies of the Navajo.

According to these studies, there were two types of spiritual tribal members: Medicine Men and Skinwalkers.

The Medicine Man was also known to wear animal skins. However, it was done so to absorb the spiritual power of the totem, which would then carry him to some altered state of being. It was through this altered state that the Medicine Man learned the secrets of healing, and from where he would prophesize. All Medicine men were healers, bestowed blessings and had the ability to remove curses.

The Skinwalker, on the other hand, often started out in pursuit of the healing arts, but was lured by black magic and the art of making others ill. The Skinwalker is always a deceiver and not to be trusted. Using the cover of night, a Skinwalker would transform and set out to inflict pain and suffering on those that he believed wronged him. Unable to enter the dwelling of his victims, he would mimic the voices of those known to and loved by his target, or even the cry of a child or an animal, with the intent to lure him out into the open. He would then torment the victim by entering his mind to instill fear or to force the victim to do himself harm, or in the extreme, take his own life. While in human form, it was said that a Skinwalker could be recognized by his animal-like eyes, which interestingly enough reverted to human form, only flat and dull, after shape-shifting.

The drawing below depicts a Skinwalker tormenting his victim. Note that in the drawing, the victim is shading her eyes. According to legend, if she makes direct eye contact, the Skinwalker can enter her body to either take control or paralyze her with fear, and then feed off that fear to grow stronger. On the other hand, it is believed that if an intended victim sees a Skinwalker's face and can identify him, he must be killed, or the Skinwalker himself risks dying. A Skinwalker who thinks he has been recognized will return to kill the one he thinks can identify him.

It is also of interest to note that the Skinwalker's eyes, though similar to those of the petroglyphs and petro graphs found in the canyons of Utah, are depicted as more serpentine than skeletal, suggesting that this particular Skinwalker has transformed into a snake, or more consistent with Ute beliefs, might possibly be of extraterrestrial origin.

Beyond their supernatural tendencies and powers, Skinwalkers were known to use various powders and concoctions, charms and spells, and even other animals to control or kill their victims.

The primary ingredient of powders and concoctions was human bones, preferably those of a dead infant. The bone would either be formed into a projectile fired through a blow gun, or ground to dust—corpse powder—and blown into the face of the intended victim. Once inhaled, the victim's tongue would swell and he would die.

Similar to the dark art of Voodoo, the Skinwalker could also get to his victim through an article of clothing, strand of hair, or any other personal item, which would then be used in a spell casting ceremony. Live snakes and tarantulas were often used as charms.[12]

Ultimately, any individual choosing the path of a Skinwalker did so knowing he would be banished from the tribe and shunned by its members. Thereafter, the practitioner was forced to live a solitary existence in the canyons of the desert in constant search of revenge or mindless harm.[13]

CURSE OF THE SKINWALKER

With the arrival of the Spaniards to the new world, the Ute were introduced to the horse, which they initially viewed as little more than a large dog. Eventually, however, the Ute obtained horses in trade with the Spaniards, learned to ride, and ultimately used the animals to conduct war-like raids into the villages of the Navajo and other Indians in the region. The primary objective of these raids was slave trading, which they also adopted from the Spaniards. Those taken in the raids were brought south into New Mexico and sold or traded.

While there is little, if any, formal literature that details the route from Utah into New Mexico that was used to bring captives to the slave markets, there are two likely possibilities. From the territory of the Uintah Mountains, the most accessible would have been to follow the low lands along both the Duchesne and the Green River, south to the Colorado, and then west south-west following the San Juan into the north-east extent of New Mexico, at the time—and still today—territory of the Apache. The other possibility was straight through the heart of Utah, north to south, through the Wasatch Plateau and down into northern Arizona—currently the location of a large Navajo reservation. Regardless, the Skinwalker had found its way and to this day remains a part of the Indian culture there in the Four Corners.

Sometime in the early 19th century, the Ute as a people began to experience the torment and misfortune of the Skinwalker, and especially along a corridor of canyons and hills consistent with and in the vicinity of the Green River. They attributed the presence of the Skinwalker to a curse put upon them by the Navajo as a form of vengeance for the wrong done to them by the Ute.

Even today the local Ute consider the canyons at the southern extent

of the Reservation to be unholy ground. They are thought to be the lair of the Skinwalker, and as such the region is referred to as *the path of the Skinwalker*.

MODERN DAY TALES OF THE SKINWALKER

The final chapter of this book is dedicated to eye witness accounts and narratives of greater length and detail of the Skinwalker and other paranormal experiences; however, included here are three brief encounters reported from different parts of the Four Corners.

The first is an experience recounted by a Native American woman who worked as a newspaper deliverer upon a Navajo Reservation in Arizona. She tells of an upright creature she describes as half man and half beast with red eyes and a misshapen arm accosting her on her route, opening her car door and making a grab for her baby. She claims she managed to secure the child, close the car door and race off. Despite speeding along at a rate much faster than any man or animal should be able to match for any extended period of time, the creature stayed alongside the moving car and continued to attempt to get at the child. Only after she pulled into the parking lot of a convenience store and sought assistance from those inside did she manage to

scare off the creature.

The second is attributed to a highway patrol officer in New Mexico who relates a similar experience—one he claims happened on two separate occasions—in which a creature that was neither human nor any animal he had seen before ran alongside his patrol car while out on a dark highway. His first impression was that the creature had somehow taken hold of the door handle and was hanging on to the car. He realized, however, that it was actually running at highway speeds and keeping pace with the vehicle. Not only did the experience repeat itself a few days later, but he later encountered a second officer that had a similar experience along that same stretch of highway.

This third tale involves a non-Native American family that claims that while driving along a highway running through the Navajo Reservation, a creature that was half man and half wolf suddenly appeared beside their vehicle. According to the description provided by multiple members of that family, the creature was clad in human clothing, covered in black hair, had the yellow eyes of a beast, with long arms and was tall enough to place its hands atop the cab of their pickup truck. Days later, the family was awakened late at night by a loud sound coming from outside the house. The father observed three dark figures attempting to scale the fence of the property, but were unable to do so and obviously, by the sounds he reported, frustrated by their failure. (Skinwalkers cannot enter an intended victim’s dwelling or property without an invitation.) Frightened by their experience, and taking no chances, the family arranged for intervention from a local Navajo woman. They were not bothered again.

Chapter 3: Skinwalker Ranch

LOCATION OF THE RANCH

Skinwalker Ranch consists of 480 acres located in north-east Utah, south of US Interstate 40, which enters Utah from north-western Colorado, winds through miles of sparsely populated territory—interrupted only by the city of Vernal—and passes through Ballard on its way west.

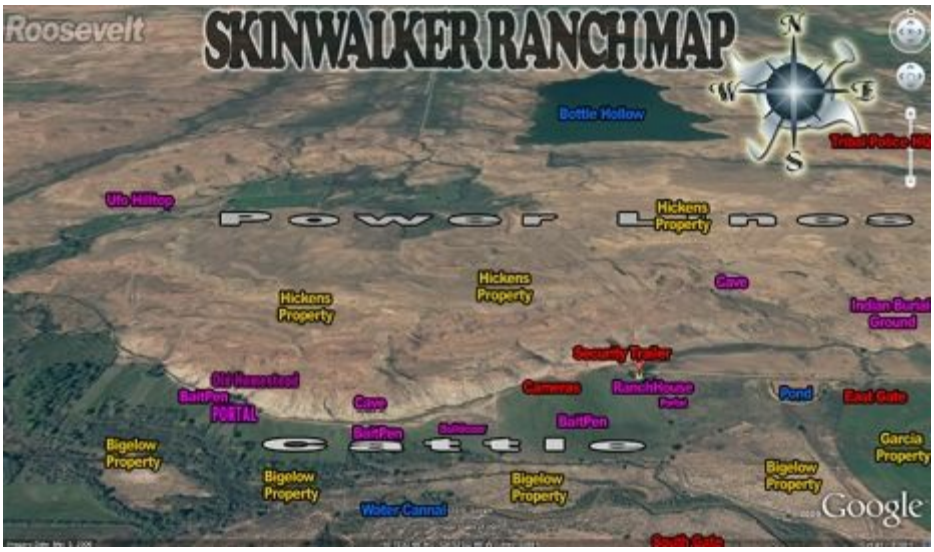
The actual ranch property is located along the southern border of the Uintah-Ouray Indian Reservation, east of the Duchesne/Uintah County border. The nearest land mark is Bottle Hollow Reservoir, directly north of the Ranch.

Fort Duchesne, the nearest census designated place (it is too small to be labeled a city), is situated on the east shore of the reservoir, and is reached by taking AR88 south off of East Main Street (I191/40). The primary artery in Fort Duchesne is Bottle Hollow Loop Road, which both circles the reservoir and provides an outlet to Hill Top Road which runs north to south and along the western extent of the ranch property.

The only road-based access to the ranch property is by taking 2750S from Hill Top Road east. The road runs along the northern edge of the ranch property belonging to the Garcia's, passes the East gate of the ranch and then leads up to the actual ranch house. There is an extent of this same road to the west of the property, but it doesn't serve as proper access. The two extents of 2750S and 2500S are joined and run through the property as a dirt road along its northern length and at the base of the ridge. The southern extent of the property extends just beyond a canal known as Dry Gulch Creek. The southern entrance of the property—referred to as the South Gate—is south of the creek. North of the property is a large expanse of elevated lands that are primarily rock and stone consisting of at least two small caves and an Indian burial ground.

The Ranch house itself is located in the north-east corner of the property and west of a small pond that sits between the Ranch property and the Garcia property. The East Gate is east of the pond. The three notorious bait pens are all located on the north side of the property and in the middle of open fields and off the tree line. The first sits in a line of sight west south-

west of the ranch house, the second west of the first and beyond a narrow tree line running south to north—it is the closest to the road, and the third to the west extent of the property and just north of a densely wooded area. There is also a stretch of dense woods along the west border of the property. A number of web sources, including Google search and Map Quest, provide clear satellite views. All in all, it is an impressive stretch of land.



HISTORY OF THE RANCH

The earliest available records indicate that the ranch was owned by a Mr. Ken Meyers and his wife, Edith, who resided on the property starting in the 1930s. They had no children. Mr. Meyers passed away around 1980. Mrs. Meyers continued to live on the property until 1987 or so,[14] after which it remained empty for a period of time.

While there are only casual recorded stories of any occurrences or incidents considered paranormal or supernatural during the Meyers' time on the ranch, the local Indians have tribal accounts of spirits and ghosts haunting the area that go back for generations. So intense is the belief in these stories that, according to other available resources, tribal members established a wage pool based on the length of time the new owners would live at the ranch before being driven off.

In 1994, the ranch was bought by Terry and Gwen Sherman who remodeled it and moved in with their two children, ages 9 and 13. Terry was born in Arizona and moved to Utah when he was 17. Gwen was born in Utah.

Together they saw in the property everything they were looking for in terms of leading the idyllic life of which they had always dreamed. Prior to the purchase, Terry Sherman was raising cattle upon various plots of land he was renting, while Gwen was employed by a local bank.

Prior to moving into the house, the Shermans had no reason to believe there was anything odd about the place or anything to fear. In retrospect, they did question why the property had remained vacant and unsold for such a long period of time, and there was some curiosity as to the number of deadbolt locks—as reported by other sources—supposedly found throughout the house.[15] Not only were these security devices said to have been placed to the inside of every door, but also to the inside of a door to a closet located in a center hallway. Despite a lack of access to or from the outdoors, the doors of that hallway all were equipped on the inside with similar hardware. Seemingly, the Meyers were concerned both with keeping something out of the house and having a secure place within the house to seek refuge. Neighbors also reported that the Meyers owned a number of particularly large and unfriendly dogs that were kept on lengths of chain anchored just outside the doors of the house. A relative of the Meyers, however, denied his grandparents owned such dogs.

Shortly after moving in and getting his cattle settled, Terry Sherman and his family, while tending to the livestock and the property, began noticing different geometrical configurations here and there in the fields and pastures, mostly circles of various circumference—three to eight feet across—arranged in a triangular pattern. They appeared to be impressions of some sort, anywhere from a foot to two feet deep, and the soil at their base compressed perfectly flat as if something of significant weight had been sitting there.

The Shermans then started having problems with their cattle. They were dying off from what appeared to be unnatural causes. The first two were both found with what appeared to be a single perforation type wound to the eye. The second of the two had also been cored through the anus. Neither showed any traces of blood, and both gave off an odor the Shermans described only as chemical. A third cow was later discovered similarly mutilated. The family also noted that regardless of how long the carcass remained, local scavenger animals would leave it untouched. In addition to those that were found dead, four others had simply disappeared. Following the otherwise undisturbed tracks within the snow of one particular cow, Terry

couldn’t help but notice they came to a sudden halt beneath some trees as if something had reached down and pulled it up into the branches. The upper reaches of those particular trees seemed to have been scorched.[16]

The strange voices, lights and UFO sightings began later that summer. The first incident was witnessed by Terry and his son, and consisted of two voices that seemed to materialize from about 25 feet above their heads. The voices were described as conversational, though in no language that either of the Shermans recognized.[17] This incident was followed by multiple appearances of unidentifiable crafts, one of which was seen by Gwen alone, and a second which was seen by both Terry and Gwen. In both incidents, the craft appeared to be manned, but by a figure that was too big and tall to be human. Terry claims to have seen a figure over seven feet in height exit the craft. Other sightings occurred over the following months, and were generally characterized as a small box-like craft, a 40 foot long object and a football field sized ship, all of which were emitting different types and colors of light.[18]

After that, the property was plagued by the appearance of baseball-sized spheres of blue light that would both emerge from and disappear into orange-colored portals, and behaved as if controlled, either hovering for short periods of time in one place or moving at high speeds. In one particular event, the Shermans described sicking their three dogs after one of the spheres. The dogs chased the light out of sight and shortly thereafter the cries of at least one dog was heard. The next morning come sunlight, the Shermans went in search of the dogs. They found, instead, three scorched spots on the ground, in the middle of which were greasy blobs they believed to be the remains of the three pets.

The Shermans, apparently, were not alone in their experience with the unexplained. A neighbor, identified only as a man about 55 years of age, acknowledged he and his family “had trouble since he was a small kid.” In addition, a man living in nearby Neola, claimed to have twice observed UFOs in the area. He described the craft as “gigantic” with “rays of colored light”. According to Joseph Hicks, referred to informally as Junior, a retired teacher from Roosevelt and a local UFO historian, he has investigated more than 400 such sightings in the area, many of which, according to witnesses, reported flying crafts operated by living beings.[19]

Less than two years after settling into the ranch, and consistent with the wage line established by the local Native American pool, the Shermans

sold the ranch and moved.[20] The buyer was Robert T. Bigelow, the owner and developer of the Budget Suite Hotel chain. He retains ownership of the ranch and property to this day.

Chapter 4: Bigelow and Bigelow Aerospace

ROBERT BIGELOW

Bigelow was born in 1945 in Las Vegas. He states that he always had an interest in science, which he attributed primarily to having witnessed at age twelve a number of the atomic tests conducted at the Nevada National Security Site—known in the 1950s as the Nevada Test Site—approximately 65 miles north-west of the city. Mushroom clouds from atmospheric testing, the most well-known of which was the dropping of a 1-kiloton TNT bomb on Frenchman Flat, a hydrographic basin just south of Yucca flats, could be seen some 100 miles away, and at the time had become somewhat of a tourist attraction.

The young Bigelow decided, then and there, that what he really wanted to do was establish his own space program. Driven by that goal, he set out to accumulate the necessary wealth, dedicating himself to his education and his eventual business ventures. After graduating high school, he enrolled in the University of Nevada where he studied banking and real estate. In 1967, he received his degree from Arizona State University. Over the next three decades, he dedicated himself to commercial real estate, primarily in the development of hotels, motels and apartment complexes. In 2008, and just prior to the full impact of the Great Recession of 2007, Bigelow divested himself of most of his housing properties, and has since been using his wealth to finance the activities of Bigelow Aerospace Advanced Space Studies (BAASS)—the space program of his boyhood aspiration.

The primary concentration of BAASS is the development of affordable and accessible space habitats that are both inflatable and expandable, providing for greater flexibility in terms of transporting the module into space and once there withstanding the elements encountered in orbit. Bigelow's first two modules, Genesis I (2006) and Genesis II (2007), were both launched with the assistance of the Russian space program and

have had measurable success in terms of Bigelow's initial objectives. His program is currently working on a significantly larger model called BEAM (Bigelow Expandable Activity Module) which has a tentative launch date of sometime in 2015.

In 1996, Bigelow, having developed interest in the subject of UFOs and other paranormal anomalies, was drawn by the number of incidents and events associated with the Sherman Ranch and surrounding area, and purchased the property for approximately $200,000.

At the time, Zach Van Eyck, a journalist writing for the Salt Lake City Deseret News, referred to Bigelow as "easily the most prominent American financier in the paranormal research field."[21] As soon as he made the purchase, Bigelow had an observation tower built on the property and hired two scientists and a veterinarian, all of who took-up part time residence on the Ranch as to do around-the-clock observations in attempt to record unexplained anomalies associated with the paranormal.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR DISCOVERY SCIENCE (NIDS), 1996-2004

To formalize the activity there at the ranch, Bigelow established the *National Institute for Discovery Science* (NIDS), hiring John B. Alexander, a former director at Los Alamos National Laboratories in New Mexico, to serve as its principal administrator. And while at the time no one directly associated with Bigelow or NIDS would provide the purpose of that activity or specifics as to the type of research being done there, Gary Hart, an investigator of hyper-dimensional phenomenon, suggested that the Sherman Ranch was the site of an inter-dimensional portal. Moulton Howe, who had received a grant from Bigelow in 1994 to study animal mutilation issues, offered the speculation that Bigelow supported the theory that there was an "opening or tear in the electromagnetic fabric of our planet" located on or around the property.

By 2001, Bigelow and NIDS had up to 15 scientists and PhDs working at any one time at the Ranch. By then, Alexander had been replaced by Dr. Colm Kelleher as deputy administrator. Kelleher was an expert in the field of cell and molecular biology, having earned his PhD in Biochemistry from Holy Trinity in Dublin. Kelleher, along with George Knapp, a television journalist best known for his interview of Robert Lazar, a scientist who claimed to have been involved with reverse engineering projects associated

with Area 51, authored Hunt for the Skinwalker: Science Confronts the Unexplained at a Remote Ranch in Utah, published in 2005. At the time it was considered the definitive source on the subject. As for NIDS, the primary concerns were, according to Kelleher, “anomalies”, which in the case of the Ranch and surrounding counties (Uintah and Duchesne) were primarily animal mutilations and UFO sightings.

According to an article by Lezlee E. Whiting, a journalist writing for the *Deseret News*[22], the two most reliable and intriguing incidents being investigated by NIDS involved the mutilation of a pregnant cow and a large UFO spotted between Randlett and Fort Duchesne.

The mutilation incident took place in 1998 and was investigated by Pete Pickup[23], a resident of Randlett and a full-time NIDS investigator with 26 years of experience as a police officer.[24] Unlike most of the cases, which came to the attention of NIDS well after the actual incident, and after the flesh had decayed beyond scientific usefulness, this particular carcass was analyzed while blood and tissue samples were still fresh. The findings revealed that removal of the left eye and a section of the left ear[25]—similar to the mutilations observed by Terry Sherman—were performed as if with a sharp, surgical instrument, and the fetus had been completely removed without a trace. There were no signs of scavengers. Despite the $10,000 spent to analyze the remaining tissue at the science labs of two different universities, and past assurances that all relevant details would be posted to the organization’s website, no further information was provided as to what may have been responsible for the mutilation, or to verify any data suggestive of an anomaly.

On June 25, 2000, a witness called NIDS to report the sighting of a UFO in the skies south-east of Fort Duchesne and in the direction of Randlett. The caller described the object as spherical-shaped and approximately the size of four football fields. The object was emanating a constant glow with an intermittent flashing of a separate light source and making some sort of rhythmic sound. Allegedly, Kelleher claimed to be able to estimate the distance and altitude of the UFO from the witness by measuring the speed of sound. However, that information, too, was never released publically.

NIDS became defunct in 2004.

MUFON: THE MUTUAL UFO NETWORK

In or about 2009, BAASS entered into a working agreement with MUFON, a UFO network, resulting in conspiracy theorists proclaiming that Mr. Bigelow had bought out the network allegedly with the intent of monopolizing and controlling the flow of information relative to UFO sightings and reports. However, the content of the documents made available suggest the arrangements were intended to be of mutual benefit to both organizations, and that a disagreement as to the interpretation of the terms and conditions specified by the contract resulted in the termination of the agreement.

Originally called the Midwest UFO Network, and founded in 1969 by Walt Andrus, a resident of Illinois, and Dr. Allen R. Utke, an Associate Professor of Chemistry at Wisconsin State University—both members of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO), the Mutual UFO Network serves as an observer network throughout the United States recording and investigating UFO sightings and other aerial anomalies.

In 2008, the then International Director, James Carrion, and a number of MUFON board members met with Robert Bigelow and negotiated a contract with Bigelow Aerospace. The original (draft) document, dated February 2009, provided MUFON with much needed funds to continue operations, as well as finance the establishment of what was to be called a rapid-response team. The team would consist of a group of investigators who within 24 hours of receiving information regarding 'high value' UFO sightings would converge upon the location. In return, Bigelow Aerospace would receive, in addition to other services, direct access—read only—to MUFON's Case Management System (CMS). The CMS is a computer accessed 'real-time' database of all sightings reported to MUFON through their website. Sightings can be registered and reported by anyone with access to the internet.

The contract was titled *Purchase Agreement for the Acquisition of Information* and negotiated between Mutual UFO Network ("MUFON"), located at 155 E. Boardwalk Drive, Ste. 300, Fort Collins, CO—referred to as "Seller" and Bigelow Aerospace Advanced Space Studies, LLC, ("BAASS"), a Nevada Limited Liability Company, located at 4640 S. Eastern Avenue, Las Vegas, Nevada—referred to as "Buyer".

The contract specified three services that MUFON would provide to Bigelow Aerospace. The first was field investigative services providing

diversified information covering the topic of aerial phenomenology and any spacecraft, mobile objects, or events that could be considered anomalous. The second was Buyer access to the Seller's existing CMS database in Read Only format and all other data. The third was the opportunity to purchase from the Seller field investigation services (assumed to include the services of the rapid-response team) and all information and material derived from those services. Included in that broad category were the following: physical evidence, signature information from detection devices (third party witness photographs, film, data from detection devices, ground or air-derived radar data and satellite data), ground disturbance site information and evidence including photographs of casts of footprints, film, any other photographs, electronic information, interview transcripts, any testimony, including recordings (audio, video, stenographic) of first-hand accounts and observations, as well as any other item that may be recovered from prior, present, and future field investigations submitted by MUFON.[26]

The clause goes on to provide conditions for the delivery from MUFON of any of the items referred to above and the obligations of Bigelow Aerospace for the return of any property shared by but belonging to MUFON.

In addition to the conditions specified, MUFON agreed to provide both weekly and monthly reports to Bigelow Aerospace. The weekly reports were expected to detail all field investigation activities encompassing all applicable items…occurring for the previous seven-day period, along with the investigation plan for the next seven days for each active case investigated. The monthly reports would include a summary of all active field investigations and financial statements. The financial statements were expected to detail how MUFON was using Bigelow funds, in essence to justify cost, and would include invoices, receipts, statements, contracts, time/payroll reports, independent contractor submissions, and summarizing schedules [of] total expenditures. There was also a two part performance review clause allowing for the BUYER to terminate the agreement as of June 2009 or October 2009.

The speculative cost of the one-year agreement to Bigelow Aerospace was stated in the original document as $672,000, payable in twelve monthly installments of $56,000 each and due on the fifth day of each month. That document, however, apparently was modified prior to formal agreement to provide for significantly less cost to BAASS. Subsequent correspondence between the two parties suggest the actual total cost was

closer to $400,000, including an upfront lump sum payment followed by monthly payments of $25,500.

On or about October 27, 2009, Dr. Colm Kelleher sent correspondence to Mr. Carrion specifying two concerns relative to MUFON's service.[27] The first indicates disappointment with the quality and quantity of "the flow of cases that fulfill BAASS' reporting criteria". The second was based on MUFON's request for increased funds. Kelleher, referencing monthly financial statements, responds by expressing displeasure with MUFON's use of funds already received, specifically the "unspent portion of the…moneys that were initially allocated at the beginning of the purchase agreement."

According to the correspondence, BAASS was concerned that the statements were showing that MUFON was spending on average $26,868.54 a month on behalf of the BAASS account. Although the correspondence does not specify a dollar value for monthly services expected by BAASS, Dr. Kelleher does indicate the sum being spent represents a "relatively large… monthly shortfall". He then states, "It was never the intent of the BAASS-MUFON Purchase Agreement to serve as a mechanism for MUFON to warehouse extra funds". As a result he requests a reduction of the funding level to $15,500 a month for the remainder of the terms of the agreement, and expressing doubt as to MUFON's ability to productively spend the warehoused funds, asks for a detailed spending plan.

On or about November, 13, 2009, James Carrion responded.[28] In his letter he requests that the monthly payment remain as is, and states that the warehoused funds ($139,834.23) would be used to improve the MUFON website, purchase Google ads, and to provide written literature to first-responders—primarily Police and Firefighters—educating them on MUFON's role in UFO investigations and a protocol for reporting such incidents to MUFON. In addition, Carrion, seemingly contrary to the original agreement, requests a $20,000 additional payment to cover the salary of those assigned to provide for BAASS' access to its historical archives from June to September of 2009. There is also mention of using the warehoused funds to provide seven months of back pay amounting to $24,500 for the administrator assigned to oversee the BAASS account, something that Carrion as that administrator, according to a subsequent letter, initially was not comfortable accepting. He mentions the amount of hours spent on the project for his change in comfort level. He closes the letter by inferring that

without an increase in the monthly allotment, it will be difficult to "continue project operations and the delivery of data to BAASS." The letter did not include the requested detailed spending plan.

Dr. Kelleher responds to Carrion on or about November 20, 2009, making it clear that without "a specific and itemized financial plan to spend warehoused funds…BAASS has very little confidence in MUFON's ability to responsibly spend such a large sum of money in such a short period of time". In addition, he states his opposition to the $20,000 request for access to the historical archives, taking the position that the original agreement accounts for the salaries of the MUFON staff. In terms of Carrion's request for increased funds in anticipation of continuing the service contract for an additional year, and into the future, Kelleher writes, "James, before we move forward with the formal response to your letter, we will need the answers to these questions and statements."

Carrion responds on November 30, 2009, referring first to a website development proposal sent separately, and which he assumed has already been received, and then states: "[The] $20,000.00 charge…is for access to MUFON's intellectual property. Researcher salaries…are separate expense items." This statement did not appear in his previous correspondence, nor was it referred to in substance. Among the details for spending the warehoused funds were the following:

1. A 30 second radio message, coast to coast, on AM radio, 400 affiliate stations, cost to air a single time: $475.00. Total cost $5700 for four weeks.
2. An add running on the Jeff Rense Radio show and his web page. Cost for 36 commercials per week for one month, 144 in total, each approximately 60 seconds: $1995.00.
3. $5,000.00 per month applied toward Google AdWords (SEO).
4. Total cost of ad package: $12,695 for one month, $38,085 for three months.
5. First Responder Advertising Campaign: 10,000 brochures @ $8000.00
6. Two page printed letter explaining MUFON's role in assisting First Responders: $2000.00
7. One time mailing list of First Responder agencies: $4-5000.00
8. UFO shaped magnet with MUFON contact information:

10,000 @ $3000.00

9. Bulk mail cost: $5000.00
10. Total cost of full campaign: $61,085.00

Although any follow-up correspondence was not made available, the MUFON website notes that due to "conspiracy theories about the cooperative agreement…and disinformation about it, James Carrion resigned [from MUFON]…" on or about November 30th. A review of multiple websites, including *UFO Magazine*, *Before It's News* and *Intellihub*, reveals minor details of the agreement between MUFON and BAASS, and include additional comments that seem to support the claim of misinformation made on the MUFON website. However, none of these sites have updated information beyond the initial reaction to the agreement. The contract was not immediately renewed following the initial year.

On his own personal blog site, James Carrion offered his take on the lack of cooperation between BAASS and MUFON. Despite the existence of correspondence that seems to suggest otherwise, it was his stated opinion that "Mr. Bigelow invalidated his own legal contract by refusing to abide by the original deal struck with MUFON and instead changed the terms mid-stream, something the MUFON Board of Directors acquiesced to despite my protests."[29] He then goes on to suggest that he uncovered damaging information about the Skinwalker Ranch—he doesn't say what it was—and provided that information to the MUFON Board, which then communicated [that information] in secret with BAASS in an attempt to continue the project. Carrion responded by immediately resigning from MUFON.

Book 2: Two Interviews

Chapter 1: BAASS Debriefing

This chapter is dedicated to an actual interview that took place at the Bigelow Aerospace Advanced Space Studies (BAASS) Headquarters, Las Vegas, Nevada, on January 15, 2010. The objective of the interview was to summarize to that point in time the results of the official Task Force investigation—Utah Deployment—into paranormal activities in and around the Ranch. Present at that interview were Dr. Kelleher, Director, and Investigator 2 and Investigator 1, both of whom were hired privately by Bigelow. All names have been altered. The original transcription of the interview was produced by Investigator 1 and obtained from an anonymous source.

The interview transcript is informally divided into two parts. The first is a report of an encounter with an unidentified creature provided by William B., a local resident, and his nephew Nash B., both full-blooded Native Americans. The second details multiple encounters and stories shared with the investigators by two local police officers, also Ute tribal members.

According to William B., on the night of January 8th, he and his nephew heard a high pitched howl at the west end of their property and about 200 yards from their home. Upon exiting the home to investigate the howl, they were near overcome by an offensive odor they described as smelling strongly of dead and decaying flesh. Their attention was then drawn to some bushes on the property through which they believed the creature responsible for both the howl and stench was moving. They pursued it for perhaps fifty yards before they became frightened and retreated back to the house.

While following up on the incident, Investigator 2 and Investigator 1 came across multiple sets of unidentifiable footprints suggestive of an unnatural gait and inordinate physical capabilities. They brought these prints to the attention of Charles R., [an official administrator] for the Uintah tribe, who acknowledged having seen similar prints before, going back to his childhood, but—as was customary when tribal members dealt with outsiders, and especially whites—refused to say anything more.

In the latter half of the document, both Investigator 2 and Investigator 1 discuss with Kelleher dialogue that took place between them

and two tribal police officers, Striker and Trendle. Responding to Kelleher's questions, they detail different sightings and events the officers experienced, including a pointed-eared and hairy creature witnessed jumping from the roof of one house to another, dancing phantoms, troll-like figures referred to as Little People and unidentifiable light sources.

Unfortunately, the original interview consists of multiple parts that were continued beyond the particular document that was made anonymously available. For this chapter, the interview has been abridged to eliminate conversation fillers and repetition (included verbatim in the original), as well as unnecessary interjections that detract from the flow of the dialogue. Nonetheless, the contents printed here are faithful to that transcript and provide unique insight and validity as to the phenomena associated with the Ranch and surrounding area, and Mr. Bigelow's interest in purchasing the property.

DOCUMENT TITLE: JANUARY 2010 UTAH DEPLOYMENT BRIEFING

Kelleher: Okay, this is the 15th of January. It's Kelleher, Investigator 1 and Investigator 2. [We're] going to be informally talking about the investigation from beginning to end, and I'm just going [to] let you guys start on where you went. [If] you do bring in any of the scientists, refer to them by name.

Investigator 2: Okay.

Investigator 1: Okay. [On January 10th], we first went to William B.'s residence to meet not only with William again, but his nephew Nash, regarding their sighting. On our way there, we called William to confirm our appointment with him, and he informed us, "I'm glad you…" –Investigator 2 talked to him— "…I'm glad you guys called me. We just had another incident this past Friday." [It] would have been Friday, January 8th…

Investigator 2 confirms the date.

Investigator 1: …in the evening. However, he had lost our number and wasn't able to contact us. Upon our arrival, we talked with him. He said they smelled that very distinct, foul odor—at about 9:30 [pm].

Investigator 2 confirms the time. Kelleher confirms the day.

Investigator 1: On Friday night. [They] actually smelled it inside the house, went outside [and] it was worse. Then they heard…

Kelleher: So this is the whole family?

Investigator 1 (after confirmation): And then they heard, they described it as a scream or a really high pitched howl coming from the trees which are west, on the west end of their residence.

Kelleher: How far are the trees from the residence?

Investigator 1: Maybe 200 yards.

Kelleher: 200 yards. Now who is the family? There's William, his wife, or no?

Investigator 1: The family structure is kind of different. I know that William's dad and mom live there as well. Nash is a nephew. Nash is Native American. He's 15 years old. We ended up finding out he doesn't go to school. He's actually [no longer attending] two or three schools. I think for [disciplinary reasons]. William works for the oil companies in the oil fields.

Kelleher: Okay, so it's kind of like an extended family that live together… and all of them heard this high pitched scream.

Investigator 1: Yes, all but [William's mother]. She's a little freaked out by the whole situation because they have seen this thing on the property a couple of times.

Kelleher: [The] mother, the mother has also?

Investigator 1: No, she has not seen it. According to William, she doesn't want anything to do with it. The less she knows, the better.

Kelleher: Okay. So on Friday night, they heard this scream in the trees about

200 yards from the residence.

Investigator 1 confirms.

Investigator 2: And they could hear it rustling through the trees, you know, hearing the trees move, the bushes, like the olive trees, elm trees—which of course don't have any leaves on them. You know, [they] could hear the sticks (branches) moving around. They heard it [and] they looked. They walked out a little ways from their house in the direction, like maybe 50 yards—maybe 20—and got, they said they got freaked out. They said they got scared because everything that has been happening in the past, so they turned around and went back. William described it as…William is, how old is he, maybe late 30s, and Nash is 15, and he said, "I beat Nash to the house." They ran back to the house because of how they felt.

Investigator 1: William said that his wife, the smell was so strong and so bad…

Investigator 2 (correcting Investigator 1): Girlfriend…

Investigator 1: …Girlfriend…that [it] made her sick, made her sick to her stomach and she threw up, she vomited outside, because the smell was so bad.

Kelleher: And did they describe the nature of this smell? I mean in any more detail?

Investigator 1: Jenny (a scientist) ended up going out there with us on Tuesday. She interviewed Nash then more extensively as far as the past sightings, as well as the smell. But he just described it as a very putrid sulfur, rotten flesh…

Kelleher: So there is a lot of [the smell of] rotten eggs in there and that kind of thing?

Investigator 2: [He] did use the sulfur smell (as a description) and said like a rotten skunk smell.

Kelleher: Did they, [the] family, or did any of them actually see anything?

Investigator 1: No.

Kelleher: They just heard this sound. Did they hear it just once—the high pitched scream?

Investigator 2: Yeah, they heard it as it ran away through the first set of bushes, and there is a little clearing and another set of bushes. But after it disappeared, they didn't hear it again that night.

Kelleher: That was it. That was the only time that they heard [it]?

Investigator 2: The smell lasted from the very beginning to the end, about 15 minutes…10-15 minutes.

Investigator 1: And when we got there on Sunday, they had not been out to the area. They had not gone out there. They said it snowed about a week prior, about a week to 10 days prior…

They agreed it was New Year's Eve.

Investigator 1: There was anywhere from probably 6 to 8 inches of snow on the ground. Temperature was below 10 degrees. And when we went out there, when we were walking from their place, we walked out to where they heard the sound. As we're walking out there, we got probably about half-way from the house to where they heard this [sound], [when] William and Nash both stopped and said, "We're freaked out. We don't want to go out there." We kind of coaxed them to come with us. Then we observed tracks that we couldn't identify in the snow. Those tracks were photographed. They were measured, and we also obtained video of those tracks as well. There were quite a few tracks in the area.

There was discussion as to whether the tracks were all the same or different. Both investigators agreed there were small rodent and coyote tracks that were identifiable as such, but that the tracks of interest were all the same,

and neither rodent nor coyote.

Investigator 1: The one set of tracks that we saw that was, that was kind of unusual was, it looked like a standard print, but…just the pad of it was as big as my fist. And it was, Investigator 2 placed his shoe next to it, and it was big as…

Investigator 2: The whole entire foot.

Investigator 1: Front of his shoe.

Investigator 2: Front of my boot.

Kelleher: So you're looking at five, at least five to six inches in diameter.

Investigator 1: It looked like a dog print, but it was that big. I mean it was absolutely huge—and then there was another track (other than the dog print).

Investigator 2: It was kind of hour-glass…

Investigator 1: Elongated hour-glass.

Investigator 2: Yeah, and it had a tail. The only way I can describe it is like a sting ray tail. So if like the impression of this print went down the depth of the snow, say it was 4 or 5 inches down, the tail, drag mark—whatever you want to call it—was maybe down in the snow half an inch.

Kelleher: And what kind? Was that trail (meaning the extended tail mark) on every one of them, every one of the prints? Or was it just on one print?

Investigator 2: No, those prints that look like that, it was on all of those.

Investigator 1: Yeah, and it was, and there was no…if a human being or another animal, you know, walks through snow, they inevitably kick snow up in front of them. There was none. It was very, like…whatever was stepping, [stepped] straight down, [stepped] straight back up, and went to the next one. There was no like, the snow, the snow was very powdery and very cold—so

the snow was very powdery. So you could tell if some had been kicked up, and there was none.[30]

Kelleher: How deep was the snow?

Investigator 1: Probably 6 to 8 inches.

Kelleher: So how far (deep) do these tracks go down?

Investigator 1: Oh, all the way to where the snow had, where the snow was packed from the previous snow…

Kelleher: What would that be? How many inches?

Investigator 1: I'd say probably 4 or 5, yeah, five inches. And they were an elongated hour-glass, and there was a spot where we will get to it so you can kind of picture it, where we actually found some on the property. You could tell there were four tracks, and you could tell there were four discernible foot prints—and then all of sudden it literally stopped, and then there were only two. So it was like something was walking on all fours and then all of a sudden, it either stood up, or whatever, and then became bipedal.

Kelleher: Do you have photographs of that?

Investigator 1: We have video of that.

Kelleher: Now did you guys try to take any casts of these?

Investigator 2: We didn't actually physically do it—because of the temperature. And speaking with, I think, Charles, [he] said, "You're not going to be able to do any because of the temperature, because you're not even going to be able to pour.

Kelleher: Pour the slurry.

Investigator 1: And Charles said with the way the snow is, because it is so cold when you pour it in there, you're going to ruin it. You're going to

compromise the integrity of it because the snow [is] so powdery, it wouldn't have worked.

Kelleher: But you got a pretty good video of it?

Investigator 2: And Jenny (scientist) took samples, soil samples from inside the tracks.

Kelleher: Soil samples from within the track? So she dug deeper into this.

Investigator 1: From the track. Then after we obtained all our photographic and video evidence, we pushed the snow away on Tuesday, when we were out there, and Jenny took soil samples from within, just beneath the foot print, and she also took a couple of control samples from various places on the property.

Kelleher: Now, Jenny interviewed Nash B. Do you know if she recorded the interview or no?

Investigator 2: Nash has continually said [he doesn't] want to be on tape.

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): When we were out there, Nash, William had said on Friday, when they heard the sound, they have multiple livestock out there. They have a handful of horses, couple [of] small calves, as well as dogs, chickens, goats [and] sheep. They pretty much run the gamut on livestock. And they were all, Nash said if they could have gotten any closer to their home, basically the furthest point away [from] that sound or that tree line, they were all huddled as far away from that point where they heard the sound coming from as physically, as they were physically able to do.

Kelleher: So was there anything else about the tracks? How long did the tracks go on for?

Investigator 1: We followed them back into the tree line, which is where they heard the sound coming from, and then we lost track of them because there were several deer bedding areas back in there.

Investigator 2: There was some, although it was right next to the fence line and the corral, the footprints, there [were] strands of hair.

Kelleher: In the footprints?

Investigator 2: In the footprints.

Kelleher: In those same type of footprints?

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): In those footprints, yes. But there was also, also a corral there, and also some posts that the horses, the mules are rubbing against. So it is very likely that it is the horses' or one of those animals. But they—some appeared to be different from the ones we were looking at from the horses or llamas we were looking at. But Jenny took several stands of hair and clumps of hair with her back here.

Investigator 2: For comparison.

Kelleher: So the different [ones], did she separate the ones that looked different from the other ones?

Investigator 2 (condensed from multiple lines): Yeah, there are stands of hair in one container, the clump she had in another container—which could be all the same, or they could be two different animals; they could be unknown.

Investigator 1: And she did find one hair that was substantially longer than any of the other ones we saw or collected. So that one I know she did separate out and put in a separate [container].

Investigator 2: And I asked, I asked both William and Nash, I said this smell that came through your house, because on our way up, as we were driving up, there was a deer or something that was hit in the road, and you could smell it, and it was a fresh kill on the road; and so, you know, I asked them was there…anything that had been killed…or some dead animal? And they said… they have two dead animals on their property…the area initially where this creature was seen, that stood up…the ravine…there was a dead horse in

there. They had one of their cows…that had been killed, and it was in there, and it has been so cold that it hasn't rotted. And we walked up and saw it and we basically stood at the foot of this cow—you couldn't smell anything.

Investigator 1: Yeah, it was frozen solid.

Investigator 2: So that ruled out the dead animal. I guess it's different on the road hit—and it was mangled.

At this point in the interview, Kelleher refers to a follow-up interview of Nash conducted by Jenny and for which neither Investigator 1 nor Investigator 2 were present. They indicate they were there on the property, but chose not to be present during the interview as not to prejudice Nash's responses. Instead they went out onto the property and across a nearby creek.

Investigator 2 (condensed from multiple lines): [We] had actually crossed the creek. And went and GPS'd the coordinates and obtained photographs of where the first time they saw the creature, when they shot at it after it crossed the creek, where they shot at it again and then where they finally lost sight of it. (I*nvestigator 1 refers to a previous sighting, one that took place before the January 8th interview*.) We used walkie-talkies and had Nash direct us to directly where it was and we obtained GPS coordinates for those.

Kelleher: Okay, so then what was…sort of the next major sort of interaction (meaning with paranormal or supernatural activity) that you guys had?

Investigator 1: Then on Monday, because of the amount of sightings that we know that have taken place on this creek that runs on the south side of the property, Investigator 2 and I decided, well, let's take Monday, let's GPS the length of this creek and see what's out there, and especially given the fact the smell and the sound were the same not three days prior along the creek, let's do that, so we spent Monday…

Kelleher: By the way, does the tree line on [William's] property run almost into the creek?

Both Investigator 1 and Investigator 2 acknowledge that it does.

Kelleher: So, theoretically, then, this creature's track could run directly into the creek?

Dry Gulch Wash, south part of Ranch

Both Investigator 1 and Investigator 2 acknowledge the possibility.

Investigator 1: So we spent Monday doing that. As we were on the Ranch Property (Bigelow Ranch), we noticed—we videotaped and photographed them—identical tracks to what we had seen on William's property the night before. This is where we found it was clear it had four limbs walking along, and then they literally stopped, and then it was a set of two prints…

Kelleher: So now the four, if you can describe where the four…with respect to each other, were they consistent with two [individual] bipedal or one quadruped?

Investigator 2: [It was as] if there were two bipedal walking side by side.

Kelleher: Then one of them vanished?

Investigator 2: One of them should still be there or have vanished, because then it turned into one of them, then had to have started walking their next step, eventually had to have taken the path directly in the middle of….

At this point Investigator 1 interjects to try to clarify what Investigator 2 is having difficulty putting into words.

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): I think, Kelleher, is you know, you can tell if a person is crawling on all fours, versus if two people are walking right beside each other. If they were walking side by side, if it happened to be two of them, they were walking the exact same stride.

Kelleher: Behind each other?

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): Beside each other. They were walking beside each other with the exact same stride, if in fact it was two [bipeds].

Kelleher: Right, right. Is that what the pattern tracks looked like?

The original transcript indicates that Investigator 2 demonstrated how the pattern was made.

Investigator 2: So it was walking this way and all of a sudden there was just one step, just one set of [footprints].

Kelleher: Now, that's obvious from the video?

Both Investigator 2 and Investigator 1 agree.

Investigator 1: And the patterns of them are, I mean, it freaked Investigator 2 and I [sic] out to the fact of, okay, something's not right, this is not good.

Kelleher: Okay, so approximately what was the distance between them?

Investigator 1: Each stride?

Investigator 1 and Investigator 2 go back and forth, estimating the length of the strides to be three and a half to four feet. The distance between the two different sets of footprints were estimated at two and a half feet apart.

Kelleher: So, if you wanted to make the case that we are talking about a quadruped followed by a biped, so the quadruped would have a distance of two feet between each of its… (Sentence not completed.)

Investigator 2: Yeah, maybe not that far, maybe a foot and a half to two feet, you think?

Investigator 2 agrees.

Kelleher: And then once it became bipedal—if you want to use that—it was four and a half to five feet between each of the… (Sentence not completed.)

Investigator 2: The gait or step was still probably four feet in between steps.

Investigator 1: [Because] it was stretch [sic], because after we photographed, I tried to mimic the strides and I was stretching to hit each one, and like we said before, that there was zero snow kicked up in front of it; when you see it on video you'll look at mine, deliberately trying to pick my feet up so as not to kick (disturb) any snow up (around the footprint) and it…it's not possible for a human to do that.

Investigator 2: And you just don't do that. People just don't walk like that. People don't walk high knee with your foot straight off of the ground, you know, heel to toe and put it straight down. And we actually tried to do it, and you could intentionally, you know, for five or six steps or so, but…and then we walked next to it as we would generally walk through snow, and it's just like little snow plows pushing the snow. You pick up your foot a little bit, but its continuous disruption of the snow until you stop.

Note the phenomena to which the investigators infer. The snow around the tracks is undisturbed.

Kelleher: So what does…what were the scientists doing? Did any of the other scientists see these tracks?

Investigator 2: Pam (scientist) saw them at [William's].

Investigator 1: Yeah, on Tuesday morning, prior to going out to Nash's, we stopped in and visited with Charles at his office and we showed him the photographs of those tracks. And Charles looked at them on camera, and he set the camera down. And he goes, "That's interesting. I've seen them before." He then proceeded, he then…

Kelleher: Did he say what they were?

Investigator 1: He can't identify them.

Kelleher: So this is the [administrator from the Reservation]?

Investigator 1: He's [an administrator for the] Tribe. He's also…

Kelleher: Who presumably has seen enough wildlife tracks in the snow over his career?

Investigator 2: And he's full-blooded Indian and lived there his whole life, yeah.

Investigator 1: He was born and raised in the area and was [law enforcement].

Kelleher: So he…has never seen these before, or he's seen them before and can't identify them?

Investigator 1: He has. He has seen them before. He has seen them both at his house and his mother's house. His mother's house is the house he grew up in as a little kid, and if you remember he has told us stories…creature, having these same experiences growing up as a kid. But he said—his exact words were, "I don't know what they are." And he proceeded to tell Investigator 2 and I [sic] –his exact words were, "That's scary." And he was dead serious. He didn't crack a smile, he didn't smirk.

Investigator 2: And then myself, I got the feeling, he kind of went back to the —I just call it the Native American code, where they aren't…he stopped being so open with us.

Kelleher: And after he saw those photographs?

Investigator 2: He said it was scary.

Investigator 1: Prior to showing him the photos, he had gotten two calls on his cell phone, and he clicked it and said he would call them back later. And [then] it was, "Hey, guys, I got stuff I need to get on."

Kelleher: He was trying to end the whole thing?

Investigator 1: I got that impression.

Kelleher: Interesting.

Investigator 1: So we did later, we went back and got some information on animals that are native to the area. But he couldn't identify those. (*This refers to Charles not identifying the hour-glass shaped footprints*.) We asked William and Nash point blank as far as bears, bobcats, mountain lions, big horn sheep, and they [were] like, "No!"

Investigator 2: Elk, anything. We told them about the size of the one print

that was more or less a paw print, which was the size of the front of my boot, and he said they haven't had mountain lions like that in that area for 20 years, that [would be] that size, that [would leave] a paw print that size.

There is back and forth dialogue as to whether or not the print could be some kind of big cat or bear. The consensus was that it could not be due to the absence of claws.

Investigator 1: There was no…there was a clear impression. But what struck me odd, not only the size but the impression that it left in the snow. I mean, the snow was hard and it had not warmed up enough to where it would have melted, you know, to where the snow would have been soft. So, I mean, it left a deep impression in the snow. I mean, I couldn't leave that kind of impression. I mean, William is probably an easy 230 pounds.

Investigator 2: When I stepped next to one of the prints to try and make an impression that far down into this deep, hard packed snow, and I weigh 225 [pounds] and I barely made an impression, and William goes—what did he say? "I weigh 245 and look at this, I can't make that kind of impression." And it was, I don't know, I would have had to have jumped and [still] not [have] made that kind of impression, 'cause it was hard concrete packed snow.

Kelleher (returning to an earlier point): So, Charles then ushered you out, basically saying, well you know, "I've seen this before, but I can't identify it."

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): Back to when we were on the Ranch: There were, we saw the same tracks. We were on top of the creek, on the cliff…ledge…and it was probably 30 to 35 feet down to the water. [There] were two bipedal tracks in the snow that matched what we had [seen]. [They] came up the cliff with ease. I mean, if it was coming up or going down, I know from experience that if a deer goes up, they are going to jump and they [are] going to be on all fours. And there [were] only two tracks, and if the deer is going down, any animal going down that steep of an embankment will essentially drag their butt to shift their center of gravity. And there was no snow kicked up in front of these tracks. There was no snow

kicked back behind the tracks. Whatever left those tracks [that] we obtained video and photographs of walked up not only with great dexterity but easily.

Investigator 2: We had just climbed up a little further down, the same angle, same distance of that cliff, to get on top of that ridge, and we basically tore up the ground. And at the very top, I had to put my hands on the ground to get up, you know, because there was snow and dirt, and we just destroyed the entire side of the slope that was there, and this didn't—it just, it was very interesting.

The remainder of this particular segment of the interview discusses photo and video, along with the absence of necessary equipment to access the video. The interview then continues with a second interaction with a different set of area residents.

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): All of Monday and then Monday night is when we took John D. and his wife and Striker and his wife and their families out for dinner. Striker, you know, when we talked before, when we met with Striker before at the Police Department, Striker was a closed book. Striker wasn't going to tell us anything. Monday night over dinner, 180 degrees different. I mean, Investigator 2 and I talked…on the way over there, and thought, you know what, let's—if they want to talk about it—let them bring up the subject. Let's you and I just go in and not have an agenda. If they want to just visit, we will just visit and build our rapport, and just go from there. Striker didn't make it 30 seconds into the door of the restaurant and he started talking.

Kelleher: Now, Striker was there with his wife? (*Their kids were there too*.)

Investigator 1: Striker is full Native American. His wife is [not].

Kelleher: There was no…he didn't mind talking about this in front of his kids?

There is dialogue concerning small talk between Investigator 1, Investigator 2 and Striker, in which Striker asks about the possibility of obtaining a security position there at the ranch. It was also established that Trendle and

Striker work together as local policemen. It is uncertain if they are tribal or county police.

Investigator 2: [Striker] said, “So what do you guys want to know about the creature?”

Kelleher has to make a flight out of Las Vegas and tells Investigator 2 to summarize the high points of the conversation.

Investigator 2: There wasn’t a feeling he’s embellishing, making this story sound more attractive than it is. It’s just matter of fact. It’s just like me describing to you what this notebook looks like…but the high points were talking about the creature.

Investigator 1: And I got the impression from Striker it was almost a sense of relief that he was able to share some of this stuff with somebody that actually [wanted] to know about it, that doesn’t have, didn’t have an agenda behind wanting to know.

Investigator 1 goes on with more of the same dialogue. Kelleher prompts him to get more to the point.

Kelleher: So did he talk about the incident in which he tracked the creature onto the Ranch for example?

Investigator 1 says he didn’t.

Kelleher: I mean, what were sort of the main substance of what he said in terms of the creature?

Investigator 2: Being called to…having a call while he’s on duty…there’s a creature outside, to go chase it off.

Kelleher: This has happened more than once? Does it happen all the time?

Investigator 2: This has happened several times.

Kelleher (condensed from multiple lines): So he gets a call from someone in like Fort Duchesne or somewhere that there's a creature?

Investigator 1: There's something in my backyard…and he said when the people call into dispatch, [they] are like, "That creature's back again." And normally, he said, we don't bother it unless we're called.

Investigator 2: Yeah, unless it's threatening or they're scared. The Turn Key Housing development right there by the Police Department, chasing it from roof to roof, and literally from roof to roof.

Kelleher: It was jumping from roof to roof?

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): There was a group of kids that had called that in, and then he and another officer—he wouldn't say who—responded and put their spotlights on it and watched it jump from roof top to roof top. I think it went four houses and disappeared.

Kelleher: Did he say anything about how far the distances between the houses were?

Investigator 1: I would say it is farther than the homes here in Vegas. I would say anywhere from twenty to thirty feet.

Kelleher: So it was leaping from roof to roof? It was leaping bipedal? (*Acknowledged by both Investigator 1 and Investigator 2.*) Did he describe it?

Investigator 2: He described it with very pointy ears, a big head, big eyes—head almost, which is a little different from Nash and William. He said the head was more like a shape of a hammerhead shark, with big nocturnal-like eyes—where they are big round eyes…and muscular (describing the physique).

Kelleher: Hairless?

Investigator 2: Hairy, black hair. And we had mentioned about the other sighting that we had talked about with another person, and it being a red fox,

and it's just, "Yeah, it's [a] fox red, it's black. Well, it's not just one. There's a black one; there's a fox red colored one."

Kelleher: But the one they saw with the headlights, the spotlights, how far do you think were they from this creature when it was jumping?

Investigator 2: I would say in the street.

Investigator 1: In the street. I would say 40 to 50 feet.

Kelleher: So they had the spotlight on the thing? So they had a good view of the thing?

Investigator 2: And he's not trying to identify it. When I was a police officer, if I see somebody on the roof or running away, I'm trying to get a description of this person, so as a cop I can identify him. But if I know that it is Investigator 1 that I am chasing, I'm not going to try and see what he looks like—[I know] that's Investigator 1—that's the interpretation that I came back with, that it's the black creature again. So that's just the way that it is.

Kelleher: Did he give you any idea what time or what year this thing happened?

Investigator 2: When did that one happen?

Investigator 1: I thought, and this is a guess, so I probably shouldn't even say, but I want to say Trendle said it was 18 months to two years ago.

Investigator 2: I would say a year and a half.

Kelleher: Now this is not the one where the kids allegedly had cell phone video. There's some sort of story that went around Fort Duchesne. I remember hearing quite a while ago that some kids had got cell phone video of one of these things on a roof.

Investigator 1: Striker did not give any indication of that whatsoever.

Kelleher: Okay, so he's got called out multiple times in order to, you know, get this creature away from houses.

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): Yeah. He's been called down to as far as Randlett[31] which is within his jurisdiction. When he got down there one time that was recently—I believe it was this past summer, that when he got to the place, he talked to the people. [They] were like, "It's back there. It's still back there. Get it off my property." He drives around the house and sees something sticking its head up behind a propane tank. [He] hits it with the spotlight, and the thing was peeking its head up, and as soon as he hit it with the spotlight, it ducked back down [and] peeked around the side. Striker said he yelled at it and watched it take off back in the trees. He said maybe he followed if for 100 yards before it disappeared into the trees.

Kelleher (condensed from multiple lines): So most of what he talked about was various sightings of the creature. And so he didn't specify that time when the creature went onto the Utah Ranch (Bigelow's property)?

Investigator 2 (condensed from multiple lines): No. He did talk about chasing people onto the Ranch and catching them on the ranch. And I don't know if that was something where someone on the Ranch had made the call about trespassers. You know what? –No. Because they had chased people onto the mesa and over inside the gate and caught them. No, he didn't (specify when the creature went onto the Ranch), and these stories he was telling us…he was just firing them off. And they were so interesting. I felt as if I was to say, "Hang on, tell me more about this," it would have been almost rude. He was talking and having a good time. Of course, you know where we come from, it's, 'Hey, tell me your story. Tell me what happened.' [We're] very methodical on every single piece. You just recreate the story—which is what we wanted to do, and which is what we can do next time we talk to him. It was just so much. He would kind of go off our track, but he would get really deep into the Native American spirit side and the folklore—Little People and different spirits, and how they will follow you.

Kelleher: Now Little People. What's this?

Investigator 1: We'll get into those a little bit more.

Investigator 2: And so I didn't, you know, want to say, "Hey, [your] customs and spirits and stuff is great, but I don't want to hear about it"—you know.

Kelleher: Yeah, because it's all part of it.

Investigator 1: Well, prior to that he brought up…well, we had specifically asked him about an area that's about two to three hours south of Fort Duchesne, on the southern part of the reservation called Hill. It's an area referred to as Hill Creek. [We] asked him specifically about a lot of activity that goes on down there. He was very matter-of-fact, and was like, "Yeah, what do you want to know?" It was just like nothing to him, and he's like, "You guys want to go down there? We'll go down there right now. My uncle has a cabin. We'll pack some sleeping bags."

Investigator 2: [Striker says], "But we need to take the snow mobiles because you can't get there right now. You know, if you guys want to go, we'll go." And I was like let me go at least grab some different clothes, and we'll go right now.

Investigator 1: Let's load up and go now.[32]

Investigator 2: And I know we could probably ask him again and get a trip.

Investigator 1: Yeah, he offered his uncle's cabin to us, and we'll go down there. It's just a known area, not only for this creature, but for lights, you know, hovering lights, orbs of light. He was very matter-of-fact about that as well. That's also an area Bob had told us about, that Charles has told us about, [and] that Trendle has told us about, on seeing reports of being called down into this area. It's just the way things are down there.

Investigator 2: We asked him if, what, isn't this Tribal land, and Trendle said, "Yeah, you can get a fishing permit or hunting permit and get on the land." [We] asked Striker, "Can we be on the land with you since your Native American?" And he said yes…and kind of no. I didn't really get a good answer. But he said there is really nobody there [and] make sure you don't go down there during hunting season. But say it was now, you could get a

fishing permit for $30 and we can gain access and go.

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): By ourselves. If we're with Striker since he's a Native American, and a police officer, the only person who would question us for being down there would be someone like Striker. As a matter-of-fact, Tuesday morning when we were with Striker—he wanted to show us something else which we'll get into to—we were actually stopped by a Tribal security officer, and it was what are you doing here? This is restricted. This is tribal land. And Striker goes, "No, they are fine. They are with me." And he (the officer) was like, "You're fine, you're fine. Go."

Investigator 2: You know where Stockman's Restaurant is?

Kelleher acknowledges that he does.

Investigator 2: Right by the Police Department there is the highway.

Investigator 1: Right across from the Pow Wow grounds.

The intent of Investigator 2 and Investigator 1 was to establish their location at the time of the event. Kelleher becomes impatient and prompts them ahead.

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): Tuesday morning we had taken Striker onto [Ranch property]. We had spoken to Striker about the deer hides that are just outside the west gate. (*Apparently some unknown person or entity had strung up some deer hides*.) Striker said, "I'd like to see them. Maybe I can help you guys out." We were like, "Absolutely." He's like, "Well, meet me somewhere and I'll jump in with you guys and go take a look at them." So Striker jumped in with us and we took him out there. We showed him the hides. We walked up to the fence [and] looked at them. He was very obscure and very taken aback. We asked him if it was a sacred tribal thing, and he was like, "Nope, it's not." He didn't elaborate—just, nope, it's not. But he goes, "I don't think it's just somebody drying their hides. But I don't know what it is." Then he was very much ready to leave. As we proceeded back, Striker kept a very strict eye on the mesa, almost never taking his eyes off the mesa. I got the impression he was looking for something or he was waiting for something. It was just an impression I got.

As we got to the east gate, to his patrol car—which he had parked outside the east gate—he specifically leaned forward, looked at the mesa—and we were probably maybe a hundred yards west of the east gate—and he just, he leaned forward, looked out of the windshield, the driver's side window, and said, "Did you know there is a burial ground up there?" And…Investigator 2 and I looked at each other like, "What?" [He] goes, "Yeah, back up there in that canyon. And we're like, "Is it marked?" And he was like, "I don't know." He goes, "I've never been up there, but I know there's one there."

Investigator 2: He said there is a line of rocks.

Investigator 1: Yeah, there is a line of white rocks or something.

Kelleher: The white rocks is a perimeter?

Investigator 1: He didn't say if that actually delineated the actual grave markers or if that was the whole burial grounds.

Kelleher: Did he indicate who was buried there or anything?

Investigator 1: He wouldn't indicate who was buried there, how long they had been buried there, how many…

Investigator 2: Yeah, [because] you asked him if it was just family members or a battle.

Investigator 1: Yeah, [because] I had asked him if the burial grounds were they family specific, were they tribe specific, was it just anybody in the community type thing. And he [said], "It just kind of depends." The way he said that was very matter-of-fact: Stop asking questions, because I'm not going to answer any more.

Investigator 2: Well, he did say that…he's unsure how much stuff he should be telling us, so for us to kind of keep it to ourselves, and because for two reasons: he didn't want the other members to get mad at him—that he's talking to two white guys, and also he didn't want any spirits following him home because he was talking about it. Of course, we agreed.

Investigator 1: When we left too, Striker said if you see something, if you feel something—that is a sign. And that you need to almost appease that spirit, or appease whatever it is. When we left before Striker got out of the car with us…Striker had got into the car with us (prior to looking at the hides)… he had a sack of like trail mix, and [he] got in the car with us, I was like, we aren't going to be out here that long, you know. He said you leave them something.

Investigator 2: Give them an offering.

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): Yeah, a peace offering. So when he got out [and] before he got into his patrol car—we were just outside the east gate—we walked over to the north tree line, there by that small ditch, cleared out some snow and took a couple of handfuls of this trail mix [and] placed it on the ground, and I could see his mouth…lips…were moving. [He] was saying something as he knelt down. He said something with his hands—and it wasn't like he made the sign of the crucifix or anything like that. But he was saying something, got back in his car and drove away.

Kelleher: So he was basically the person who broke that whole thing about the burial ground.

Investigator 2: Correct.

Investigator 1: And then when we went on Wednesday and met with Bob, we specifically asked him about that. And when—not that we threw Striker under the bus, but just that we had talked with Striker, [that] we were learning from him as well—Striker had alluded, I said he had mentioned, that there might possibly be a burial ground on the property, and Bob looked at me and said, "Yes. Yep." I mean he was very matter of fact.

Kelleher: Did he say it was in the same place?

Investigator 1: We described where it was and he said yeah.

Investigator 2: We described it as being in a canyon. You know, he refers to

that mesa as Skinwalker Ridge.

Investigator 1: He was the one who told us it has been Skinwalker Ridge for generations.

Kelleher: And did he draw any parallels between the burial ground and Skinwalker Ridge? Anything like that.

Investigator 2: If it had anything to do with that, and I think I asked him, “Is there [an] association between that and the stuff people report?” And it was direct. It was a ‘yeah’…yes, it was associated with it, but I’m not [sure] which part is associated with it, if it’s just a Native American thing…

Investigator 1: And Bob is very, very matter-of-fact the way he says, it’s our way to be very…

Investigator 2 (interjecting; condensed from multiple lines): He said, “I’m going to be very vague with you.” He said, “If I don’t answer that it’s because that’s our way.” He said it straight out. Pam, Pam L. was with us… and just the difference [from] the first time we were there. [When] we met him, we caught him off guard. We just introduced ourselves and came into his house. It was very clear he has had conversations with the people he hangs out with in the morning for his morning coffee.

Investigator 1: Or Charles.

Investigator 2: Yeah, he has talked about this and then it was…

Kelleher: Talked about you guys?

Investigator 2: He was still very friendly and welcoming, but it was—I’m going to be vague and that’s the way we are. So [he] made it very clear, ask me anything and everything you want, but I’m not going to answer some.

Investigator 1 (condensed from multiple lines): But it was also very clear to me that he will give us direct answers if we ask the right questions. Before we had been there, we really, really didn’t even know what questions to ask.

He was brutally vague with all of his answers. This time we go there, we find out about this burial ground, so we ask him is there a burial ground on the property, and he's like yes. You know before we weren't asking the right questions. You know, you ask the right questions, he's going to give you the answer you're looking for. So it's a big learning curve for us right now.

Investigator 2: I asked him directly…this two legged creature, dog, can be seen by us, by white people, by people who are not Native American? And he said yes. And I asked him, I told him honestly, I want to see this…I want to educate myself. This is new to me and not to do anything bad to it, just to see it and learn from it. Where can I find it? And his answer was, "Yeah, uh-um." He did that a lot: Yeah, uh-um.

Investigator 1: But he asked you too when you asked him that, "Why do you want to see it?"

Kelleher: Yeah, why do you want to see it?

Investigator 1: And it was almost like because we have been told that this creature, whatever…they are, they are not good. They don't bring good fortune to people. They aren't like little leprechauns that run around and bring people a pot of gold. He was very matter-of-fact about it: Why do you, why are you seeking to see this?

Kelleher: And what was your answer?

Investigator 2: I want to learn. I told him where I come from I never heard stories like this. I come from the city, and you know, it's very intriguing. He laughed, of course. He said, "Me learning the white man's ways was very interesting, and I didn't understand them because [I] was raised as a Native American boy; and so it was the same thing."

Kelleher (moving the conversation along): Interesting. Now, did Striker mention any sightings of flying objects or during the conversation, did he see any other anomalies besides the creature?

Investigator 2: He has seen lights over the east side of the ranch, right over

the…

Kelleher: How did he describe the lights?

Investigator 2: He described them as—I will have to look back—what size lights they were.

Investigator 1: Balls of light and streaks of light. I specifically remember him saying.

Kelleher: Balls of light like orbs of light?

Investigator 1: He said balls of light.

Kelleher: Did he say what color?

Investigator 2: He said they were white, initially thinking they were headlights. But they weren't because they were hovering above the Russian olive trees.

Investigator 1: Above the tree line directly to the south.

Investigator 2: Where the trailers are…just hovering. But it is not as fascinating to him as it is to us. It is something he has grown up with, and so it was another thing over dinner. We just didn't have the opportunity to narrow down the size, something like Nash and William B., where we can talk just about this, and we will again.

Investigator 1: Another interesting point Striker had brought up was, there's this area north of Stockman's Restaurant, just north and west of Fort Duchesne, just a little bit. There's this big rock formation they refer to as Lizards or Lizard Rock…when they were growing up, there were always a lot of lizards on this rock. Striker took us up there, and this is on an area that is restricted Tribal land. He said when he was 15-16 years old—it was right before he got his driver's license—and he was riding around and noticed some people, two people dancing on this rock, that he thought was weird. He said as he got closer, he noticed this light that was shining behind them. He

said as he stopped to watch them, all of a sudden—he knew what time it was because he knew he needed to get home—as he's watching these people dance and watching the light behind them, all of a sudden there were four people there. He said he looks down at his watch and an hour has gone by, and he said then there was a group of people dancing in and around the rock. He said it freaked him out and he went home and he got in trouble. He told his dad where he had been and what he had seen. His father wanted to know, "Why were you out there? You're not supposed to be out there. You know that, because this type of thing goes on." Striker took us up on this rock. We got photographs. It looks like a natural bowl on this rock. It is big enough you can literally put two full-sized basketballs in this hole, [and] it doesn't look like it was carved. Now the rock has been vandalized and has spray paint graffiti all over it. But when we asked Bob about this rock formation, he went back to being very withdrawn, very vague, and was, I don't know what you're talking about, never heard of it.

Kelleher: [What] did he say about the Little People? This is Striker I assume.

Investigator 2: We also reconfirmed this with Bob. He referred to them as Little People or trolls, same thing. They are three feet, four feet tall. Their arms, they look like you and I, but their arms, their arms actually go down to the ground. Like a gorilla runs on its arms, the Little People run.

Investigator 1: They specifically said when they walk on all fours, the will walk on their knuckles, but they are just as fine to walk on two legs.

Kelleher: And these are humanoids?

Investigator 2: Yes.

Kelleher: And there are seen also around Duchesne?

Investigator 1: On the Ranch. Striker had specifically told us when you're on top of the mesa, when you're up there, and you see what look like a big ant hill or ant farm, that looks like it has been burnt on top—as a matter of fact, when Investigator 2 and I were up there we talked about it. Striker specifically said, "Leave them alone. Don't touch them. That's where the

Little People live." In talking to Charles, to Striker, to everybody…

Kelleher: So these Little People are plentiful?

Investigator 2: Yes.

Investigator 1: Talking to them and hearing these stories is like talking to you and you telling a story recalling your childhood. They are matter-of-fact about it, and that's just, you know, this is the way it is, and if you don't believe it, I don't care.

Investigator 2: Yeah, yeah. I asked Bob about the smell associated with this dog creature, because everybody has talked about his smell…

Investigator 1: Horrible, horrible smell.

Investigator 2: And he said it's because they're dead, it's because of the rotting flesh.

Kelleher: Do these Little People have the same smell?

Investigator 2: I don't know.

Investigator 1: But we really didn't [have] any indication from Striker or Bob how the Little People fit into their culture. We asked if the tribe had a name for them, and it was, "Yeah, Little People."

Investigator 2: I looked when Striker was telling the story. I looked at his wife, who is a [not Indian]—he has his three or four kids—not quietly (*meaning how he was telling the story*). The whole table, any table or passerby, could hear.

Kelleher: How did his wife react?

The interview as it was provided by the anonymous source ends with…to be continued.

Conclusion

The context of the investigation makes it clear that Mr. Bigelow and Dr. Kelleher are convinced there is paranormal activity on and around the Ranch. However, to date (using the interview document as the time frame), the efforts of the Task Force failed to produce evidence beyond that which was circumstantial. All video and photographs referenced were limited to suspected physical indications of a presence, but none were taken of the presence itself. Key theories and observations relative to these indicators, and presented by Investigator 2 and Investigator 1, were speculative and at times incorrect or contradictory to corresponding resources. For example, both men focus on the depth and visual presentation of prints left in the snow, declaring with certainty they had to have been produced by a creature in excess of 240 pounds and with an unnatural gait. Yet, the physical descriptions provided by those who alleged to having seen the creature estimate it at less than 200 pounds. Sightings of the creature were presented as commonplace, yet there are no videos, photographs or forensic sketches to substantiate its appearance —a disappointing lack given the opportunity suggested by its routine proximity to houses or roofs. In addition, there was no indication that, despite their proximity and seemingly easy access, any member of the Task Force thought to investigate the dirt mounds or towers that are believed to serve as home to the Little People.

Ultimately, Investigator 1 and Investigator 2 complied with the objective of their mission which was to interview local residents. In terms of paranormal activity, however, the process produced only hear-say based on narrative, much of which was given with minimal detail. Measurable evidence of paranormal activity was not obtained. In addition, the more reliable sources, such as the two police officers and the Wild Life officer, were described by the investigators as cryptic.

As to the belief that paranormal activity is taking place on and around the Ranch, the circumstantial evidence exists. As to the actual presence of paranormal anomalies, the interview is inconclusive.

SCIENTIFIC DEPLOYMENT MEMO

A second memo received along with the interview document provides some brief information as a backstory to the assignment given to Investigator 1 and Investigator 2, as directed by Kelleher. The document is

also on BAASS letterhead. It is titled: Fort Duchesne, UT Investigative/Scientific Deployment 02/08-02/12/10 Security Briefing. The date of the memo is 02/02/2010—a little more than a month after the interview. The memo is to the Utah Task Force consisting of the following members: Dr. Kelleher, Investigator 1, Jenny (scientist), Pam (scientist) and Investigator 2. The memo is from Investigator 1, lead investigator. The objective of the memo is "Security Briefing".

According to the memo, the primary objective of the Utah Task Force, per the directive of Dr. Kelleher, is to collect oral testimony around the Fort Duchesne area and the collection of scientific data on the Bigelow Utah Ranch property. The memo makes it clear that Dr. Kelleher expects daily investigative updates from Investigator 1, and daily scientific updates from Pam and Jenny. All updates are to be provided either by telephone or email. The document assesses cell phone coverage as good in both Fort Duchesne and Vernal, but "spotty (at best)" on the Ranch property.

In a section titled Operational Security, Investigator 1 suggests that each member, if asked during hotel check-in or by any individuals as to his or her business in the area, use the cover story of doing research in the oil fields, and to "Leave it at that" and "Do not get into specifics". He then goes on to insist that BAASS, Robert Bigelow and Bigelow Aerospace are never mentioned, adding, "And most certainly our sponsor's identity should NEVER be released or discussed in public." All task force members are cautioned against discussing deployment details or findings in public, including with other Task Force members.

The memo also mentions "Wisconsin Ryan", a direct reference to the primary contributor of this book, suggesting that recent intelligence indicates that Ryan had recently moved to the area to continue surveillance of the Ranch and may be living in Roosevelt or Vernal.

Finally, all Task Force members are warned to be careful around the mesa, and if they see anyone in that area, they are not to confront them—as per Kelleher, but instead immediately inform either Investigator 1 or Investigator 2.

OFFICIAL SPREADSHEET: DOG-LIKE CREATURE/LITTLE PEOPLE

According to a spreadsheet put together by the Task Force, there are no less than ten witnesses who claim to have seen, at one time or another, the

creature discussed in the debriefing between Kelleher, Investigator 1 and Investigator 2. All of them to a varying degree describe the creature as dog-like, and although specific characteristics differ from one witness to the other, there is sufficient enough similarities to suggest they are all describing the same entity. Here is a list of those witnesses and the description they provided:

Nash B.:

Nash claims to have seen the creature on three occasions, one of which was while shooting guns with his uncle William. They claim to have shot at the creature with a pellet gun, the pellet bouncing off of the creature. According to Nash, the creature was covered along its entire body with long, thick red fur or hair, approximately three inches in length—though less so around the shoulders and neck. The creature's neck was described dog-like and thicker than that of a human. It had a dog's snout, eyes that were round and slanted towards the outer edges, red in color, but without a glow. The ears were upon the side of the head and pointed upward. The shoulders were shrugged and rounded back. The body of the creature was bigger than a deer, tall and thin in stature—over six feet tall upon two legs and waist height to a man when on all fours. The arms were kangaroo-like and bent at the elbows. When seen running, the knees bent in a human fashion, and it ran faster on two legs than on four. There was a sulfur-like odor, or that of a wet dog. It made a sound described as grunting or growling.

William B.:

William claims to have seen the creature in the autumn of 2008. He was with his nephew, Nash. He too described the creature as having long, red hair that was coarse. It was comparable to that of an Irish Wolf Hound. He described the head as large, with a snout like a dog, and ears that were small and pointy. The body was like that of a dog or coyote, six feet tall when standing on hind legs, and skinny and not muscular. Its legs where canine-like with paws. The front legs were retracted similarly to those of a kangaroo. He stated it ran like a human.

Striker:

Striker claims to have seen the creature multiple times. He describes the hair as black and dog-like, about four inches long. The head was oval

with large, nocturnal eyes, yellow in color and almost glowing. He noted the ears were pointed. He estimated the height at seven feet while walking on hind legs. He too noted the odor of sulfur, but also equated it to the smell of a rotting carcass. It's his opinion that there were more than one of such creatures in the area.

Charles and [family member]:

These two local residents claimed to have seen the creature in the winter of 2007. The one they saw was wolf-like with white fur that was long and shaggy. Its eyes were red. They described it only as human-like in terms of its body, standing approximately six feet tall and weighing about 190 pounds. They witnessed it running and said it was agile and quick. Their dogs were whimpering in response to its presence.

Silas:

Silas claimed to have seen the creature both in the winter of 2005 and the summer of 2008. According to his descriptions, he saw two different creatures. The first was described as having pure white fur, approximately four feet long—assuming it was on all-fours—and 140 pounds. He at first thought it was a huge dog, and he too shot at it with a pellet gun without effect. He said it made no sound. The second sighting was of a similar animal in appearance, its ears to the side of its head and pointed. This one, however, was seen standing on its hind legs and was about six feet tall. His son apparently also thought he had an experience with one of these beasts, reporting only that as he awakened from sleep, a hairy arm was reaching through his bedroom window.

Sue:

This sighting took place on September 12, 2009. The creature was described as the size of a bear and was witnessed running on its hind legs. It was being chased by her dogs and she said it was howling.

Gary P:

He stated that he saw the creature in 2005. He states only that it was howling and breaking branches. He believes it may have been invisible.

Alonzo/no further identification:

He claims only to have seen the creature walking on its hind legs.

The brief spread sheet from which the above information was summarized, in addition, included alleged encounters with Little People. Silas claims to have seen them both in the summer of 2006 and 2007, and at least one other time. He states only that he and his niece were outside. Striker, however, describes them as anywhere in size from as small as an ant to 3-4 feet tall. Their arms hang to the ground and they use their knuckles in similar fashion to simians when walking or running. According to Striker, they take care of the earth and are divided into two groups, good and bad.

Chapter 2: Conversation with one time resident of Skinwalker Ranch

EXTENDED INTERVIEW WITH PREVIOUS RESIDENT OF SKINWALKER RANCH:

The following is a conversation maintained on a social media site between Ryan and a previous resident of the Ranch. The resident lived on the Skinwalker Ranch for a period of time prior to this correspondence. The resident and Ryan continued to exchange dialogue over a two year period in which they compared experiences.

Early in the correspondence, the past resident presents as cautious, providing only general impressions and limiting confirmation to details which have been previously published. However, as an element of trust develops between the resident and Ryan, the tone of the dialogue becomes more comfortable and the resident volunteers more personal experiences, including encounters with two Indian spirits rumored to frequent the area around the Reservation, a phenomena affecting shadows and personal experiences with wolf-like creatures.

Unfortunately, the correspondence was terminated with questions remaining unanswered.

PART 1, NOVEMBER 1, 2011

Ryan: Do you think I could talk to you about the ranch?

Resident: I'm leery about talking to very many. But ask what questions you have and I'll do my best to answer them.

Ryan: Ok, my name is Ryan and I own skinwalkerranch.org. Anything we discuss will not be posted on the site[33], however. Also, sorry about the silly Halloween picture for my avatar.
First question, are you still here, [Resident]?

Resident: Looks like you had fun. Trick-or-Treaters just quit. Really enjoyed them this year. So what is it you are wanting to know? We do not [live on] the ranch anymore. Robert Bigelow does. We left in [year]. [One previous resident] is working…here in Roosevelt, and for the first time in our life we live in town while we're here in the Basin. Not that it really makes a difference. Where you are?

Ryan: I live in Wisconsin, of all places. I had an event that happened to me and my wife almost 3 years ago south of the ranch that somehow tied me to the basin...

Resident: Never been there. Born in [state], coal mining town. It never leaves you and it attaches itself to you forever. Anyway so far, things happen —some larger than life, some so small. Life is not what I thought it would be as a child and we are just bugs in a bottle.

Ryan: Life is not what I thought it would be as a child and we are just bugs in a bottle…this is exactly what I felt I've been taught as well. It's scary, but it's now something I accept. We have no control over any of this, and this whole conscious experience is some sort of experiment. I now know all of your old neighbors: Jr. Hicks, Frank Salisbury[34], etc. I think Charles Wynn is dying or dead.

Resident: My personal opinion, of course, I feel the same way. We are not in control. I remember as a 4th grader watching Hercules, and Hera and Zeus were playing chess, and they were calling the shots. So I always felt like a chess piece.

Ryan: Something unfortunately (or fortunately) tied me to the area. And I've been camping out there for weeks, writing books, doing interviews, and trying to figure out what the hell is out there. I've done this now for 3 years, and I doubt I will ever quit. But I do feel together with everyone's experiences we can somewhat put the pieces to this puzzle together.

Resident: I [had] seen Diana the other day, but she's not real friendly—never was. Charles was always a very nice man. Thought highly of him; not sure

if he's still with us. From firsthand experience no answers, more questions. Always more questions.

Ryan: Charles told me events WERE happening prior to you owning the ranch. Is that true? Frank Salisbury disputes that.
Next question is one I personally need to know... What the hell are the orbs of light? I've had a personal encounter with three of them...

Resident: Frank contacted us, but didn't want to hear the truth. [He] wanted to write it from a religious stand point. He really doesn't believe in it is my personal feeling. Just out for the money in the book. It has been going on forever. The Indians have knowledge of it if they will share it with you. Not trustful of whites. All our neighbors and friends in the basin have seen or heard of it. Whether they wish to deal with it or sweep it under the table or ignore it is their choice, of course. What color are the orbs—red, blue or just light? Haven't a clue what they are. Just more questions.

Frank actually argued with us about what happened. Excuse me! He wasn't there or I didn't remember him. LOL

Ryan: That is interesting to me! I assumed Frank found inconsistencies with your story vs George Knapp's. The lights I saw were a white blue/yellow color. It's hard to describe. They were almost the size of basketballs, perhaps. They landed and a WOLF materialized from this swirling black mist...and walked to within 5 feet of me...and stared at us for a good 3-5 minutes.

Resident (Referring to Frank Salisbury): Never met the man. He contacted us through Junior Hicks[35]. Junior keeps most of the records of sightings in the basin. People go to him with UFO sightings and other bizarre things.

Ryan: I've meet Junior several times, I like him.

Resident: Junior is a nice man.

Ryan: Have you ever seen the orbs up close? Have you ever seen anything mechanical behind any of the phenomenon? Everything I have ever

witnessed out there was either invisible, audible, and/or glowing lights. I have never seen a person or a mechanical object (although I have heard mechanical noises, and people talking in an unknown language).

Resident: Yes, to everything. The blue one is like a swirling blue turquoise. It can go from the size of a tree to a golf ball. Very, very fast—will knock the lights out in your home.

Ryan: We saw the lights to the home knocked out on several occasions. What was odd however, was that it seemed like the guards could not see the orbs (or... they already knew about them).

The big questions is where do the orbs first materialize from? Which specific spot on the property? What height? Do the caves play any role in this? And is there a solid structure to the orbs? Sorry, so many questions!

Resident: I'm sorry. I need to go. I'll try to get on tomorrow about 4:00. They deny everything and will not acknowledge anything. That's what they have been instructed to do. I'm sorry, I have no answers on the orbs, only they are real. They are just there and then they're just gone. Sorry! No help. Must go.

Ryan: My personal experience is that they appear above the tree tops to the east of the house. They usually occur between 8pm to 10:30pm. They usually appear on non-rainy or windless days.
Ok, have a good night. Sorry to overwhelm you.

Resident: We've seen them at all times and all over the ranch.

Ryan: I understand completely. I would still like to have answers, but have none—just a lot of experience. Have a good night.

Ryan: Well, I'm still out there and looking for answers. Charles really wanted an answer before he dies.

He told me he thinks he's dying from cancer because of a close encounter he had. But I'll save that for another time when we have more time.

Goodnight.

PART 2, NOVEMBER 2, 2011

Resident: I hope I did not come across too strong regarding Frank. He appears to be a very nice man. But he didn't want to write the truth, just his version of whatever he came up with. So I myself have not met him or talked directly to him, just listened on speaker phone. It's very frustrating when you're trying to tell someone what happened and they start telling you, "No, this happened". I'm not sure why he did that, but I lost a lot of respect for him. If you want the truth, listen.

He lives close to Garth Meyers, the executor of the estate of Ken and Edith Meyers. He basically called us liars and said nothing ever happened there. Common sense says BS. Jon Garcia to the east had experiences. Swenson Cops to the south had experiences—they will deny, of course. But I found there [a] dead pile of cows. You know how to tell the difference between a natural death and a mutilated cow? Predators will not touch the mutilated cow. Natural caused death of a cow, the coyotes, crows, [and] buzzards will [eat] it and drag off the bones. A mutilated cow stays intact for months, until the dried hide starts to fall apart. They had about 30 in the secret Pile.

Now Betts' place, the old man and woman would not talk about it, but we knew their sons. And they told all. So next the Buffo place—[the] whole family disappeared and was never seen again. Jim Scott can tell you a bunch of stories. Dick and Jean Dietz are the caretakers of the ranch. Jean, before we left, came to the [establishment] were I worked and cried her eyes out. Dick refuses to see anything and always has a logical explanation, no matter how stupid it is. So does the ranch have a big red circle with a slash through it to protect it from UFO? Give me a break. An elder Mrs. Betts told [family member] the first time she seen one was when she was 6 or 7 and he (she means the craft) bounced across the field. The activity is on a 10 year cycle. Every 10 years the craft was different. They used to not care who [saw] them. She was told as a young girl to never go outside after dark when activity was high. She was in her 90s then. She has since passed. Her stories were amazing. Never seen any of that in Colm's book. Not sure why they called it the Path of the Skinwalker. Mostly UFO stuff happened, not as much

mystical. But he was working for NIDS and the organization was in control of all data acquired.

I am truly sorry about Charles. I wish I could give him some answers, but I wish I had them—I think. Be careful! Those who control the ranch are above the law. And if you stir too much crap, they will shut you down. That's what happened to Art Bell[36] and Beck. So If Charles had a close encounter, it definitely could have been what caused it. A high percentage of the people in the Uintah Basin contact cancer. I've lived many places while growing up and this is one of the worst for cancer.

Red orb is usually seen when chaos or something bad is happening. Chasing the cattle through the fences. This orb totally freaks animals out. White orb hard to see at times. Usually attached to missing time. Watch stops when you realize something's not right—your watch will be off. The magnetic field stops it. Mine has stopped as low as 10 minutes and as high as 2 hours. Sometimes you awaken or come to in a totally different place.

If you hear voices above, you check to see if you have a shadow during the day. Most likely you won't. Shadow creatures are just that—extremely fast. And sometimes a white hole will open at night and they will crawl out. Easier to see at night when they come out, but during the day easy to see them. Sometimes you think [it's] just a flash. You are wide awake at 2:00 and you have no clue why and it doesn't matter about the time change.

Sorry, my spelling can be awful when I'm so intent. Meant to say buzzards, coyotes and crows will eat a cow who has died from natural causes. So I have no answers for you. I will just add more questions to your list that's already 10 miles long. The craft bounced across the field. Not he. Like I said my spelling and punctuation can go by the wayside. Then I proof read and say, "Dang, missed that". Not much more to say. Will wait to hear from you.

Ryan: Sorry, I was very, very busy with business today. It allows me the freedom to make the frequent trips to the ranch. I'm disappointed I was not able to be on earlier to chat. I KNOW some of this will one day be somewhat understood and explained. Have you ever seen the entire sky light up as if it's

daylight? We've seen this once proceeding a loud BANG, and the daylight (at night) lasted a good 30 seconds to 1 minute. I've also heard either a giant invisible rotor blade above my head or the wings to a large bird flapping. Two other questions: 1. the voices—did you ever understand English words when listening to the voices? Also, according to Charles M., [the family members] would huddle together as tiny golf ball sized orbs would fly around the house and open cabinets. Any such experience?

What do you think Bigelow knows? Although I am the conspiracy type, I honestly think he knows as much as me and everyone else—little. Have you also heard the machine like noises? And is there any importance to the caves on the property?

Resident: What kind of business???? Which Skinwalker Ranch on the net are you?

Sorry, I'm very nervous. [I] had no idea about all the websites regarding the ranch. Hoped and thought it had faded away. Wow, I was living in Never-Never Land. Do you have contact information for Colm A. Kelleher? He did not get permission to write the book from us about us. [One of the owners] would like to talk to him, if you have his contact information.

Ryan: My business is I own several small businesses in Wisconsin. None of them have ANYTHING to do with the ranch. I run www.skinwalkerranch.org.

I know you don't know me, and I do realize how serious of a matter the ranch is. I myself will discuss things that I cannot have leave our discussion. I don't trust and do fear Bigelow. Colm is still working for Bigelow in Vegas. I have their address. Both he and Knapp made decent money on the book. The entire story has grown much larger over the years and taken on a life of its own.

Resident: I found out about the book from a family member. My cousin called me and said there was a book out written by Colm, which did not settle well of course. We were never consulted about it, and some is correct. A lot was left out and some was twisted together. Nor were [we] paid any money.

My first responsibility was to [family]. To protect them. You have [family]. How would you feel if things were happening to them and you could do nothing to protect them because you could not protect yourself? Bigelow bought the ranch. I will be forever be thankful for that because I could not in good conscience sell it to a family who did not understand or had small children. So when he came along, it was truly a blessing. He is a very powerful man and is above the law, and that's all I can say about him. I have a very tight mouth when it comes to the ranch and business. The ranch has grown into something I would never had believed and I still fear for my family. I did not think that Bigelow would let loose of Colm. That would be too dangerous. Colm knows way too much, and like I said, left a whole lot out of the Book. I knew there were small caves, but didn't know they went as far as they did. But that does not surprise me, however. Answer to your question about the night turning to day, —Yes, many times. The ranch was a dream we had as a family: To raise cattle and have a family business. We found the ranch and we thought we had found Heaven, but it turned out to be Hell. I read an article today saying we wanted to get away from noisy neighbors where we lived before. [It] was a very nice place, but only 2 1/2 acres, more or less. We had leased ground and cattle everywhere. The ranch gave us the place to bring the cattle together and do it right. It was a broken dream for us.

PART 3, NOVEMBER 3, 2011

Ryan: Yes, I have [family] too, and I never want to bring them harm as a result of my poor decisions to pursue this interest of mine. What specific event was left out of the book? What events were not correct or exaggerated by Knapp? (He wrote most of the book). What does Colm know that is concerning? Colm is a microbiologist which has nothing to do with aerospace or the paranormal, yet he is in charge of the entire circus at the ranch. Does his background hint at a biological component or problem related to the ranch? As I'm sure you're aware, some of the surrounding neighbors have committed suicide, died of bizarre forms of cancer, or seem to have mental issues. Again, I understand your concern to shield your [family] from whatever haunts the ranch (it could care less for us, man, woman, child...all indifferent).

PART 4, NOVEMBER 6, 2011

Ryan: How are things going? Haven't heard from you in a few days.

PART 5, NOVEMBER 9, 2011

Ryan: How have events from the ranch affected you today? Has the phenomenon followed you? What physical objects did you see while on the ranch? Have you ever witnessed any structure to the objects? Finally, where exactly on the ranch did you see the portal open up? I have NEVER seen the portal nor have any of my fellow investigators. I hope all is well.

PART 6, NOVEMBER 13, 2011

Ryan: Do you have any questions for me, [Resident]? I'm only trying to get to the bottom of this, and I've spent years and a lot of my own money trying to put together the pieces of this mystery.

PART 7, NOVEMBER 19, 2011

Ryan: [Resident], on the bottom left hand corner of Facebook is an unfriend button. If you no longer wish to talk to me, the link is there on the left. I was enjoying our conversation and all I want to do is to, one day, put all the pieces of this Skinwalker puzzle together and begin to have a clearer idea of what is going on out there. I already know A LOT, but I need more stories. It has become an obsession to find out what it is that out there and what it wants with us.

PART 8, NOVEMBER 23, 2011

Resident: Are you writing a book????

Ryan: No, I've thought about it a lot. But have decided against it. I do know several authors however currently writing and who have already written several books on the topic. I know what's going on out there is real and my intentions are to get to the bottom of this mystery even if it takes me the next 20 years and a lot more of my own money to find us answers.

(Note: Almost three months passed between communications.)

PART 9, FEBRUARY 13, 2012

Resident: Rumors flying about a big UFO sighting this Sunday at Ft. Duchesne. Supposedly landed at or by the ranch and knocked the power out in Ft. Duchesne.[37] Did you hear anything????

Ryan: I'm getting bits of info from several sources. Supposedly there were large flashes of lights all over Randlett and Ft. Duchesne, accompanied by loud noises. Lit up the entire region. The interesting story is that one of the ranches where the activity was most profound supposedly has footprints on it.

I have 3 investigators on the scene actually right now.

For the latest updates on the situation please visit my website. We have a topic dedicated to it: http://skinwalkerranch.org/forum/index.php?topic=833.0

Does that help answer your question, [Resident]?

PART 10, FEBRUARY 14, 2012

Resident: Ryan, thank you. It does. I'll pass this information on. For some reason everybody thought I would know about it. Funny how people are! Good luck with your investigation. Hope you come up with some solid proof and information. That would be awesome. Thanks Again!

Resident (continued): FYI: [My] nephew called and told me was there was an eyewitness. Freaked some guy out really bad. But I don't have a name. If I come across it I'll let you know. Story my nephew heard was it was lightening and thundering. (That's when we would have the most activity, during Storms along the ridge.) He said people were [seeing] all kinds of strange lights and it supposedly knocked the power out in Ft. Duchesne and it had landed somewhere near the ranch. If I get anymore rumors or information I'll pass it to you for your investigators.

Ryan: What I'm most interested in is WHERE did it land? I need to pinpoint its location and send a team out to document before the weather destroys any evidence.

Resident: I'll see if I can get any info from anyone. All [the information] I've been able to get is close to the ranch. Not very helpful. If I can come up with a better location, I'll let you know ASAP. [It] snowed a little this morning in Roosevelt. Not sure about Ft. Duchesne. So hopefully it hasn't hurt anything. Will see what I can do.

Ryan: I will share any pictures we get with you.

PART 11, MARCH 13, 2012

(One month since prior communication—no response from Resident. Resident re-initiates contact with a comment about a possible Bigfoot sighting.)

Resident: Hey! Was it down by the ranch? Seen a cream colored Bigfoot there as you're coming out of the ranch across they main road. Just briefly though. Never forget!!!
(Later the same day)

Ryan: The Bigfoot was seen to the north of the ranch. I believe the cream colored ones represent a juvenile according to theory. I have had my own Bigfoot encounter both in Duchesne and in the Uintah Mountains. I keep thinking about those orbs and spotlight UFO. Can you share your thoughts on them? For a while I was having really, really clear nightmares about them. Also, I'll be buying a lot of land around the ranch soon and I'm really excited to move down there on a semi-permanent basis.

PART 12, JULY 13, 2012

(First Resident response in almost two months)

Ryan: I'm dealing with a case very similar to yours. The clients are all

sleeping in the same room together. They see what they describe as blue fireflies next to their house. One day they saw a swarm of them as if thousands where huddled together. They have seen white powdery chalk throughout their house, heard voices above their heads, and the entire family is frightened, depressed, and beginning to fall apart. Many times they will have an orange ball of light float up to the house. I'm debating flying out there to see if I can help the family, but unsure if anything that is happening to them sounds familiar?

Resident: I've seen blue orbs, but not that many at a time. They went from the size of a golf ball to driving a semi-truck through. Usually when we heard voices above us it was outside and you did not have a shadow. Not familiar with the white powdery stuff. Orange orb, I never saw one, but a couple of the family did. It terrified the horses and almost got them bucked off. The way they described them, I assumed they were more orange. But it could just be the video. Frightened and depression goes along with it and not knowing what to do next. Chaos or massive confusion, or falling apart in their case, sounds about par. We went to the church authorities. They neither confirmed nor denied it. Just told us if we couldn't handle it to move, but that doesn't help very much. Hope that helps. On Bigfoots, you're more knowledgeable in that field than I.

Ryan: Another question: The family continually wants to know if they move, if the phenomenon will stop haunting them. What was your experience? My own, from whenever I research around the ranch, is that it follows me back to Wisconsin for about two weeks. I have all sorts of odd unexplainable things happen in the house. Then I ignore it and it seems to go away after 2 weeks. The home owner seems convinced it's somehow targeted her, but I keep trying to convince her there may be other factors at play. I just thought I'd ask as your case seems very similar.

Resident: It never completely goes away like you have experienced, but being away from the ranch it became more protective of us, like bugs in a bottle is how we refer to it. And doesn't interact with us like at the ranch. The hostile part didn't seem to follow us.

Ryan: Interesting. When I would come home from a trip out there (like I just

did), it is very common for me to have my door bell ring at 6am for 1 week straight, or to have someone open the door and walk in with NO ONE THERE. Odd things like this would happen for about 2 weeks. I know what you mean about being observed but not interacted with while away. I have never had anything visual and dramatic happen at home like I did out there. Have you seen my recent videos, btw? I captured one of the blue lights on film.

Resident: I hadn't. My computer has been giving me fits, going to take it in for a cleaning. I will try to see if it will pull it up. It took 30 minutes for this one to play.

Ryan: Nothing frustrates me more than computer problems!! Lol Good luck

Resident: Ya, it came very close to being chucked out in the street.

Ryan: Also, is Randy Redtree a personal friend? She mentioned you today to me.

Resident: Yes, She is. I've known her for years. Way before the ranch. Her real name is [redacted]. She's part Indian and a very good author.

Ryan: I [fucked] up and got into a spat with her. I should've kept my mouth shut. This Tuesday she will be featured on a national TV program about the ranch.

Resident: She is very Pro Indian. Very touchy about that. She was raised here on the [Reservation] among her tribal relatives. Has much experience and has a lot of stories that have been handed down and very, very strong minded. A good person at heart, but I have learned to skirt around differences. I always thought that the suicide rate is extremely high here and I attribute that to the high influx of UFO or paranormal activity. I don't have TV so I won't be able to watch it. Wish I could.

Ryan: Interesting. I 100% AGREE. I am aware of the suicide and cancer rates. IT'S INSANE, [Resident]! I also agree about the tribal point. Many of your old neighbors are suffering from depression, suicide, and odd forms of

cancer. I've shifted my beliefs to a more spiritual conclusion; these aren't peaceful aliens flying around in spaceships from another planet—it is far deeper than that. This has a multidimensional and spiritual explanation I may never be able to fully understand.

Resident: It truly is. It's amazing how many lives it has ruined here.

Ryan: Good talk, thanks for listening and advising regarding this family. I learned in Utah and maybe I can use it to help others

Resident: Good Luck to You!!!

Ryan: Hey, same to you!

PART 13, SEPTEMBER 28, 2012

(Two and a half months later)

Ryan: Hi [Resident], I was speaking with Marilynn Duncan and she mentioned something to me that [you] had seen a vision that the balls of light had shown you in a tree. Is that true, and what were you shown? I've gathered all new stories and slowly starting to put the pieces of this puzzle together.

Resident (October 1, 2012): We [had] seen balls of light in the Willow Tree by the house at the ranch. I haven't had any visions. Not sure where she got that. Maybe she misunderstood me, I guess.

Ryan: I must have misunderstood her then. She mentioned something about being shown a vision outside and after seeing that, it scared you, and you and family made the decision to leave. Two things I have learned recently is that the balls of light seem to cause an emotional reaction sometimes in those who witness them (usually sadness, depression, or fear)—any experience? Also any stories of unusual animals besides what is told in the book? I learned that these animals are fully physical but may not be alive in the sense how we understand them to be.

FYI: I have never come across a tale of anyone "meeting" the entities behind

this, and also have not heard any similar stories of visions. But I am curious as either one would help identify who or what is behind all of this.

PART 14, AUGUST 9, 2012

Ryan: I believe the SyFy channel is going to host my latest episode at Skinwalker on the 21st. Tune in.
Resident: Thanks! Will do!

Ryan: You really need to do a phone interview sometime. Also, the rumor is that [Resident's family member] is talking to a friend of mine: "Ron Millone". Joe Rogan was a jerk, and the show will probably make me look crazy, but it was fun.

Resident: Ron has contacted [a family member]. We're trying to decide if we want to go public and tell our story. [Family member] is very busy right know with [family member's] business, so we have put it on hold.

Ryan: You guys really should. The public has a massive interest in this and you guys have a lot of value in that story. No one has ever heard your true side.

Resident: Sometimes they like to make fun, but whatever. [I] don't need their approval or care if they believe.

Ryan: I know. I talk to the locals who know you, they said you were ridiculed for it.

Resident: We have been talking with the family but it involves all of us. So I'll let you know what we decide.

Ryan: I support you guys, you need to share this, and you'd be surprised at the support out there for you on this.

Resident: We were. That was one of the reasons we left the area. They deserved a life without being [ridiculed].

Ryan: I believe one day a movie will be made about your experience. I understand where you are coming from, I really do.

Resident: I hope they ask for the real truth, not the made up version or partial version or someone speaking on our behalf who has never spoken to us.[38] But will see what happens. Appreciate your understanding.

Ryan: "Joe"[39] asked me point blank after all these years, and after all of this research, what do I think it is? I told him something spiritual and not alien. I wonder if that was the right answer. What would you say? I spoke to Mike Miller and the other neighbors and they all want to know, Miller, Garcia and Wynn.

Resident: That's a very difficult question. After all that went on and all that people spoke to us about concerning their experiences, I would say we are not the only planet with life on it. When going through this I prayed a lot. I was raised [religion]. In the Pearl of Great Price, the book fell open to a scripture basically saying I have created many worlds, some just beginning some just ending.

So I'm not sure, but most likely I would say it is more spiritual than anything.

Ryan: It seems to be the silliest answer, but the only one that fits it. I've also seen the wolf face to face which to me was the closest I'll ever be to something "alien". The balls of light landed and a black thick smoke coiled around into a wolf, who stood no more than 5 feet from me. [My understanding is they] call him "TOBY", and that the wolf has been around the property for at least 30 years, and that there is a picture of it on the internet, and it hasn’t aged a day. Not sure what that cryptic conversation meant, but the NIDS (BAASS) guys are all a little cryptic.

I often wondered if that was an illusion or a picture put into our head to distract us from something else going on. Because when there were two of us, we started not looking at the same thing. One would look, observe the obvious, and the other would search for something else, and we usually would find something else going on.

Resident: What? The wolf?

Ryan: For whatever reason, I felt the wolf was what "it" thought I wanted or needed to see...I think it knew I could not handle more than something I recognized. [So] no, just different things.

Resident: We have all seen different wolves there. The wolves, I believe, live in another dimension and travel through at will. The Navajo have a name for it but it evades me right know. The scarier or uglier is a way to try and scare the person off of whatever they our involved in.

Ryan: yee naaldlooshii

Resident: Now I know why I couldn't remember. Lol

Ryan: Never had any experiences with an old Indian, did you? Or a humanoid form?

Resident: Several.

Ryan: I have NEVER seen anything human-like. I've heard the voices, seen balls of light, animals, etc., but not whatever is controlling all of this, like a non-living old Indian lol...not the locals. The only stories I have gathered about humanoid is that there is always an old Indian accompanying the balls of light.

Resident: Seen him several times. Very dirty old looking, very primitive looking.

Ryan: YES, WOW! That's the stories I've been told!

Resident: One runs with the wolves; he is younger but very primitive looking.

Ryan: Now that's a story I have never heard from you. Some of the Utes I've spoken to are convinced they have a ritual that can make them Skinwalkers and this was done years ago. I always said bullshit.

Resident: [I saw him] only once, very short period, like 2 minutes. I always thought dimensional because he looked startled and as spooked I was.

Ryan: When you say dimensional, do you mean a time distortion on earth (different period?) or a different dimension that also has old primitive looking Indians?

Resident: Different dimension that also has old primitive Indians.

Ryan: Every time I think I have all this figured out, my mind gets broken to a new direction, damn it! Lol

Resident: Have you ever thought some of the structures on the ridgeline look ...somewhat manmade and very, very old?

Ryan: Welcome to my world! So many question and never a direct answer only more questions. Also, I really don't want to bother you with this, it's just the few nuggets of stories you share really help me to try to piece this together. I collect ALLLLLOT of stories. The primitive Indian, please tell me how you saw him, what happened and what did you communicate if anything?

Resident: At the end of the ranch, the ridge top looked like a wolf, but it doesn't look that way anymore. And a partial medicine wheel was on top. [I] heard loud drumming and he appeared. Nothing said or done. Then he was gone. In the beginning, I used to walk from the house up over the ridge to the end of the property. Love the view and it was an awesome workout.

Ryan: "Heard loud drumming and he appeared. Nothing said or done. Then he was gone." You know there is an Indian graveyard on the ridgeline on the east side ridge of the property?

Resident: No, I didn't know that.

Ryan: Yes, I have special "inside reports" about it, also the local Utes have told me. But not by "werewolf" ridge. NIDS knew all about it.

Resident: They never shared much information, just collected it.

Ryan: Oh, I know how they work. They just TAKE information, they never SHARE it.

Resident: Kept us in the dark on a lot of stuff. We were their human guinea pigs, I believe.

Ryan: I just take info from their ex-employees and never share what I know with them. Duh! Of course you were, just like the Dietz are now.

Resident: Yep, Jean came to the [establishment] and talked to me once. I had to take her downstairs because she was crying and so upset. Stuff was happening at their old place, but Dick can be [stubborn] and didn't [have patience for it]. Told her [it was her imagination]. I think [she is frustrated] now due to all that has happened in her life.

Ryan: I heard Dick [can be stubborn], and Jean has no one to really confide in anymore.

Resident: Yea, I first met her when I was just out of high school. I worked at [different establishment]. Redge Palmer has a tire shop there across from Western Petroleum, so I have known her for years. [Family member] worked in the oilfield with Dick. She is a sweetheart and deserved better. I'm going to shut down. Headed to bed. Good Luck in getting some answers.

Ryan: Thanks for sharing the Indian story, no clue what any of it means, lol. But I appreciate it. I have 2 other similar stories to add that too.

Resident: I always ended up with more questions and usually more confused than I was when I started. LOL

Ryan: I told Charles Wynn I would out the truth one day and share it with him. He died before I was able to fulfill that.

Resident: Charles was a good man, I always like him.

Ryan: I LIKED HIM TOO!! He was really nice to me and I enjoyed his stories and company.

Resident: His wife is a whole different story. A very difficult lady if I ever met one. LOL. He was always very supportive of us.

Ryan: [Mike] Miller is [unique], but I like talking to him as well. Shirley, the local native, seems a little [out of the ordinary] but interesting. [Neighboring rancher] was kind of a jerk to me recently, used to be nice. Charles' wife is… I have [nothing] to say. Anyhow, it's late and I should go back to watching my restaurant's cameras.

Resident: Yea, I can relate. Jon (Garcia) is very afraid of the happenings on the ranch. He lost his son in a horse accident. An orange ball (not sure on that) was chasing the horse and the boy fell off and caught his foot in the stirrup. The horse drug him to death. I believe the horse was so screwed up they had to put him down. His mental frame of mind was shot. They said he just stood there and shook. I may have remembered a few thing wrong but that is the basis.

Ryan: Same story I heard. Also heard that his son is buried on the western part of property or someone is...

Resident: That I hadn't heard, but he is very scared of it. And very superstitious. Well, Good night!

Ryan: [Good night], be sure to watch on the 21st, SyFy (a television station).

Resident: will do.

Ryan: I'll look like a kook, but I tell Rogan off.

PART 15, OCTOBER 26, 2013

(Final communication, more than a year since the last message)

Resident: I'm writing a book now. Do you mind answering a few questions in

the future at some point for me to put into the book? I would really appreciate your input and be happy to use your pseudo name.

PART 16, DECEMBER 5, 2013

Ryan: Would you like to write a foreword in my book? I release it next week.

PART 17, JANUARY 25, 2014

(No response)

Ryan: I had some questions about the black "fuel rods" found on the ranch. I spoke to another investigator who spoke to [family member] years ago about them. He said they were found by the old homestead. Do you have any more information about where they were found or what they look like?

(Resident makes no further response. The correspondence terminates.)

Book 3: Psychic Investigations and Daily Ranch Logs

Chapter 1: The Nevada Remote Viewing Group Investigation

REMOTE VIEWING

Remote Viewing is a psychic process in which a trained individual known as a Viewer is tasked with seeking information about a remote physical location that he or she has never seen and about which he or she has no specific information. The term *remote* implies that the viewer is not located in or near the target location and has no experience nor prior knowledge of that location. Remote Viewers can psychically visualize a target location whether separated from it by space or time, or both.

Controlled Remote Viewing (CRV), developed by Ingo Swann, at the time working with the Nevada Remote Viewing Group—under the supervision of Dr. Angela Thompson Smith, is a pen and paper protocol in which the viewer from a remote location produces a sequence of sketches or 3D models of the focus target with the objective of generating relevant information. CRV is primarily used in missing person cases, business applications and archaeological projects.[40]

Extended Remote Viewing (ERV) is similar to CRV, and is also used to reveal information about hidden targets. Unlike CRV, ERV, developed by F. Holmes Atwater, a member of the US Army's Fort Meade Remote Viewing Unit, relies on a viewer induced state of altered consciousness maintained over an extended period of time. The ERV process often employs a Monitor, an individual trained in the protocol, who engages the viewer in what is known as tasking. The Monitor provides the viewer with verbal cues and information as a means of both maintaining the altered state and to help "guide" the viewer towards the target. Once the viewer is capable of psychically imaging the location or site, the Monitor poses questions intended to draw out details such as natural or man-made landmarks, on-going activities and purpose or function. The Monitor also is tasked with recording the interaction.

DR. ANGELA THOMPSON SMITH

Dr. Angela T. Smith was born in England in 1946. Prior to entering into the field of Parapsychology, she worked with orphan children in Colombia, South America. She returned to England in 1975 and enrolled in the University of Wales where she received her Bachelor's Degree. She then enrolled in the Faculty of Medicine in Manchester University, earning her MA in Child Development. It was here, having had herself as a child Out-of-Body Experiences, that she began her career in Parapsychology.

Dr. Smith came to the United States in 1981 to pursue her studies. In 1986, she became a research participant in parapsychological studies at the Psychological Research Laboratories in Princeton, New Jersey. In 1988, she was hired as a research assistant at Princeton Engineering Anomalies Research (PEAR) laboratory where she was deeply involved with Precognitive Remote Perception, a precursor to Remote Viewing. She received her PhD from Saybrook Graduate School in San Francisco.

In 1992, having returned from fieldwork abroad, including trips to Russia, England and Kenya, Dr. Smith moved to Las Vegas, Nevada, where she accepted a position as Research Coordinator for the Bigelow Foundation, owned and operated by Robert T. Bigelow. She left in 1994 to continue her own studies and projects.

Dr. Smith studied Remote Viewing under Paul Smith and Lyn Buchanan, both pioneers in the field, and went on to carry out Remote Viewing consulting work for a number of organizations. She started teaching Remote Viewing courses in 1997 in Las Vegas. She currently resides in Boulder City, Nevada, where she writes and teaches.

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT: SHERMAN RANCH ACTIVITIES

In October of 2002, The Nevada Remote Viewing Group was enlisted to investigate activity on the Sherman Ranch, at the time owned and operated by Robert T. Bigelow as an extension of the Bigelow Aerospace program.

The investigation was overseen by Dr. Angela T. Smith, Case Manager. Although the document—prepared on January 10, 2003—does not specify the client, there are specific references to Bigelow. The title page of the document in part appears as follows (the Prepared For part had been redacted prior to obtaining the document):

Confidential

Final Report

Investigative Report:
Sherman Ranch Activities:

Phase One: At Time of Purchase
Additional Phase One Information
Phase Two: Current Activities
And
Phase Three: Future Activities

Prepared for

XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

INTRODUCTION

In the introduction of the document, it is made clear that a request was made of the Nevada Remote Viewing Group in October of 2002 to investigate the Ranch. Other than the statement “Help was requested”, there is no language identifying the project’s sponsor. The group was tasked with “identifying the nature of activities at [the] location”, first going back in time to 1995 and 1996 when the property was first purchased by Bigelow, then looking into current activities (2002), and finally five years into the future (2007).

In this opening section, the Remote Viewing Group describes itself as an “organization of trained viewers…who accept humanitarian remote viewing projects, [including] paid…projects for private individuals, groups, and organizations.”

VIEWERS

Seven Viewers were involved with the project, each identified by a pseudonym. According to the document, five of the Viewers were provided with a coordinate—a random series of letters and numbers (SR110202)—and

tasked with Phase One. No other information was provided. The Viewers used both CRV and ERV. Their task was stated in the most general terms: “Describe the location and events at this location as of July, 1996”. The two Viewers tasked with Phase Two and Phase Three of the investigation were given the following additional directions: The target is a location, describe any current activity at the location—and—The Target is a location, describe activity at the location in five years.

SUMMARY

The five Viewers tasked with Phase One only provided the following information: the ranch was a military operations site associated with the Navy. Individuals were viewed involved in ’target practice’ with rifles that involved lying prone on the ground. Additionally, uniformed individuals were spotted, believed to be policemen, firemen or soldiers, as were several oblong devices, otherwise unidentified. A sketched produced by one of the Viewers included a male with either “identifying injuries or tattoos”.

Other Viewers reported seeing activity involving cartographers and maps of the United States, along with other primarily nocturnal activities. Also reported were “gridded and honeycomb surfaces, a flat surface and one that was rounded like a globe.” Two of the viewers reported feeling wave-like seismic vibrations.

In terms of Phase two, Viewers reported the construction of a “grid-work of wires and small platforms that have been embedded in the ground…a tall, TV-like antenna, and a communications-type building”.

Phase Three viewing identified the future occurrence of a fire, either caused by nature or accidental, that destroys “the communications-type building and a parcel of land surrounding the tower and building”.

OBSERVATIONS BY SPECIFIC VIEWERS, PHASE ONE

This section identifies the participating Viewers by their individual pseudonyms and the details of their particular viewing experiences, including descriptions of any drawings or sketches made.

Viewer #1 was known as Juice. She employed Extended Remote Viewing from which she provided a series of sketches and verbal descriptors or explanations:

1. A sketch of a man with dark glasses. “His hair was dark, with the unkempt, spiky, sticking-up look.[41] He appeared to be pushing/pulling another person. I think it was another person. I am unsure because the person seemed to be sagging.”
2. A sketch of a man lying face-down on the ground. “I think he had his hands behind his back.”
3. Sketch of a rectangular box. She goes on to say there were smaller boxes stacked inside, perhaps made of cardboard. Everything was on a table.
4. Sketch of a right hand with possible tattoos or injuries.
5. Sketch of a box with a hand taking something out of it. “A rectangular shape that appeared to have a slot in the front. Something was pulled out. The front had other square-like shapes on it.”
6. Sketch of a spring or coil. “It was turning.”
7. She also perceived maps and the concept of something being broken into, such as a house.

Viewer #2 was known as Dragonfly. She employed Controlled Remote Viewing. She described herself as being nervous at the start of the session. She perceived a landmass and a structure, along with life forms, both male and female.

As the session moved forward, she continued to feel anxious. She perceived images of the Pentagon, the Navy and prison. She mentioned seeing cartographers and maps. She felt nausea, smelled fire and perceived something burning. She was also the viewer that saw the rifle practice and the uniformed individuals. She also mentioned a photographer’s dark room with reddish light, a scene that resembled a 4th of July celebration, including sparkling lights in a dark sky[42], and finally water and wetness outdoors on a wet night[43]. She did not produce any sketches.

Viewer #3 was known as Scout. Her mode of Remote Viewing was not revealed. Scout was the viewer that saw the building structure and the honey-combed surface. In addition, Scout reported perceiving “a quick, human, lateral motion that appeared to be red[44]”. She also perceived that “premature conclusions were being made, and decisions…before all the evidence is in”. She reported having a headache.

Viewer #4 was known as UK. She used ERV and perceived primarily shapes and images:

1. A wild shaking such as waves
2. A sloped, flat wedge shape[45]
3. A grid-mesh, coated in something, contained behind it is some gelatinous substance with a strange chemical composition.
4. Grid with a sphere on top.
5. There is energy within the sphere, possibly a power source. There is a large amount of power fed into the grid.
6. Some light—greenish/yellow
7. The whole assembly (sphere and base) sits in the midst of a wide open, flat area, possibly a room with technical devices around the perimeter, such as an aircraft carrier

Viewer #5 was known as Rocket Man. He employed EVR and provided images and sketches, including the following: felt he was in a dark pit that was stuffy and damp; perceived three humanoid heads and heard the words guard, meeting, talk and daylight; felt he was near water; perceived a wavy line with a triangular shape and a round shape over the wavy line; heard foreign talk[46]; perceived a flat surface that was round in shape; and heard the words “Black people”.

OBSERVATIONS BY VIEWERS #6 AND #7, PHASE 2 AND PHASE 3

Phase Two and Phase Three were conducted by Viewer #6, known as Charles and Viewer #7, known as Amethyst. Charles’ remote viewing method was not specified. Amethyst employed ERV. Charles reported perceiving “something reflective in nature, an angular object [that] felt more like a vehicle”. He noted everything was dark, he felt hot and crowded. He perceived a crowd of people carrying cylindrical objects. There was a feeling of confusion. Amethyst perceived an electrical grid of wires with small, flat plates laid out over a couple of acres. She saw the TV or radio tower and upon it lights and electrical components[47]. There was also an average size office building filled with electronics equipment and too few personnel to man everything.

Amethyst was the only participant in Phase Three. She perceived the fire, and reported that as a result there would be no further activity on the Ranch; it will have been abandoned.

In a note of interest, both the Viewers for these two phases had been contacted by email and performed their remote viewing without prior personal interaction with Dr. Smith.

CONCLUSION

Taken as a whole, Dr. Smith's investigation presents as inconclusive. The psychic images perceived both individually and collectively by the Viewers are general and without much detail. Without knowing specifics as to previous projects or investigations in which the Viewers had participated, there is no way of telling if any of them went into this project with preconceived notions or subconscious expectations derived from those experiences. For example, each of the Viewers in some way perceived images associated with either science or the military, suggesting past assignments may have been related to these areas. In contrast, not one of the Viewers states having had any images that one would associate with the physical environment that the state of Utah brings to mind. There is no mention of great expanses of open space, mountains or canyons, or from the paranormal aspect, portals or openings of any kind, UFOs or aerial anomalies, or any sense of spirituality, other forms of consciousness or the diverse culture that maintains an extensive influence throughout the area.

On a final note, it cannot be ignored that Dr. Angela Thompson Smith had at one time been employed by Robert T. Bigelow. Although it was at a time prior to his purchase of the Ranch, Dr. Smith's past and continued ties to the area permit the speculation that she was at the time of the investigation familiar with his interests in ufology and the nature of his aerospace program, and as such, given the psychic nature of the investigation, may have served as a source of contamination in terms of psychic interference to the other participants.

Preface to Chapter 2

In September of 2009, Ryan engaged in a running dialogue with an individual referred to here as Ranch Hand. At that time, Ranch Hand reached out to Ryan through his Skinwalker website, ostensibly due to a personal interest in the phenomena associated with the Ranch. He expressed a desire to meet with Ryan in person. It is clear, however, as the conversation progresses, that Ranch Hand was acting on a directive from Bigelow and those he hired to protect the property. Ranch Hand, as it turns out, was a member of Ranch security. His initial objective for reaching out to Ryan is to find out how he accesses, or intends to access, the Ranch property. He uses as enticement the fabricated claim of having seen a paranormal entity at a specific location on the property, perhaps suspecting it is that particular location which Ryan is using.

Not too long after the correspondence starts, Ranch Hand appears to change sides and offers to provide Ryan with information he seeks. Still suspicious of Ranch Hand's motive, Ryan takes a similar approach, suggesting that he too is willing to trade information. Taking advantage of the developing "trust", Ryan poses a list of questions to Ranch Hand, who from his inside perspective provides some interesting answers. No mutual exchange is requested nor provided. Eventually, Ranch Hand agrees to arrange for Ryan to visit the Ranch and to look into specific rumors. The conversation concludes without revealing any further outcome.

Here below is the correspondence by email and text between Ryan and Ranch Hand.

Correspondence with Ranch Hand, September 2009 through July 2010

Ranch Hand
Saturday, September 19, 2009, 1:42 PM

I am very interested about the ranch. I was wondering if there is any chance we could meet up so you can show [me] some good spots to capture

any phenomena. Please reply as soon as possible because I'm headed to the ranch tonight. Thank you.[48]

Ryan:

Please contact Ryan B.[49] His information is under the *contact us* section of the website. His phone number is there as well and he's local. I live in Wisconsin

Ranch Hand
Saturday, September 19, 2009, 7:09 PM

I cannot locate any phone number for Ryan on the website. If you can, please help us in getting ahold of him by giving us some contact information.
Thank you in advance

Ryan:

Did you go to the ranch?

Ranch Hand
September 20, 2009, at 10:05 PM

Yes, we went out to the ranch; we stayed out there from 830pm-1am. We saw a manifestation of red lights over by one of the bait pens.[50] We walked along the Mesa [and] saw a little creepy shack around 1030 pm and what looked to be at least 5-6 feet tall, some kind of creature, looked not to be human. [It] ran inside the little shack, made a bunch of noise and about two minutes later it ran out of the shack, heading west.[51] We plan on heading back out Monday night.

Ryan
Monday, September 21, 2009 8:06:15 AM

Wow! What shack? Where? Amazing. I've never gone out and not have something happen. Love the ranch! Also what time did this happen?

Ranch Hand

September 21, 2009, at 12:13 PM

It happened at 1030pm. We are going back out tonight. We are actually gonna go down into the ranch tonight. It was the shack over on the west side of the ranch.

Ryan:

Did you contact my buddy?

Ranch Hand
Monday, September 21, 2009, 12:30 PM

Yes, we talked the same night you gave us his contact info. He said he was going to be out of town for a few weeks, so we said we will talk with him at another time

Ryan
Thursday, September 24, 2009, 5:44 PM

Are you guys ok? Did you have any problems?? See anything? Hope you're both ok!

Ryan
September 29, 2009, at 5:02 PM

Ranch Hand, are you guys ok or not? Did something happen that last night? Please just reply that you two are ok.
Thanks

Ranch Hand
September 29, 2009, at 9:31 PM

Yes, we both are ok. I am back home now. I will be heading back out there late [month[52]]. Sorry I didn't get back to you sooner. Hey FYI, I work out at the ranch as security. If you want any info let me know. They wanted us to try and get info on people out there looking at the ranch. I had to play cool while I was out there with the other guy because he really cares about

the company. If you want any info, I can hook you up. And when I am back out there in [month], I can get you on the ranch if you want. You just have to play it cool and not write anything about me helping you on the web. Let me know, bud.

Ryan
September 29, 2009, at 8:05 PM

Ranch Hand, I'm blown away. This is the opportunity I've been waiting for. I can hook you up on who visits the ranch and when. I'm on the outside of all of the various UFO groups in Utah and somewhat disgruntled with some of them. I would drop anything for the opportunity to visit the ranch legally and will keep my mouth SHUT regarding any of our conversations.[53] I will definitely make a trip alone this [month], if you're serious. Also did you happen to be working out there late August?

Ranch Hand
Tuesday, September 29, 2009, 10:30 PM

Hey, make sure you change your display name on YouTube because the company has [an] investigator watching YouTube and your web site.[54]

Ryan:

Any other suggestions or changes I should make? Any way I could be of assistance to security? This could be an opportunity for them to have someone on the inside feeding information as to breaches on the outside.[55] What do you know about the orb-like softball-sized (larger) pulsing lights? That really is my main question, and what sort of threat (if any) are they to outsiders? Any suggestions regarding our conversations as to keep you out of any trouble?

Ranch Hand
Tuesday, September 29, 2009, 11:11 PM

Just do not post anything saying you have an inside [source] or anything of the sort. The orb-like spotlight may be us when patrolling with the different spotlights we have. If you want, you can give me a call

sometime. Like I said, I am supposed to be back out there [month and date], but that is subject to change. I will keep you updated.

Ryan

Awesome. I'll definitely keep in touch. I see you're with [official organization] and I'm told [a member of] security. (I heard the two younger guys are cool and currently enlisted). This all for Bigelow...or is the government also monitoring? Seen some absolutely crazy shit that I really don't discuss on the site, as I can't incriminate myself for being anywhere near the property. What's your take on what's going on out there? I guess I'm almost obsessed because the things I've seen and experienced first-hand can't be rationally dismissed. I've spent [a lot of money] now in equipment and trips out there, so I can't explain how excited I'd be for the opportunity to "possibly" legally visit. So were you personally working the ranch in late August or know who was?

Ranch Hand
Wednesday, September 30, 2009, 12:06 AM

We go to the ranch two weeks at a time. I was there when I was writing you. I got back home on last Wednesday. How did you know I was [member of official organization]? The head guy that hired me does not go to the ranch. He was not a navy seal, but he was NSA for 20+ yrs. The government is not there, but it is secretly funded by the government

Ryan
October 2, 2009, at 4:34 PM

Hey, Ranch Hand, what's the latest? I'm excited to hear from you

Ranch Hand
Friday, October 2, 2009, 7:05 PM

I am heading out of town. I will write you Sunday when I get back. You can send me an email with any or all questions you have and I will reply back to it when I am back.

Ryan
Sunday, October 4, 2009, 8:05:53 PM

Hope your trip went well. Here are a few questions I had about the property:

A. You must have some rough idea of what the phenomena is: Alien? Inter-dimensional? Ghost? Indian Skinwalker? Hallucinations? Fantasy writings of Knapp? Classified Military Tech? Plasma or electrically based life forms? Parallel universe merging temporarily with our own?
B. What would happen to someone caught on the property? I've heard several stories, from a silent forced ride to the offender's home with the offender who is then dropped off, to much more sinister rumors, like a call to the local tribal police who may charge you with several potentially severe penalties.
C. What is the company? And what is the mission at the ranch? I'm sure the military has an indirect interest in the weaponry or communication potential for the bizarre events. I've read several theories how this will be used as a form of telepathic communication and also several nonlethal applications.
D. What is the most amazing thing you have seen?
E. What is behind the several caves along the ridge line?
F. Bigelow only owns a small section of the ridge line, so why is it patrolled by security?
G. The flashing & flying yellow/green silent orb-like lights, are they working with security? If so, what is their function and capabilities?
H. What is all the humming/underground machinery noise?
I. Is there an underground base/tunnel system on or directly around the ranch property?
J. Should I personally have reservations or concerns?
K. I've personally seen the large black wolf no more than 10 feet from me. Was I in any real danger...and also what is it?

Ranch Hand
Sunday, October 4, 2009 9:38 PM

A. I have spent a month at the ranch so far. The phenomena is mostly hallucinations; there may be some spirits from the Indian grounds, not too sure; I also believe what you see/experience is purely on what mind set you have.
B. There is no silent forced ride or anything like that if caught. If the offender is caught trespassing on the property, we are instructed to arrest and call local attorneys and have charges done for trespassing, as per company policy. Most of the time we don’t even bother with that. If they haven’t trespassed on the property before, we will just take down information in case they trespass again; then we will have to call attorneys.
C. The company is Bigelow Aerospace Advanced Space Studies. The mission is to maintain security of the ranch and to try to catch any phenomena and collect the data to try and explain them. The military has nothing to do with the ranch, although it is secretly funded by the government. But there is no military on the ranch. The company just hires prior [professionals], like me, to run security.
D. I haven't really seen anything really to write home about. Probably the craziest thing I have seen there was the company dogs attack a porcupine, lol.
E. Nothing is behind the several caves on the property.
F. It is patrolled because he doesn't want anyone to get on the property or get any photos. Bigelow just leased the land behind the ridge-line from Mr. Hickens. So we patrol all of it now. I can't remember when the leased [was] signed by him, or how many acres it was. I believe it was roughly 2,000 acres, so now people can be detained by security from way out there, pretty close to Bottle Hollow Reservoir.
G. I have not seen any such flashing lights during my time up there, nor have I read anything about them in the daily reports I have read from the other officers.
H. We do not have any equipment underground, so I cannot explain that noise you are hearing.
I. No, there is no underground military base or tunnel system on the ranch nor around it.

J. I do not think you should have any concerns. When I am out there again—and you come out—I will take you around the property or just let you on to roam around. But just because I am letting you on doesn't mean to just be lacks. I am letting you on, but there is still one other guard and two older folks that live on the ranch. So you will have to play it cool and watch out for them and make sure you don't post anything that you were let on the property. You understand what I am saying?
K. I have not seen the ranch. As far as danger, if I saw the thing, I would be freaked out and probably shoot it with my pistol...shit, I would definitely shoot that thing.

Hit me up if you have any other questions.

Ryan
October 4, 2009, at 9:08 PM

"The phenomena is mostly hallucinations, there may be some spirits from the Indian grounds—not too sure; I also believe what you see/experience is purely on what mind set you have."

I like everything you had to say and think. A lot of it is spot on, other than this quote. Having been near there, I can without a doubt say I have seen things up close and personal with a sober body and logical mindset. I have seen a small black triangle fly extremely fast over my head; I have heard multiple disembodied voices speaking in the air above me in an Indian-like language (actually, we have even heard a little girl's voice at one other time). I have heard a large swishing engine-like noise directly above me, but seen absolutely nothing there as it passed over me and proceeded several [yards] north to a friend's position—who also heard the same noise seconds later over his head.

The entire sky one night lighted up so bright it looked like day light on the ground for several seconds. Perhaps the most fantastic was, we'll say someone else's story, about seeing 12+ flashing orbs directly above, below, and next to the ranch house pulsating brighter to dimmer. The power appeared to be knocked out at the ranch house. The lights then flew to the observer's position and flashed no more than 10-20 feet above the observer's

head (3 of them). [They] then landed 15 feet away and pulsated a greenish yellow light. This was no bug. This was definitely an object, perhaps the size of a basketball, flying noiselessly in the air [and] well aware of the observer's position 1/4 mile from the ranch. The lights were also observed trailing a security vehicle. Once the lights had landed, a swirling black smoke-like mass turned into the fabled "bullet proof wolf", which although unfathomably physically menacing, its personality was calm, observant and statue like. It then walked off and disappeared behind a large rock. Security was then on the scene within 15 minutes and ascending upon the location.

I find [with] stories like this, [it is] unfathomable that someone has not made a record or note of the event or similar events to it. Other nights, large lights—almost helicopter-like—have been observed above [the] ridge, noiseless and moving in snake-like fashion, then retracting back to [their] original point of origin and dimming back out. How can you attribute everything to hallucinations, in your opinion, the things seen and witnessed by MULTIPLE credible witnesses? [It] has to be old hat for security on the ranch who must see this firsthand on multiple occasions between 8:30pm - 1:30am (when the events typically occur).

Furthermore, why would the government secretly fund hallucinations and old Indian ghost stories? Why not fund an old common graveyard? Obviously, there is something going on that grabbed the attention of the previous owners, one of the richest and innovative billionaires in the world and secluded sections of the government? So what stories have you heard from others out there? I know firsthand the old couple (Dietz) living on the ranch have spun some wild, wild stories to the locals. I also know of ex-law enforcement that used to work the ranch, that nothing was really witnessed firsthand by him at that time during the day shifts he would work...however the mutilations were very real.

Finally, if the spotlights were security, why would security flash them on and off for mere fractions of a second? How could they power-up in intensity only to dim down slowly?

Oh, and what about your own story about seeing something run into the shack on the western part of the property? (BS at the time?)[56]
Ryan

Ryan
October 6, 2009, at 5:10 PM

Have you heard the rumor of one of the NIDS members dying at or around the ranch? This supposedly caused quite drastic restructuring in the company and was also quickly swept under the rug. Then again could all be a rumor, but I've heard it from several sources.

Another wild rumor is that a silver rod was found by Jr. Hicks (local UFO expert). The rod supposedly was indestructible and was cold to the touch even after heated with a torch. Bigelow took it and did not return [it] to Hicks, who was quite upset. He also supposedly found a strange skull on the ridge with tiny eye holes on each side. He was told by the team to keep it as they had already found several others of these already. Again could be completely rumor, but was told to me by a family member of Hicks.

Also did you ever meet or know of Petey? (Pickup Pete he was called).[57]

Ranch Hand
Wednesday, October 7, 2009, 10:49 AM

No, I have not heard the rumor about a NIDS person dying, nor do they have any record of it in the office library. As far as the rod goes, I haven't seen it but have heard the same story you said. Next time I am at the other location out here, I will get the keys for the lab and go see if it is in there. They still have all of the mutilated cows from back in the day. They are in a freezer in the lab. So I will poke around next time I am there. I have never heard of Petey

Ryan

The unusually shaped human-like skull rumor was another interesting article that came from the same Jr Hicks' source. Claimed it had no eyes, just tiny pin holes, I believe on each side of the head (maybe front). At that time, supposedly NIDS claimed to have found several of these skulls and the discovery by Hicks was considered almost mundane. I assume if there is a scrap of truth to the rod rumor, then perhaps so too with the skull.

You've GOT to check out the rod. Another claim about the rod was that he put a multi-meter onto it and supposedly it gave off an electrical reading off the chart.

I'm not surprised to hear you dispel the death rumor, as I assumed

that was more conspiracy nut based (heard it from a different source).

Ranch Hand
Wednesday, October 7, 2009, 12:42 PM

Yeah, when I work at the other building, I will look in the lab for the skull and the rod.

Ryan
July 9, 2010, at 2:46 PM

When are we going to go to the ranch? I want to go in August, can you make it?

Ranch Hand
Friday, July 9, 2010, 5:00 PM

I can. If money is good... I can't support myself right now. I don't pay for rent or food and I am still scraping by, so if I have to move, I am fucked to the Max.

Chapter 2: Ranch Log Entries, 2009

In 2009, a number of individuals, most purported to have extensive military or law enforcement backgrounds, were brought to the Ranch to provide security and at the same time conduct psychic investigations and, for a lack of better words, experiments. Routinely, they would work in pairs in rotating two week shifts, depart for a period of time (to go home), and then return. While on the Ranch, they were required to do nightly rounds checking for trespassers and recording incidents of paranormal activity. As part of their routine, they were required to produce Daily Logs, which they did by computer, and submit them to a supervisor. While more than 70% of the logs are routine and of no interest, those submitted from August to November are considerably more detailed and presented here in this chapter.

The most interesting of these log entries were provided by Tripod and Hobby Horse (not their actual names). While there is no evidence at this time that either of these individuals—or any others, for that matter—had a specific background or training with regard to paranormal activity or as remote viewers, Hobby Horse regularly participated in attempts to communicate with the paranormal entities detected on and around the property, employing both passive and direct communication. Passive communication consisted of placing himself in physical proximity to the spirits or entities with whom he wished to make contact and then simply meditating. Direct communication involved verbally asking questions to or making requests of spirits or entities he believed to be present.

While the interaction reported by Hobby Horse is similar one day to the next—for the most part photographs of orbs of light and reports of feeling uneasy and perceiving negative or evil spirits, there are, throughout the log entries, descriptions of brief and seemingly minor paranormal activity which verify to varying degree some of the speculation associated with the Ranch.

One entry of note is recorded by Tripod on August 4th. However, the entry is offered in list form only, and with very little detail. According to his report, Tripod claims to have photographed a UFO. He acknowledges, though, that he did not actually see the object at the actual time of the event,

and only noticed its presence afterwards while viewing photos he had taken with his cellphone.

A review of the remaining logs from January 2009 to November 2009 indicate there were an assortment of different individuals—also working in pairs—that were hired over this period to provide Ranch security, to observe for anomalies and to conduct various experiments. None of these others report significant success with regard to communicating with or contacting entities or spirits. However, there is an episode with an Ouija board which results in alleged contact with an Indian spirit. In addition, there is an incident with the dogs involving a porcupine which contrasts the nature of the animals when dealing with known entities versus those that are perhaps paranormal.

The transcripts are provided in their original format with only minor editing for overt grammatical or spelling issues as to facilitate reading and provide for clarity as necessary, and when appropriate, have been abridged to minimize repetition. They have not been manipulated in any way to detract from or embellish the original content. All names of security personnel have been changed. The names of those that are mentioned in the logs, but do not have any dialogue or unsubstantiated deeds or behaviors attributed to them personally, remain as entered.

Day of Arrival: Hobby Horse

Our Deployment to Utah Ranch
Day 1 (3 Aug 09) 090803

Intro

I, Hobby Horse, arrived at the Walker Ranch in the afternoon of 3 Aug 09, for the purposes of conducting Security and Observation operations for the period of 3 Aug -17 Aug 09. Upon my arrival, I had very limited information concerning the events which have taken place since the purchase of the Ranch by Robert Bigelow in the mid 90's. Upon our arrival, we met with Jean and Richard (Ranch Care Takers) and their three dogs and were escorted to our living quarters. After dropping our bags off in our respectable [sic] rooms, we gathered our required gear to place an additional six (6) No

Trespassing signs on the North Perimeter of the property.
Note: Other members of our party were as follows; me (Hobby Horse), Tripod, Colm Kelleher, Robert Bigelow and FOB (JW).
Who Farted??

We departed the trailer at approximately 1700 as a group until we arrived at the top of the Mesa over- looking the property, at which time Tripod and I proceeded to pace out approximately 250 yards to begin placing stakes and signs. We (Tripod and I) proceeded to an established fence along the north edge of the property and proceeded in a westerly direction which stops and proceeds in a north, north easterly direction. We decided to place our first stake and sign approximately 15 yards west of the corner of the fence. I proceeded to hammer a stake in the ground and proceeded to begin attaching a sign to the stake, when I smelled an odor consistent with a rotten egg or natural gas from a north-west direction (current wind direction).[58] I stated to Tripod that if we was going to fart (bust ass) to at least go down wind of me, which he stated, "[I] did not fart." I began to ponder were the smell came from, but was unable to determine the origin of the smell, due to the smell leaving the area as fast as it came. Approximately 1-2 minutes later the smell came again, again for only 10 seconds approx. Note: These two circumstances were both detected by Tripod and I, and during the remainder of the day (3 Aug 09), no one else ever detected the odor at any point of the day.

The Missing knife

Upon completion of establishing the six (6) signs, Tripod and I proceeded back to the trailer located at the main homestead. Upon my arrival I [met] Jean in the front yard with Bella (Jean's dog) and decided to spend a few minutes to allow Bella to become more comfortable with my presence on the property. I proceeded to remove my back pack and placed it on the ground as [I] sat to pet Bella. After a few minutes, I proceeded into the trailer and placed my shoes inside and walked into my assigned room with my backpack to remove extra items that were not going to be needed for our first night out. After removing the bulk of items from my pockets I realized I no longer had my knife.

Note: My knife was given to me by my step-son for Christmas 08, the knife is a Spyerco Police addition (approximate length is 4 inches by 1½). Regarding location of my knife, I always place my knife in my front left

pocket and do not recall ever removing my knife from my pocket while outside the trailer playing with Bella.

I began looking for my knife on the bed, tops (surfaces) of furniture within the room I was staying, pants and emptied the contents of my backpack. If I would had removed my knife, the only place I would have placed my knife would be inside my bag. After spending 5-10 minutes attempting to locate my knife with negative results, I proceeded back into the common area of the trailer and asked everyone to keep an eye open for my knife. I also provided a description to our entire party as listed above.

After having dinner, Colm and Robert Bigelow devised a game plan for the night operation, and both Tripod and I began preparing our gear and uniforms for our first shift on the property. I picked up my empty backpack and placed my bag on the end of the bed and began placing items inside the bag. After I had filled my bag (note: the bag contained only clothes at this time and was very balanced) at the end of my bed, approximately 3-4 inches from the edge, I decided to check my green 5.11 button up shirt for my knife that I had been wearing earlier while setting stakes. As I picked up my shirt with my left hand and proceeded to place my right hand inside the bag with the intent of checking off another place of where my knife could be located (note: I only checked my shirt a second time because Tripod had asked earlier if I had checked my shirt), my back pack fell to the floor without any contact of the bed by my person. As the bag fell off the bed, I had a strange feeling and walked to the end of my bed to pick up my bag. Upon placing my bag on its side at the end of my bed, I discovered my knife in a very small slit located on the bottom of my bag. I immediately felt a very strange effect on my person, as if in disbelief. I did not touch my knife and walked out to get Robert Bigelow to come in to see were my knife was found. Everyone in our party came into the room and (Colm and FOB) took photographs (unknown results) of the bag and the room. Everyone in the party observed my arms, which all the hair was standing straight up. I cannot ever recall in my life placing a knife on the bottom of a bag, and still cannot recall the last time I knew my knife was in my pocket, but know I would never place my knife on the bottom of my bag.

Beginning the shift

At approximately 2010, on 3 Aug 09, I went out to the patio were I made contact with Jean. Jean assisted both Tripod and me in each getting a

dog (mine was Max). After placing Max on the leash, we (Max and I) proceeded to walk the path towards the Mesa in a north westerly direction. As we passed a large white in color gasoline container, approximately 50 feet to my north I heard what sounded like a rock bouncing off the container. After the end of my shift, both Tripod and I attempted to recreate the sound. Tripod proceeded to toss a rock against the side of the container, which [did not] resemble the noise I had heard earlier. I believe the sound was made by either change in temperature or something else unknown to me.

Based upon my very limited experience with Max, I'm unaware if Max made any non-verbal detection from that location. Additionally, I had no digital camera with me; therefore, I was unable to take any photographs of the area.

Light in the tree

After returning from my time on the Mesa, I proceeded back with Max and put him up. At approximately 0115-0130, I returned to the porch with the rest of the group and observed a faint white light moving within an area of five (5) to ten (10) ft. in a large tree directly south of the porch, approximately 300 to 500 yards away. I asked if FOB also saw the light [and] she stated, "Yes." We began assisting the other party members located on the porch to locate the light and after about 1 minute the light went out, as if someone turned off a switch. On 4 Aug 09, I attempted to associate the light with a building located at the far south end of the property (approximately one (1) mile away) and determined the light was too far below the building to be caused by the building itself. Furthermore, the lights that could be seen during the evening of the 3 Aug 09, were much brighter in color than the light we observed.

Currently I cannot explain the light that was seen by others as well as me; however, I will continue to observe the area to rule out vehicle traffic.

Objects on the bed

At approximately 2000, 3 Aug 09, I decided to see if some items on my bed would move, which consisted of random items i.e.; leather holster, zip lock bag, small camouflaged bag, sunglass [and] black soft cloth. Before departing for our night shift, I took one photograph with my camera phone as I left the items in the middle of the bed. Approximately 0215, I returned and examined my photograph and compared the items on my bed and discovered

the soft black sunglass holder, which was face up with white lettering was now flipped over and covered the lower portion of my leather holster. I asked Tripod to review the photograph and identify any changes, which he also observed the sunglass holder altered from the original position as left by me.

Orbs in the trailer

At approximately 0215, 4 Aug 09, I took a digital camera and began taking photographs in the main living room and discovered numerous orbs within the photograph. Additionally, I took a follow up photograph which no longer identified orbs in the room. I also took three photographs in Tripod's room, which in the first two photographs identified two different white shapes on the wall, approximately middle of the bed and about 6-10 inches from the bed. Tripod and I analyzed the wall and could not find anything what would suggest a pattern the resembled what we were able to capture on the digital camera. The third photograph did not depict any abnormal shapes or color patterns that were found on the first two photographs. I also took multiple photographs outside before turning in for the night and located numerous orbs; however, upon taken additional photographs of the same area, we were unable to relocate the orbs in the area.

I'm unable to explain the origin of the orbs found in the photographs.

Events at Utah Ranch, Days 1-3: Tripod
090703
Watch Malfunction
Investigator: Tripod

Date: 090704
Location Of Sighting: 100 Yards from east gate
Date of Sighting: 090703 Time: 11:24 p.m. No Duration of Sighting
Weather Conditions: 5-10 MPH East wind
Number/name of witnesses: (1) Tripod

Number of UFOs: (1)
Shape: Round
Color: Blue
Speed: Unknown, Traveling Westbound
Sound: None

Size: Unknown
Color/Feature of UFO: Round object with streak behind object, object appeared to be traveling west bound with approximately four white lights at front of direction of travel. Object was discovered from a cell phone picture while utilizing NVGs.
Distance: 75 yards from witness location, approximately.
Altitude: Approximately (7) feet from ground
Sound: None
Angle of Observation: Observation was made while facing east bound, object was sighted straight on.
How did the UFO disappear from view: UFO disappeared from view after discovery was made on cell phone [photo]? I scanned the area for 10 minutes after sighting, no other sightings to report of.
Movement: Unknown, after close study of picture object appears to be traveling east bound at high rate of speed.
Photo: Photo available, Photo was sent to Jean, and printed. Also if further photos are required e-mail…

Vehicle Device: None
Animal reaction: None
Physical traces: None
Atmospheric Traces: None
Psychological Event: At 11:24 real time, I looked down at my wrist watch that is approximately one year old. I noticed my watch read approximately 8:30. At this time I took my camera out and began to take pictures of the immediate area.
Anatomical Event: none
Electromagnetic event: None
Landing/Touchdown: None
Humanoid/Entity Event: none
Time/Memory Loss: none
Passed Overhead: Unknown
Stationary: No, traveling Westbound
Under cloud Ceiling: Slight overcast, broken clouds
Change in motion: unknown
Within 500 feet of ground: Yes
Within 500 feet of Witness: Yes

Continuous Flight: Unknown

Witness Statement

On 090703, I, Tripod, was [en route] to the Utah Ranch. Upon landing in Vernal, Utah, the team reset everyone's watches to the correct time. The time the watches were needed to be set to was 3:15 P.M. I reset my watch to 3:15 and pushed in the knob and noticed my watch then continued working. Throughout the day, I checked my watch and noticed it was keeping correct time. Shortly after night fall, I was dispatched to the East gate. After approximately 45 minutes of patrolling all was in order, nothing to report. I checked my watch to see what time it was. It read approximately 8:30. I took out my cell phone and discovered real time to be 11:24 P.M. I then in turn took my NVGs off my head and took pictures using my cell phone and NVGs in conjunction to get a picture at night. I took pictures of my patrol dog, also the immediate area. Upon taking pictures, there was no temperature change, no change in wind, no change in light, no change in animal reaction, no change in my nervous system either. All seemed to be in order. After reviewing my cell phone pictures I noticed the blue object in the right side of the picture facing east down the road. I reviewed all of my other pictures to see if it was a possibility the cell camera and the NVGs had a reflection, and of the approximate 20 pictures I had taken. None of the pictures have any other traces of abnormal light in them. After the discovery, I stayed in the immediate area for 30 minutes and discovered to scan the area with and without NVGs. Nothing was out of normal, all in order. After scanning the area, I went back to base camp and notified my team of my findings.

Tripod

090704
Routine Patrol

Patrolled upper mesa, monitored NVGs also with pictures to dog alerting. Nothing to report from NVG/Camera monitoring. Also patrolled second and third homesteads. No unusual smell/temperature change. Nothing unusual to report.

090705
Jeep Cherokee

Routine patrol to east gate, all in order until approximately 11:05 p.m. An older model green Jeep Cherokee drove towards the east gate, my patrol dog alerted in the direction. I took cover in the bushes and kept a visual on the vehicle. The vehicle continued to proceed towards my position and parked 50 feet in front of the gate on the side of the road, the driver then turned off the headlights and the vehicle's engine. At this time I stepped out and attempted to make contact with the driver with my flash light, at this time the driver turned on the lights, and backed up and left the area at a high rate of speed. No contact was made with vehicle occupants. Vehicle was not seen for remainder of the night, routine patrol back towards double wide, attempted to set up game with jacks, also playing cards, took pictures of jack/card locations. No activity since start of observation. No other unusual activity to report of all secure.[59]

DAY 2: HOBBY HORSE

Strange Vibrations

I, Hobby Horse, awoke on 4 Aug 09, to a complete body experience of vibrations running from head to toe. I've only experienced this same feeling twice before upon heavy meditation utilizing blue pulsating light and verbal communication through a head set audio program. Additionally, when I've experienced this feeling prior to my arrival, I had been alert and focused to achieve these same feelings, [where] as this experience was upon completely non-focused, shifting from sleep to situational alert keening awareness, created by something other than my energy focused upon mediation[60] to achieve this feeling. I'm still unable to understand this strange vibration and will continue to stay alert to these types of vibrations of non-focused energy.

The Match Book

At approximately 1300, Tripod and I decided to continue to work with our assigned dogs and work on training issues. We both departed the trailer with our gear and departed for approximately two (2) hours. During our first [day] at the ranch, I had left some misc. items on the bed and discovered upon return that there had been a small change in appearance of one item left on the bed, which had been moved while both Tripod and I were out of the trailer. However, upon Tripod verifying what I had observed, I

removed the items from my bed and placed the items in a small dresser located next to the door. After returning from training with our dogs, I found a match box sitting on the floor of my room, approximately 6-8 inches from the drawer on the floor. I know I did not open this drawer since previously placing the items in the drawer from the day before. Furthermore, the drawer was closed and [I] cannot explain why the match book was on the floor.[61]

The East Gate

At approximately 2110, I was posted at the East Gate conducting surveillance of behavior of my assigned dog (Max) and to watch for possible trespassers. At approximately 2230, Max began to look to my left (westerly direction), and began looking at what appeared to be a single location with intense interest. I instructed Max to "get it", at which time Max got up and immediately began pacing in the area.[62] I immediately began taking photographs of the area which revealed numerous orbs (Exhibit #1 and 2). I did not detect any smells, changes in temperature, or internal feelings.

The East Gate II

At approximately 2320, while still posted at the East Gate with Max, Max had been lying at my feet facing east, while I faced north adjacent to the road which runs east to west, when she alerted. I was on my cell-phone talking with my wife, which was low on battery power; however, the phone [went] dead. I also began feeling very cold air over my right-side. My left side of my body still felt normal, but my [right] side was cold. Max began growling and became very aggressive (resembled a potential fear of injury). I began having the [hair] on my body stand straight up and began taking digital photographs, which captured numerous orbs (Exhibit #3). The orbs contained in these specific photographs were shocking as to color, 3 dimensional and solid. Approximately 30-45 seconds, the cold air departed and the outside temperature resumed to what had been prior to this event.

The unknown Threat

Upon completion of the East Gate, I returned to the trailer to meet up with Tripod for our joint walking patrol. At approximately 1230, Tripod attached his dog next to the trailer, and Tripod and, I with Max, departed for a walking patrol towards the West Gate. Tripod was equipped with NVGs (night vision goggles) and I had NVGs and a digital camera. After walking a

few hundred yards down the dirt road, heading in a south west direction, we passed the tractor in an adjacent field between the first homestead and the second homestead, when shortly thereafter Max detected something. As Max was walking on my left side, with Tripod to my right closest to the Mesa, Max turned her head to look behind her and in complete fear, ran in a full sprint for the length of the leash. I immediately turned around and told Tripod to turn on his NVGs as I began taking Digital Photographs. Tripod stated, "[I] did not see anything"; however, upon review of the photographs, I captured numerous orbs: Exhibit #4 and 5. Max did not venture away from me, which was odd from her normal behavior, and appeared very scared. After a few minutes, Max returned to her normal self; however, the situation was odd to say the least. Tripod and I did not detect a smell, change in temperature, or internal or subconscious feelings, but seeing Max act the way she did, did cause some concerns.

Nothing else happened for the remainder of the shift.

ABRIDGED ENTRIES: HOBBY HORSE AND TRIPOD

DAY 3: HOBBY HORSE

Dogs barking

At approximately 0130, while taking a break on the porch of the trailer, both Tripod and I heard all the dogs barking and we preceded to the gate and began taking photographs of the area, which resulted in multiple digital photographs of orbs. After taking a few additional photos of the area, the orbs were gone and the dogs calmed down. (Exhibit #1, 2, and 3)

DAY 4: TRIPOD

Routine patrol dispatched to east gate, all in order until 11:18 P.M. I looked west towards the homestead, and in the tree adjacent to the doublewide. I noticed a white light blink twice, possibly the size of a baseball. I took out my NVGs and could not find any traces of light from that position. I also could not find any evidence with the digital camera. At this time there was no temperature changes, there was no smell/other change in activity. At 12:37, I left my position, approximately 75 feet west of the east gate, to walk closer to check the lock. Upon myself getting closer to the gate,

I took a picture with my digital camera (which showed fully charged at the time). The camera picked up approximately 8 to 10 faint orbs. After viewing the picture, the camera died to the extent to where it did not have sufficient power to close the lens case back inside the camera. I walked back to Hobby Horse's position to show him the picture. We had changed batteries and reviewed the pictures. When he placed my old battery into his camera, the battery again showed fully charged.

While doing a patrol with Hobby Horse at 1:50 a.m., I had noticed my cell phone started to vibrate. I checked it to see if I had a message, call or an e-mail. There was no reason for it to go off. This occurred 200 yards east of homestead two; no temp change or smells to report of.

Upon walking back to the homestead heading east on main road, adjacent to tower two, I smelled an overpowering smell of sweet pipe tobacco. I stopped and began to take photos. Nothing to report from the photos. I again called Hobby Horse to the location. He immediately picked up on the scent. It slowly moved away from us heading west. We walked approximately 10 feet and ran into the strong sent of pipe tobacco yet again. Using the process of elimination, I smelled the bushes and some other plants, nothing resembled anything close to the smell of pipe tobacco.

DAY 4: HOBBY HORSE

Who's outside (Voices)?

At approximately 1545, while sitting at the desk located in the North West corner of the main living room, I heard numerous voices outside. The voices lasted approximately 10 seconds, which were unable to be understood. Weather at the time was rainy and strong winds; however, immediately after hearing the voices, I called Tripod to come and listen, which from departing his room to the desk the voices stopped. On the 5th of August 2009, at approximately 1030, when talking with my wife on my cell-phone, she stated she had heard a strange unexplainable voice on the phone, which at no time while talking with her, did I detect the noise.

Homestead 2 (Daylight Orb)

At approximately 1945, Jean and I departed Homestead 1 to conduct observation behind the abandon houses at Homestead 2. At approximately 2025, while sitting at Homestead 2, Max looked towards the home located

furthest south and was focused on a specific location, which prompted me to take a digital photograph, which resulted in a large circular orb, approximately 8-10 inches in size. After reviewing the photo on the camera, I presented the photo to Jean, who seemed surprised due to the amount of ambient light still visible. Note: The photograph was not solid and faint in mass (no photo sent).

The Corral (strange odor)

At approximately 0007, I was walking past the corral North/North West of Homestead 1, when I detected an odor of what could be best described as Methane. I immediately called Tripod over; [he] also detected the odor and identified the odor was originating from the Corral. I immediately took two digital photographs, which detected a strong single orb. After approximately 20 seconds the odor disappeared. Tripod and I continued to stay in the area for 2-3 minutes after the orb and odor vanished; the odor did not come back again.

Highly Active (Max)

At approximately 0100, Tripod and I teamed up to conduct a walking patrol on the trail below the Mesa with Max. At approximately 0120, while headed towards Homestead 2 on the dirt road roughly 1/4 to 1/2 mile from Homestead 1 adjacent to the telephone pole, Max began to be highly active in excitement. Tripod took three digital photographs, which depict a large concentration of strong orbs. At approximately 0124, we continued westward approximately 50 feet from the previous location and Max began pulling me down the dirt road, which Tripod was able to take an additional photograph depicting multiple orbs in the photograph. Note: After all the photographs were taken, we discovered, Max was attempting to catch a Porcupine; however, it could not be determined if Max was only focused on the animal or something undetectable to Tripod and I.

Tail between her legs (Max was Scared)

At approximately 0144, located adjacent to Watch Tower 2 on the dirt road between Homestead 1 and Homestead 2, Max began acting very concerned. (Note: Same area Max took off in a sprint looking behind her the night before). Tripod and I did not feel anything different; however, Max would look behind her, then proceed five (5) to ten (10) feet in front of me

and then turn around and stop directly behind me. Whatever Max was detecting really had a profound effect on her willingness to continue towards Homestead 2. Tripod took multiple digital photographs, which two (2) photographs depict strong orbs directly next to Max and me. Note: Max acted this way for 5-10 minutes walking towards Homestead 2.

Ute Land

At approximately 0212, Tripod and I reached the west edge of the property adjacent to the Ute tribal land. Again, Max did not feel comfortable with the environment and would stay very close to me while in the area. Tripod took additional photographs of the area with Max and [me], which revealed numerous strong orbs.

At approximately 0215, while in the same area as above, Max again became scared and required myself to almost pull her behind me to get her moving again. Tripod again, took a digital photograph depicting a strong orb directly next to Max and [me].

Temperature Change

At approximately 0242, Tripod and I headed east approximately 400 yards from Homestead 1, when both Tripod and I noticed an extreme change in temperature from mid 50s (not positive) to high 60's or low 70's. After entering this part of the property, Max seemed her normal self and [we] did not observe any other incidents.

DAY 5: HOBBY HORSE

Max Hiding behind Hobby Horse

At approximately 0105, Tripod and I were walking from Homestead 1 towards the second dog run on the dirt road adjacent to the second field, when both Tripod and I felt a cold pocket of air. At the same time, Max turned around and walked behind me. Tripod took a digital photograph which caught numerous orbs. (Photograph Exhibit #1)

Second Dog Run

At approximately 0130, Tripod and I arrived at the second dog run[63] to conduct a test and observe anything in the area. I immediately placed Max inside the dog run and returned to the over-watch position with

Tripod. Max did not appear to feel comfortable and lay down against the cage door and would not move. During the next few minutes, Tripod and I were unsuccessful in capturing orbs on our digital cameras; however, at 0148, the temperature drastically dropped and I proceeded to take a photograph in a south westerly direction of which the wind was traveling from and captured an orb shape into plasma clouds, [otherwise] known as "plasmids". Upon further analysis of the photograph, you can identify a strong orb (circular) located on the left side of the dog run door at the corner. Note: Max would not move and did not make any noises. (Photograph Exhibit #2)[64]

Homestead 2 (communication with orbs) luck or contact

At approximately 0230, Tripod and I arrived at Homestead 2 and decided to attempt to make contact with a little girl.[65] Both Tripod and I retrieved two chairs from the side of one of the houses located at Homestead 2 and sat approximately 30-45 feet away from the two homes located south of the dirt road. Tripod began taking multiple photographs with his digital camera, which resulted in negative orbs.

I began to attempt to communicate with a little girl verbally, explaining we were here to communicate and began asking for her to show us she understood by allowing us to take a photograph. Additionally, I asked if she liked dogs and within a minute, Max walked approximately 15 feet away from me (length of leash) and began playing by rolling on the ground as if someone was rolling on the ground with her. Note: I've never been able to get Max to lie down and can only get her to lie on her back when I've been petting her for an extended amount of time. Tripod was able to capture multiple photographs of strong orbs very close to Max. (Photographs Exhibit # 3, 4, 5)

I also asked for her (little girl) to have her friends allow us to also take photographs of them, as well, and to make a square, so that [we] know they are communicating back, and Tripod again was able to capture incredible digital photos immediately after I had verbally asked for contact. (Photographs Exhibit # 6, 7, 8)

Cold Spot

At approximately 0312, Tripod and I departed Homestead 2 and were traveling east along the dirt road approximately 300 yards away from Homestead 2, when Tripod and I detected a cold spot. Max again returned

back to my location and Tripod was able to capture numerous orbs all around Max and me. Additionally, Max detected something to our right, which upon review of the photograph, it clearly shows Max fixed on one orb next to Max and [me]. (Photograph Exhibit #9, 10)

Dogs barking out front

At approximately 0515, 8 Aug 09, I heard all three dogs barking at the front of Homestead 1. I immediately ran outside and captured a photograph of many strong orbs contained within the digital photograph. (Photograph Exhibit #11)

DAY 6: HOBBY HORSE (ABRIDGED)

High Levels of activity at East Gate

At approximately 2130, I was posted at the East Gate attempting to make contact through non-verbal communication. Initially, there [was] very little activity; however, at approximately 2313, upon talking with my wife, I began feeling very cold and my call was lost. I immediately began taking photographs to my right and captured a plasma cloud. Max, who was sitting next to me, got up and focused on the direction of travel of the cloud as depicted in the photograph. I again called my wife back, and at 2316, and just two minutes later my call was lost. I took additional photos, which again captured a plasma cloud to my right. Again, I called my wife (Note: there was a possible connection with the phone or the lack of attention to this object from earlier), and at 2320, I lost my call again and again began taking photographs and captured another plasma cloud. I began seeing a strong connection with my phone calls and this object and called again. At 2326, I lost my call again and again took photographs capturing what appears to be a type of a rocket orb. I continued to maintain communication with my wife, and at 2337, I began encountering communication issues (did not lose call), but again took photos, which captured two very strong orbs directly in front of me. (Photograph Exhibit #1, 2, 3, 4, 5)

Flashing Light in the Tree

At approximately 2159, Tripod radioed me and stated he observed a flash of white light from the tree at Home Stead 1. I immediately positioned myself at the East Gate to attempt to observe the light Tripod was referencing

to and also observed a small flash of light in the center of the tree. At the same time Tripod had called out the flash of light, all the dogs (Bella and Rucca) began barking. Max, who was with me, immediately jumped up and focused at Home Stead 1. Jean proceeded onto the Walkie-Talkie net to relate she had heard a voice or voices outside at Home Stead 1. I proceeded to depart the East Gate to investigate the light, as well as the dogs barking and the possible voices. I arrived at Home Stead 1 and positioned myself on the north-west side of the large tree closest to the empty trailer and contacted Tripod to confirm the location of the light. I pinpointed the tree and the area I had observed the light, which Tripod verified from the top of the Mesa. Furthermore, Tripod's vantage point made anyone entering the area or attempting to leave impossible. I conducted a walk around the area and could not find a single light that would be able to be seen as both Tripod and I observed from approximately ½ mile. Furthermore, I returned to the East Gate and conducted additional test with my digital camera to rule out the chance. Tripod saw my flash towards his direction, which he confirmed it appeared the same, but was not remotely close to the location of the tree. I also know when I observed the light as well as Tripod at the same time, I did not take any photographs.

Non-Verbal attempt in communication with possible spirits (Orbs)

At approximately 0143, Tripod and I were walking with Max approximately 200 yards east of Home Stead 2 on the dirt road, when I had been explaining to Tripod my earlier events at the East Gate with the Plasma and Orbs. I asked him to stand back approximately 10 feet away and that I will take a knee and non-verbally ask the spirits (Orbs) to manifest around me and to make Max come back and stand behind me. I also asked the spirits to allow Tripod to take a photograph to provide verification of communication between the orbs and myself. At 0144:12, I was on my knee and focusing on communication when Tripod took a photograph. As you can see in the photo there is one large orb that is located in front of me as Max is sniffing approximately 8-10 feet away. As I continued to focus and communicate, Tripod took a second photograph at 0144:18, which shows the orb had disappeared with Max still out and to my left. As I continued to ask the spirit to allow us to photograph it for verification, Tripod took a third photograph, which shows Max with her head down walking back to me and the photograph is full of strong orbs that consume the photo. The last photograph

that was taken by Tripod, at 0144:29, all the orbs had disappeared; however, Max was now standing behind me, as if I became a shield to protect her as she continued to focus on something further out, which was undetectable to both Tripod and me. (Photograph Exhibit #6, 7, 8, and 9)

2nd Attempt to make contact (Orbs appear again)

At approximately 0147, Tripod and I had continued closer to Home Stead 2 (roughly 40 feet closer), and after reviewing the photograph, Tripod was shocked. He thought there had been some possible connection between Max walking back, because I had been on one knee. So I decided to attempt to make contact standing up with only non-verbal communication again. Tripod stood approximately 10 feet back again and at 0148:05, Tripod took another photograph, which depicts one very strong orb at the top left corner of the picture, as well as two faint orbs in front of me. At 0148:13, all the orbs had disappeared, and by 0148:25, Max again is standing behind me and looking forward. (During this time, Max was not happy walking out in front of Tripod and me). (Photograph Exhibit #10, 11)

Homestead 2 in front (communication with the Little Girl)

At approximately 0150, Tripod and I arrived at Homestead 2 and decided to attempt to make contact with [the] little girl (believed to have passed away in the area, No further information). Tripod took a photograph of the area from the dirt road, which runs east to west. Tripod was facing south when he took a photograph (control photo), which does not present any orbs in the area. I preceded into the area between the homes at Home Stead 2 with Max and again focused on a little girl to allow us to make contact through Tripod's camera. At 0152:50, Tripod captured a photograph of one single orb toward my left, which was the fifth photograph he had taken. (Photograph Exhibit #12, 13)

Homestead 2 in back of the homes (communication with the Little Girl)

At approximately 0153, Tripod and I decided to attempt to communicate in the back of the homes at Home Stead 2. I placed one chair approximately 20 feet from the home furthest west and had Max with me; I began focusing on contact and verification with this little girl. At 0156:51, a strong orb appears in Tripod's first photograph, after I had been focusing my energy on communication. As you can see Max is scared and has her head

buried in my lap to protect her from something in the area. (Photograph Exhibit #14)

Camera "Total Malfunction"

At approximately 0239, Tripod and I were just south of the tractor located in the second field with Max, when I observed a [trace of] smoke pass by Tripod's flashlight (white light). I immediately told Tripod that we were surrounded by smoke or plasma and to take a photograph. Tripod proceeded to raise his camera to take a photo and discovered he could not get the camera to take a photo. Tripod tried to turn the camera off (did not work), Tripod tried to change the settings (did not work). Tripod handed me the camera and I too could not change the settings or modify the current function of the camera. I removed the battery from the camera, re-inserted the battery and turned the camera back on with no malfunction or issues. Note: Tripod and I take approximately 200-300 photos nightly together since Wednesday the 5th of Aug. with never having one camera malfunction in this way. The only issues we have had with our cameras are battery losses in certain areas of the ranch, which we are still trying to figure out.

Investigative Note:

My experiences here at the Ranch have been some of the most incredible days of my life. I believe I have established some type of communication with a presence here at the Ranch and will continue to test this theory. I've also seen what appear to be orbs with my eye only on a few occurrences, as demonstrated by the plasma orb adjacent to the tractor last night, ending with a camera total malfunction. This report only highlights the daily events at the ranch. Some things may be odd, but can be explained. Other events take our thoughts and imagination to another realm. I will continue to attempt to debunk lights, noises and other things that to some may appear strange, however can be explained with basic investigative tools. But many other aspects of personal events are unexplainable to what we currently know as explainable. In closing, I would be curious if individual personalities create a change in the presence of what we are dealing with. I have the feeling of comfort and protection while out on the property, where as someone else who cannot or does not want to accept this presence may find them in a very different situation than I.

DAY 7: TRIPOD (ABRIDGED)

Uneasy feeling (East Gate)

At approximately 2100, I was on a routine patrol to the east gate. Half way to the gate, I decided to take Rucca, my patrol dog, back home due to her wound on her leg. (Note: she was not putting any weight on her leg.) After I took Rucca back to the double wide, I began out on my patrol again. From the beginning of the night after I left Rucca I had a very uneasy feeling. The moon had not come above the horizon yet, and something didn't feel right. I set out towards the east gate and, approximately half way from homestead 1 and the East Gate, I began feeling as if someone was watching me, or someone was right behind me. I therefore turned on my flash light and swept the immediate area; however, everything was secure. I began to set out towards the East Gate. At Approximately 2150, I arrived at the gate due to having to take my patrol dog back. Once I arrived at the gate, I felt very uneasy, as if I was in a very dangerous position. I have not experienced this since having been deployed to Utah Ranch. I kept on my feet and walked around and had my flash light out sweeping the immediate area. After roughly 10 minutes in the area, my feeling was not getting any better. At 2201, my legs began to shake, and they felt very unstable under me, as if I had ran up and down the mesa 10 times. I was very tired and felt exhausted. As my feeling of unstableness worsened, I felt as if something was going to lunge out of the bushes on the right side. I felt something was very close to me, and watching me. I felt as if it did not want me in this particular area. Again, my condition was getting more unstable. My legs were shaking and by this time I felt so uneasy I got a very upset stomach, as if I was going to be getting sick. Throughout the duration of this experience, I felt no temperature changes or abnormal smells in the area. At this time, I took several pictures of the immediate area. Upon close review of the photographs there was nothing to report. I then called Hobby Horse on his cell phone three times and all three calls were dropped. Usually I have good reception at this particular area. I then radioed him and told him that I felt unsure about the situation and I was heading back. I immediately started back towards the double wide. As I got further away from the area, I felt a lot more confident and my legs did not feel so tired. When I got back to the double wide I made contact with Jean and Hobby Horse and explained what had happened and started to calm down. After approximately 20 minutes sitting down back at the homestead I

felt completely normal. At this time, Hobby Horse and I proceeded back out to the gate to do further investigation on the situation. While on the way back to the gate, my legs felt fine and I was not nauseous what so ever. We walked east bound to the gate taking photos along the way and have photographic evidence of heavy orbs. When we reached the location of the East gate, I felt the same exhausted feeling in my legs. I walked towards the middle of the road. At this time Hobby Horse took a picture of me and I was surrounded by orbs. He then took a photograph approximately 7 seconds after the first one and they were all gone. (See Hobby Horse's attached photos.) For the rest of the time we spent at the gate we continued to get amazing photographic evidence (see Hobby Horse's attached photos.)

DAY 7: HOBBY HORSE (ABRIDGED)

Contacting the Spirits (Home Stead 1 to East Gate)

At approximately 2336, Tripod and I departed to the East Gate to attempt to detect this negative energy or to identify why Tripod had felt the way he had earlier. Furthermore, Tripod held a digital camera to capture anything that may manifest in our presence while heading towards the East Gate. Just after leaving Home Stead 1, I informed Tripod that I was going to non-verbally ask for positive spirits to manifest and Negative Spirits were not welcome and to leave. Tripod took 22 digital photographs of me and Max walking towards the East Gate as I focused my energy on the above request, which resulted in only 4 photographs not showing orbs. (Note: Most orbs were faint, however, observed in colors of blue or white). (Photograph)

Contact is made

Upon arriving at the East Gate, Tripod stated he felt a three from one to ten as uneasiness. At 2354, I proceeded to sit in a chair adjacent to the South edge of the dirt road facing north, while continuing to make the request for only Spirits of the Light (Good Spirits) and continued to state spirits that are evil are not welcome. At 2355:36, Tripod captured the first strong blue orb next to the East Gate. At 2357:13, I felt energy or presences around me and asked Tripod to stand still while in the middle of the road. I took two photographs, one at 2357:26, which depicts Tripod in a cloud of orbs, and the second photo at 2357:36 shows all the orbs had left. (Photograph)

Tripod Feels Well at the East Gate

At approximately 0012, I continued to focus on positive energies and at approximately 0014:26, we captured another strong orb coming from east to west over the East Gate. As I continued to focus as depicted in the following photographs, both Tripod and I have never seen so many strong orbs in multiple photographs. As the orbs are all around, I asked Tripod how he felt and he stated he felt normal and no longer felt uneasy about the area. (Photographs)

Security Related, "Looking for a Good Time"

At approximately 0023, Tripod and I observed a truck heading towards the East Gate. The truck pulled up to the East Gate and turned their lights off, at which time Tripod exited the area of concealment just south of the dirt road. Tripod proceeded to shine his flashlight into the cab, which resulted in the vehicle departing in a very quick manner. (See Tripod's report for vehicle information).

Physical Effects on Tripod

Tripod and I decided, due to the extreme amount of dust and dirt the truck had kicked up, to depart the area for the sake of obtaining dust particles in the digital photographs. As Tripod and I walked towards Home Stead 1, Tripod began explaining how he felt drained of energy from the previous experience. We proceeded past Home Stead 1 and captured a double orange orb located over the Dumpster. Tripod and I decided to establish a control test at the Tractor located next to the Second Dog Run in the Second Field just south of the dirt road. (Photograph)

Contacting the spirits at the Tractor

At approximately 0148, Tripod and I arrived at the Tractor and I got down on my knees and began asking for a Spirit of the Light to manifest. At approximately 0150, Tripod captured a faint orb to my right, which appears that I'm looking at it. I did not see it; however, I felt a presence. Photograph)

Laptop Acting Up

At approximately 0427, I was working on my laptop and decided to begin writing my report, when my office word document kept freezing. I asked the spirit to stop playing games with my computer, which was the

second time today. I picked up a digital camera next to me and took a photograph of the door, which identified a light orb at the bottom right of the front door. I proceeded to verbally communicate with the spirit (orb) and asked for the spirit (orb) to manifest on the curtain in the main living room if it understood what I was asking. I took a second photograph at 0430, which clearly identifies an orb on the curtains directly over the lamp sitting in the front room. I then asked the spirit (orb) if it liked to play games and asked if it was responsible for moving the "M" on the fridge, since Tripod and I found it moved again since last night. I asked the spirit (orb) to move the "D" in Dec. (Photographs)

In closing:

The events that occurred to Tripod are profound. This confirms an aspect of personality can affect the overall outcome while working on the Ranch. It's establishes the need for further detail in one's overall opinion of the events taking place directly related to them or in the area of the person assigned here. We will continue to watch for changes in behavior of personnel assigned and attempt to make some type of connection as to what draws evil or negative orbs/spirits and what draws positive or good spirits to different people.

DAY 9: TRIPOD

East gate meditation

At approximately 2255, Hobby Horse and I were on a routine patrol at the east gate. While on the way to the gate we took numerous photos, resulting in weak or no orbs for each shot. Hobby Horse and I thought it was weird the activity seemed slow for the night. Hobby Horse mentioned he would like to try an experiment and meditate to try and bring positive orbs into the area. I sat in the middle of the road with my patrol dog for approximately two minutes. It was complete silence. Approximately 30 seconds [later], my patrol dog buried her head into my chest which is odd, she does not do that often, almost as if the dog is trying to hide and escape from something. At 2257, Hobby Horse picked up his camera and began taking photos of me. The meditation worked resulting in several pictures with heavy and bright orbs directly next to me, or in the direct area of where Rucca and I were sitting. Hobby Horse then relayed to me that he was

focusing on the positive spirits to manifest around me. For the remainder of the night there were no trespassers to report of.

In closing (My feelings about the Ranch):

My feeling about the Ranch has opened my eyes to the possibilities of other aspects that were unknown to me before my arrival on 090803. I'm at a loss of understanding the different experiences I have had in the past 10 days. As a former Military Cop our jobs evolved black and white, right and wrong, and truth and lies. As I've seen, heard, smelled, and internally experienced to the point of losing control of my legs and feeling as if I were about to get sick, this deployment has changed everything about my past experiences with what I thought was real. This has been a life altering trip and in the future [I] will consider working at the ranch to help explain my experiences with the unknown.

Note: Due to flight time departure and TSA required reporting time (Weapons and Ammo), we were required to depart the Ranch at 0315; therefore, we were unable to conduct extensive patrols as normally reported.

DAY 9: HOBBY HORSE

Contacting the Spirits at East Gate

At approximately 2253, Tripod and I were located at East Gate conducting security related duties, when I decided, based upon taking 37 digital photographs in the past 3 hours (established a baseline of zero to little activity in the area), to focus and ask for the spirits to present themselves. At approximately 2254, I explained to Tripod to sit in the road with Rucca and I will begin to mediate and focus on Positive spirits to present themselves around Tripod and his dog. At 2255, I began mediating and at 2257:50, I felt a strong presence of energy in the area, which prompted me to begin taking photographs of Tripod and Rucca and the immediate area. At 2257:58, I took a photograph just to my left (I was sitting just south of the road, facing north, approximately 20 feet from the Gate itself) and captured a wall of orbs heading towards Tripod and Rucca. At 2258:04, as seen in the photograph, Tripod is surrounded by very large orbs in multiple colors. At 2258:36, as depicted in the photograph, Tripod and Rucca are still surrounded by some of the largest orbs I've ever seen (one is the size of Tripod sitting on the ground

with Rucca).

Table Violently Shakes (Same Experience I had on 090806)

At approximately 0305, Tripod woke me from a very short nap, prior to our departure to the airport and looked very scared. I asked him what happened and he stated at approximately 0245, while working on his report, the table violently shook for approximately 2-3 seconds and that he was ready to leave. I proceeded to get my stuff together and we departed to the airport. (I am still conducting test to determine if the shaking could be a result of the washing machine changing cycles and butted up against the north-west wall, possible connection).

Not feeling well at East Gate (Tripod)

As Tripod and I pulled up to the East Gate, Tripod exited the vehicle to unlock the gate and as he returned to the vehicle, he stated when he looked back at Home Stead 1, he started to feel ill again. Tripod described the feeling as the [night] he was losing control of his legs and also got sick to his stomach.

Hobby Horse has another hot spot on his bed

At approximately 0608, I returned to the trailer after dropping Tripod off at the Airport and entered my bedroom to see if I had another hot spot in the same area. To my surprise I located a hot spot in the same location of the bed as 090810. I removed the covers and was able to track the heat back through the top blanket and between the sheet and bed cover. The mattress did not show significant signs of heat. I will continue to check daily to see if this becomes a pattern. Note: The heat for the trailer has not been turned on since we arrived on 090803. I currently cannot explain where this heat source is coming/originating from.

Bed violently shakes

At approximately 0640, while lying in bed and focusing on Tripod's earlier event with the desk in the living room, I began to focus on the spirit or energy to shake my bed. (Note: The washer or dryer were not in use at this time.) I fell asleep sometime around 0700. [At] 0730, I awoke to my bed violently shaking as if someone was shaking my bed from left to right. I conducted a test in my bed by moving, shaking back and forth, and was

unable to shake the bed in the same amount of force as I felt at 0730. I also recall waking up a second time to my bed shaking, but I fell asleep right away and neglected to check the time. I will check to see if there was an earthquake, but I do recall placing my hand on the wall and the shaking stopped.

Pursuit of alleged trespassers

On or about September 1, 2009, Hobby Horse spotted two unidentified individuals within proximity of the ranch. He notes that while on patrol he saw first the beam of a flashlight upon a rock formation to the north of the ranch and beyond the property's boundaries, and then a second light. Accompanied by a canine, he attempted to track the two individuals but lost them in the rocks. Eventually following signs they left behind, he was able to discover the physical location in which they had set up their informal base camp. A significant number of items that had been left behind were collected as possible evidence and a means for identifying the alleged trespassers.

While this particular incident does not involve paranormal activity or the presence of anomalies, it does substantiate that those interested in the paranormal have identified the Ranch as a priority locale, and that the current owner believes it necessary to discourage such individuals from establishing positions from which ranch activity may be observed.

Ryan has confirmed the details as consistent with other similar incidents of which he is aware.

September 1, 2009

BAASS
Utah Ranch Security Incident 09-01

Synopsis (Written by Hobby Horse)

Hobby Horse was able to confirm two unauthorized persons on the Utah Ranch property or the property directly adjoining our property to the north. Upon further investigation, Hobby Horse determined the individuals were utilizing light altering devices, which prevent flashlights to be seen with the naked eye. Unfortunately, due to their location, distance to make contact, extra weight (gear), dog, and rough terrain with only NVGs, Hobby Horse lost them in the dark of night. Local law enforcement (BIA and Sheriffs) was

contacted and assisted in conducting a northern sweep; however, response time was approximately 20-40 minutes after initial contact and sweep begun. Hobby Horse was able to secure numerous items left behind, which does include possible finger prints and additional insight into the type of equipment being utilized for unknown purposes.

Narrative

At approximately 2045, I departed Homestead1 for the Mesa. I began my patrol with Max and proceeded up to the switch back trail and made it to the top of the Mesa. As I continued on towards a position overlooking Homestead 2 for anomalous activity, I observed a single beam of light shine on a rock at Grid Point (N 40’ 15.724’ W109’ 53.421; Elevation 5,067 ft.). At approximately 2230, while maintaining a low profile and utilizing my NVGs, I observed a second light in the same area as listed above with no apparent concern for concealment. I attempted to locate the light without my NVGs, which was impossible and Max made no observation to noise or limited light from their area, approximately 1,000 ft. higher elevation overlooking Homestead 1.

I immediately notified Bongo of the situation via hand held walkie-talkies. I began taking a slow and methodical approach in traversing the terrain north up the furthest slope to limit light exposure, noise, and concealment. I reached the ridgeline and began my path east to attempt to block off any path of travel north of the property; however, as I approached the area of the grid point listed above, they began moving quickly to remove themselves from an isolated location where they were originally observed, back into the flat mesa extending for miles north, east and west. I immediately challenged both visible persons; however, [there was] a valley between them and [me] and this allowed them a valuable 30-45 second head start in the dark of night. I observed one male travel in a north easterly direction, which I attempted to keep up with. This male appeared to be a white male, 5’10-6’2, shoe size of approximate 12 inch solid tread sole, wore a Cart-hart type jacket (heavy weight), brown or green and stopped all usage of his light. Additionally, this person used the rocks in the immediate area to either conceal himself or use the odd rock formations as a means to slow me down, due to having to navigate the terrain with a dog in unfamiliar terrain. The second person was a male, no further information.

Hickens' property in background, north of the Ranch

I continued to pursue the first male listed with the assistance of my dog; however, she did not track (lack of training) the person and [I] found myself lacking a specific direction of travel. I proceeded to take up a location further north of the location where I had observed these two persons and hoped they would make noise traveling past my area with Max. I waited approximately 25 minutes, with no signs or sounds of these persons and proceeded to return to the area to locate tracks to assist me in a direction of travel. Bongo radioed me that I had been off the air for the past 40 minutes and he had contacted Jean, who in turn contacted the Sheriff's Office, who contacted the BIA for immediate response to assist. At the time I had been in radio contact with Bongo. Approximately 40 minutes after this incident begun BIA, Sheriff's Office, and Highway Patrol were on scene in the area of Homestead 1 to assist. Bongo related the Sheriff's Office was going to conduct a sweep of the area north of our Property on the road for any activity. I terminated all assistance, due to no known location or direction of travel.

I proceeded to contact Mr. Rey (DOS) to notify him of the incident and that I had located their exact location and recovered multiple items left behind. Mr. Rey advised me to secure the area, bag all items for possible finger prints and DNA if determined to be needed. I requested Bongo to obtain numerous bags (sealable) and a paper/cardboard box for evidence

preservation and to make his way to my location for evidence collection.

Bongo arrived and I collected the following items from the area believed to belong to the person(s) who were conducting unknown activity on or near the north boundary of the property;

One (1) water bottle with 1/6 full (no label)

One (1) 24 oz. can of Keystone Light Beer (Contents at time of collection were still cold and liquids appeared very fresh-90% full)

One (1) Sure Fire Tactical Lens cover with flip top

One (1) Cigarette Butt found in the area (very fresh)

One (1) Lemon Bad Boy Turbo Shot (Instant Energy Boost-empty)

Two (2) Nature Valley Crunchy Granola Bars (Peanut Butter/Oats 'N Honey-unopened)

One (1) Monster Energy Drink (Mean Bean) Note: This item shows weathering and time in the environment. (Internal contents were dry, which makes notice: this position is familiar to a group or individuals.)

Investigative Note

All items listed above appear, with the exception of the Monster Energy Drink, to have been introduced into the environment within an hour from the time of discovery. Furthermore, all items were collected using Leatherman pliers to minimize cross contamination. All items will be tagged with time, date, and initials for chain of custody until otherwise destroyed.

After Actions Review of the Event

Based upon the limited boundary line of the property, it is highly recommended to obtain a signed statement from the property owner granting authorization for BAASS Guards to conduct patrols on his property as they see fit.[66] Additionally, the letter also authorizes guards assigned to the Ranch the owner's right to detain and apprehend for the offense of trespassing if caught on his property. A strong possibility of the location of the trespassers was indeed not on our property (no legal rights).

Due to limited personnel and equipment, it is advised when determined possible to purchase a set of Thermal Equipment. The outcome may have been different if I had the chance to see their body temperature versus a silhouette. During low levels of light, utilization of NVGs are difficult to locate specific detail in very diverse terrain as what we are dealing

with.

Take the fight to them! By taking a higher point of observation, we help even the playing field by catching them walking to our location, instead of attempting to maneuver roughly 500-1000 ft. with gear (30-40 lbs.) and a dog in very difficult terrain at night. However, [I] understand [it means a] tradeoff of one set of eyes now focused on a direction north of the ranch and not on the fields. I would like to point out that since my time assigned to security operations at the ranch, I can only recall one incident were the person located on the Mesa had observed possible anomalous activity.

Radio contact has been addressed previously. However, a key note is that at no time did the trespassers appear to have any type of radio monitoring device or a basic hand held radio to scan local channels for activity. If they had this device, they could have left well before I was within 60 yards of their position.

These items listed above are suggestions to address this type of circumstance in the future. Our Emergency Beacons worked just like they are designed. It allowed Bongo and LE Patrols on the basin to locate my position over ½ miles away in very rocky terrain. Additionally, Bongo, when bringing up evidence collection items, was able to reference the beacon on top of the location I was at with no problem and made excellent time with a strong reference point.

Conclusion of Events

The events of this evening involving unauthorized personnel on the property north of the Utah Ranch has a profound effect in future outings of possible UFO watchers or people with other motives. Based upon the actions of security, the persons felt comfortable in the environment with their filtered flashlights. They also prepared to spend at least a few hours, which was cut drastically short due to vigilance and proper utilization of issued equipment. The persons had made many mistakes, which tend to lean towards the possibility we are dealing with persons who live within 40 minutes of the Ranch based upon the day being Monday Night at 2230 until known time frame, if not detected. They had a beer with them, which if conducting a legitimate tactical operation to test either security or the environment would not be an item brought along with an operation. Additionally, leaving trash; i.e., cigarette butt, water bottle, beer can (which was 90% full) is extremely sloppy operational tactics. Now, they did have the Sure Fire filtered lens cap;

however, this item can be purchased for $40-$60 dollars. Although it is doubtful that the trespassers were on Utah ranch property and more likely on adjacent property, the actions taken during this incident may have a positive effect in deterring local people who are contemplating trespassing on the Utah ranch.

Once word spreads in the local community that the ranch security guards have dogs, as well as the fact that I was able to detect both individuals who were using shielded light sources without me being detected, will serve warning to locals that security guards have night vision equipment and may be able to catch trespassers. This information may deter future ranch visits.

The log entry to follow was provided by security personnel other than Hobby Horse or Tripod. This particular member of the Ranch's security personnel, here referred to as Ranch Hand, was to later establish direct contact with Ryan, and became the source of two particularly significant events that occurred on the property. These events, as well as conversation between the two, are detailed in the chapter to follow.

Report by Ranch Hand: Dog Incident (9/21/09)

The Mesa (Ranch Hand)

Approximately 1951, after taking the 1930 (reference to the time) photos for the battery test, I was heading for the west side of the property to climb up the Mesa with K9/Bella. While leaving Homestead 2, I noticed that K9/Max & Rucca had gotten off of their runners and were following me. In between Homestead 2 and Homestead 3, the dogs saw a porcupine and K9/Max & Rucca aggressively attacked it; K9/Bella slipped out of her collar and joined in on the brutal attack. My first means to get the dogs to stop attacking the animal was to shout at the dogs, to try and get them to stop, but they didn't listen. I then pulled my pepper spray and sprayed all three of the dogs; the pepper spray stopped the dogs from attacking for approx. 5-10 seconds; then all three of them started to attack the porcupine again, getting even more needles in them. I then used my last means by pulling my pistol and aiming it in a safe direction at the ground not toward any animal, and fired three (3) shots. The dogs then dispersed the area heading for Homestead 1. I then contacted [other security] via radio and told him to meet me at Homestead 1 to evaluate the dogs, because they had just attacked a

porcupine. I ran back to Homestead 1. After evaluating the dogs, we got a hold of Jean and told her what happened and that the dogs needed to go to the vet. Jean then called the Emergency Vet and told them the situation. The Emergency Vet then told us to bring the dogs to them. Jean told them to put this bill on her account, because the company credit card had not been paid yet and maxed out. The card is maxed out due to the fact that there [are] two (2) officers at the ranch rather than one (1).[67] We drive three (3) round trips to Vernal a week to drop off an officer at the Airport and then drive back later that day to pick up the new officer, and lastly, once a week to get supplies. A resolution to prevent the dogs from slipping their collars would be a good sized kennel.

The vet said they were going to keep the dogs overnight to remove the needles. The dogs had to be sedated to remove the needles. The dogs had hundreds of needles in their face and mouth.

Chapter 3: More Ranch Logs, Hobby Horse, Ranch Hand and others

In early August, Tripod departed the ranch following his ten day shift and was replaced by Ranch Hand. Ranch Hand appears to have the same role as Tripod which is primarily security and to assist Hobby Horse by taking photographs and providing a second perspective. For the first time to date, Hobby Horse reveals in his logs that he has assumed a formal psychic role at the Ranch, referring to his skills in channeling spirits.

Not long after Tripod's departure, Hobby Horse, too, rotates out and returns home for a period of time. It is unknown if he, as was true of some of the other guards, was expected, in addition, to provide security in Las Vegas at other Bigelow properties. His position at the Ranch is assumed by Bongo. There is no specific information given as to any skills or abilities that Bongo may have in regards to the paranormal. In fact, both he and Ranch Hand, for the most part, see only to security tasks and continue to take photographs to record orbs. However, as noted frequently in their logs, the activity, as compared to the logs of Hobby Horse and Tripod, decreases substantially.

Hobby Horse returns the last week in August and the activity increases to its prior level. Bongo departed after finishing his day on September 1, 2009.

Day 1: Ranch Hand, August 13, 2009

East Gate Orbs (Photographs)

At approximately 2257, Hobby Horse told me that he was going [to] begin focusing and asking for positive spirits to manifest in the area. At 2258, Hobby Horse began mediating and at approximately 2303 Hobby Horse took two photos within a minute which identify between 50 to over 100 orbs directly in front of him. Note: Neither Hobby Horse nor I were [able] to capture more then 3-5 orbs in any photo before his meditation.[68]

Home Stead 2 (Dark Presence) (Photographs)

At approximately 0155, Hobby Horse and I arrived at Home Stead 2 to conduct an investigation. Hobby Horse setup two chairs approximately 30 feet away from the rear of the home south of the dirt road. Note: As Hobby Horse and I were walking to Home Stead 2, I had an uneasy feeling and felt as though we should not be going to that location. As I took a photograph of Hobby Horse, it shows a black shadow over him (see attached photograph). After I reviewed the photograph, I said, "What the F**K is going on?" I immediately took another photograph and upon review the second photograph was clear with no black shadow. Hobby Horse immediately walked over to me and reviewed the photograph. Hobby Horse took several photos, attempting to recreate the black shadow; he was unsuccessful. I felt extremely uncomfortable; my stomach felt like it had a knot in it and I had goose bumps on my arms after seeing the dark shadow in the photo. At approximately 0200, Hobby Horse went back to his chair and focused on positive spirits to come. Approximately 0202, Hobby Horse and I began taking photographs, which show numerous orbs starting to show up around Hobby Horse. At approximately 0205, I captured 20 to 30 orbs within 4 feet of Hobby Horse sitting in a chair. After Hobby Horse finished his mediation, I felt completely fine like nothing had happened at all.

Investigative Notes:

The experience I had at Home Stead 2 proved to me that something I have no power over nor understand is going on at this ranch. I am extremely excited to see more and try to understand these different experiences that are going on here at the ranch.

Hobby Horse Impression of the event of August 13, 2009

Home Stead 2 (Dark Presence) (Photographs)

At approximately 0155, Ranch Hand and I arrived at Home Stead 2 to conduct an investigation into making contact with the presence there. I setup two chairs approximately 30 feet away from the rear home south of the dirt road. Note: I had an uneasy feeling walking within 100 yards of Home Stead 2. As I sat down, Ranch Hand took a photograph of me, which depicts a black shadow over me (see attached photograph). After Ranch Hand

reviewed the photograph, he stated, “What the F**K is going on?” Ranch Hand immediately took another photograph and upon review the second photograph is clear with no black shadow. I immediately walked over to him and reviewed the photograph. I began to conduct multiple photos, attempting to recreate the black shadow by placing my finger over the flash, obstructing the lens with my finger, placing the camera lanyard over the lens. I was unable to recreate the original photograph. As I stood there, the more uneasy I began to feel. At approximately 0200, I immediately went back to my chair and focused on positive spirits to come and forcefully expressed nonverbally that negative spirits are unwanted and needed to leave the area immediately. Approximately 0202, Ranch Hand began taking photographs, which show numerous orbs began appearing around me. Additionally, at 0205, Ranch Hand captured 20 to 30 orbs within 4 feet of me sitting in a chair. After I completed my meditation, I felt fine; however, this was the first time I felt a negative presence while assigned to the ranch. This experience has only reconfirmed the position that there is a presence that is negative at the ranch, and in my personal opinion, I can control the outcome with the correct focusing and mediation. Upon departing the area and speaking with Ranch Hand, he stated he had felt very uncomfortable arriving at Home Stead 2 and when he observed the first photograph of me in a black cloud, he had goose bumps all over his arms and his stomach turned for the worst. Ranch Hand stated that after I completed mediating he felt fine and normal in the rear of Home Stead 2.

Investigative Notes:

The experience in Section 4 of this report has created a very new experience at the Ranch. I will continue to test my theory of being able to manifest both negative energy as well as positive energy into our area. I did not want negative energy; however, the test for Home Stead 2 was quite interesting, to say the least. Having not understood Ranch Hand’s feelings while walking towards Home Stead 2 may have had a significant impact of the initial contact with this energy.

The next day, Ranch Hand’s report details the observation of numerous orbs in the area of the east gate that appear in various formations that eventually dissolve before the orbs disappear or fade from sight. Hobby Horse further reports that Ranch Hand called him on his cellphone to say that

he and his wife took photographs while home and having a meal and that similar orbs were present within the house.

On August 14th, Hobby Horse remarks that the presence of static electricity, which he attributes to the weather conditions, "has a profound effect on the orbs being able to manifest", suggesting if the conditions persist, the detecting of orbs will be a challenge.

The next evening, just prior to midnight, Ranch Hand notes, "Hobby Horse started to mediate, trying to open a portal to another dimension. I observed the surrounding area for approximately fifteen (15) minutes with NVGs from the top of the mesa; I was unable to locate anything out of the ordinary."

Hobby Horse narrative

At approximately 2345, I arrived to the 2nd field adjacent to the 2nd dog run to mediate. Ranch Hand was located on the bluff with NVGs to attempt to identify any light within the field. I proceeded to lay in the dirt road with Max and began Mediating. During my meditation I saw some light inside my eyelids and saw some short videos with no audio. One of the videos I recall [was] a picture of a small farm house and a lady standing and waving at either me or someone else. I also observed corn fields on both sides of the farm house. Based upon little to no knowledge of the property history, I wonder if at some point in time they grew corn on the Ranch. Some of the other visions I had were of a face and a snake. Both objects were very non-specific in detail. After approximately 15 minutes, Ranch Hand had not seen anything unusual and due to the outside temperature, in the high 40's, and unprepared for the drastic temp change, we headed back to Home Stead 1. I also took multiple photographs around me and did locate multiple orbs in my area, but not as profound as previously recorded on other occasions. We will attempt to meditate at Home Stead 2 on 090816.

To conclude this particular part of his report, Hobby Horse stated, "Currently the activity at the Ranch has dropped with the introduction of Ranch Hand on the Ranch. Due to my departure on 090817, it will be interesting if this continues or if activity begins to pick up again. Additionally, Thomas is projected to arrive on 090819, which will introduce a new person here as well. Time will only tell…"

On the night of August 16th, Ranch Hand and Hobby Horse have

different experiences involving a light which Ranch Hand sees over the top of some trees, a sighting that is common at the property going back to the Shermans' experiences. However, at this time Hobby Horse, despite standing beside Ranch Hand, does not see the light. He writes in his report, "There is a possibility the light which I saw on two occasions and the light Ranch Hand saw with me standing next to him, leads to the possibility this light has the ability to select who it wishes to see it and deny others at the same time."

Hobby Horse final comments before departing the Ranch

Home Stead 2 (Making Contact)

At approximately 0100, Ranch Hand and I departed Home Stead 1 for Home Stead 2 to conduct a meditation and attempt channeling with positive entities in the area. My primary focus was to attempt to see if I can ask for the positive entities to create a light in the field. My second focus was to capture one hundred plus orbs in the area, which has been impossible since we've had bad weather for the past few days. We arrived at approximately 0130 and set the chairs up with Ranch Hand facing towards the field (south) and me facing the homes at Home Stead 2 (north). I began mediating and asked for them to create a light in the field. [Upon] completion, Ranch Hand did not see any lights created by my mediation. I did, however, ask the spirits to manifest or appear to my right and upon feeling a warm sensation, I asked Ranch Hand to begin taking photographs. As seen in the digital photographs, Ranch Hand was able to capture hundreds of orbs to my right. I also asked him if at any time he felt uneasy or concerned while walking there or while in the area, which he responded, "No". While I'm home I will continue to work on my channeling and read additional books on the topic. I have confidence with more information and practice I will be able to achieve better results during my time on the ranch in the near future.

Investigator Note

Currently the activity at the Ranch has begun to pick up again, which is very exciting; however, it is time to go home [for] a few weeks. The experiences that I have had the pleasure to experience only fuel the desire to continue training and trying new and different techniques. I believe this is a once in a life time opportunity to tap into a different world that most of us will never experience. I hope within time our success will continue and

different experiments help prove or disprove certain challenges on the ranch. I'm very eager to take part in many of the test and efforts in understanding what is going on and how those discoveries can change the outcome for the future.

On his first night alone at the Ranch, Ranch Hand reports that he neither saw nor experienced anything that was paranormal, including the presence of orbs. He did, however, chase off three coyotes that had unnerved the dogs. By the third night, and with the continued absence of any aerial anomalies, Ranch Hand states that he's doesn't know if he should attribute the change in activity to "Hobby Horse mediating or if it is just a coincidence".

By August 21st, Ranch Hand is joined by a new presence at the Ranch named Bongo. Hobby Horse had mentioned him in his last report. The next night while inside, Ranch Hand and Bongo hear a voice over channel 21 of their radio say, "I don't know if you can hear me, but I'm killing you." Later on that evening while outside on patrol they hear a gunshot. Ranch Hand notes in his reports for the next few nights that he feels their radios should be encrypted to minimize intrusion from outside sources. However, other than an increased presence of coyotes uncomfortably close to their outside position, there continued to be little if any orb presence or any other activity over the next five nights.

On August 26th, Hobby Horse returned to the Ranch and began working with Bongo. He immediately engages in his meditation. The resultant photographs show between 10-50 orbs surrounding Bongo. In terms of the increased activity, he states, "I believe I had a direct connection with the anomaly in the area."

Hobby Horse Investigator Note

We have changed out the clips for the two dogs. The clips we are now using eliminate the possibility of the dogs being able to get out of either their dog run at Home Stead 1 or their leash while on patrol. Additionally, I feel strongly the dogs are great indicators of anomalous activity in the area. Based upon the activity within this report, we have had the chance to establish times of little to no activity at the Mesa and East Gate (no dog activity), while walking to 2nd Dog Run (activity, resulting in dog response), 2nd Dog Run (no activity, resulting in no dog response), 2nd Home Stead,

(high activity: dog hides, dog takes off in a flat sprint, direct response). I feel as we continue to take an active role in placing more attention to our patrol dogs, the possibility of detecting orbs in the area is greatly enhanced.

Hobby Horse Cold Temperature Observation

At approximately 0148, while walking towards the 3rd Home Stead, Bongo and I were walking along the dirt road, west bound adjacent to the 2nd field (area of the tractor), when we were both greatly surprised by a profound cold pocket of air.[69] Bongo utilized his digital camera and captured numerous orbs in the photograph. Based upon the current outdoor temperature of approximately low sixties, I would believe without a temperature gauge or a way of specifically identifying the actual air temperature, the drop was at least 10-20 degrees.

Hobby Horse, August 30, 2009

Walking towards Home Stead 2

At 0230, Bongo and I departed Home Stead 1 en route to Home Stead 2 and continued to feel cold pockets throughout our walk. I took 33 digital photographs during cold pockets of air and in every photograph taken we had multiple orbs. The majority of the orbs themselves were strong in form, color, and I had a feeling of excitement and comfort being on the property during this time.

Home Stead 2

At approximately 0325, we arrived at Home Stead 2 and I asked Bongo what color orb he would like to see, which he responded with “Blue”. At 0329, I began meditating and asking for only blue orbs to be present. At approximately 0335, Bongo began taking photographs of the area immediately around me and was able to detect/photograph orbs that presented a blue or bluish color. Bongo took approximately 6 photographs of me while I was meditating and we located at least 5 to 10 blue orbs throughout all of the photographs.

September Reports

In September, Hobby Horse and Mr. Green, the current replacement

at the Ranch, initiated a set of experiments involving four different types of batteries. The objective of the experiments was to observe through a controlled environment the effect, if any, the noted anomalies or the environment of and around the Ranch had in terms of the numerous incidents in which cameras and cell phones, along with other battery powered devices, were reported to have lost their charge without explanation.

The experiment was titled Battery Test Experiment and was set up both in Homestead 1 and Homestead 2. The four types of batteries used were: AA battery, camera battery and two separate 6V batteries, number 1 and number 2. Power output was measured and recorded on a daily basis. There is no mention of the device(s), if any, that were connected to the batteries.

The last readings recorded in the log with regard to the Battery Test Experiment were on or around September 14th. Consistent with logical expectations, the camera battery exhibited the greatest degradation, losing all power within seven days. The other three batteries exhibited considerably less degradation. The measured average volt output from the two 6V batteries on day 1 of the experiment was 6.32. The last recorded measured output was 5.89. The AA battery degraded at a faster rate than the 6V and at a slower rate than the camera battery.

Hobby Horse departed the ranch on September 8th. He entered this comment in his final report: "[Another] trip completed at the Utah Ranch that has allowed me to create many different ideas to consider for Management to possibly implement, and as always, a true pleasure working with Jean and Richard during my stay." In addition, he noted that orb activity had been low for a period of time and other anomalies had not been noted.

With the departure of Hobby Horse, Ranch Hand returned.

On September 11, 2009, Mr. Green, while posted at the east gate, discovered an index card stuck in the fence. It was from a Criminal Investigator from the Ute tribe who identified himself only as John. While the information divulged in the note is not overly detailed, there is enough to draw a parallel between the incident he describes and the experiences related to Investigator 1 and Investigator 2 by William and his nephew, Nash, and the two tribal police officers, Striker and Trendle, with regard to the unidentified canine-like creature spotted in various parts in and around Duchesne and Randlett.

Investigator's notes: Mr. Green

[Approximately] 2220: While posted at the east gate I found a 3x5 index card stuck in the gate's chain. The card read: "My Name is John. I am the [title] for the Ute tribe. I would like to speak to someone at this residence regarding a particular matter. Please call me at 435-724-XXXX (cell), thank you." Under the impression from the language/John identifying himself as a [title], we believed that John maybe/was acting in an official manner as [title]. At approximately 2230, we contacted Mr. Rey, informed him of the situation/what the note said and requested guidance on whether to respond or not. Mr. Rey advised us to return his call and determine the nature of his inquiry.

At approximately 2245, I called "John". (I did not give any personal and/or corporate information of any kind, or acknowledge any of his speculations on who we are or what we do.) I simply told him I was responding to his note left on the gate of the ranch, and inquired to how I could be of assistance to him. John first informed me that he was in no way acting in an official manner as a [title], but had some personal concerns of several situations that had been happening at his home which is approx. 1 mile west of the ranch (Approx. location, Independence Rd. and 4500 East), and that he heard about "the ranch" in regards to paranormal activities, and possible paranormal investigative operations being conducted here from his co-workers, neighbors and friends, and that he had also did some research on the ranch and thought we might be interested in his situation/story. He stated that he and his family had moved into their present home in [February] and since that time they have experienced several unusual situations. He described a situation where he was awoken at about 0200 to the sounds of his children playing in the living room, only to find everyone in the house fast asleep; his brother startled by someone looking in the homes window, but when he went outside to investigate, no one was there; he mentioned something about repetitively hearing voices of a young girl when there was no-one there; most recently (this week), his wife called him in panic (approximately 1030), she told him there was a large animal on the barn roof (the roof is approximately 15 feet high), an animal she had never seen before. He asked her if it was a mountain lion or bobcat, something like that, and she said NO!—She knows what a mountain lion or bobcat looked like and it wasn't it. She told him that it "leaped" off the roof and disappeared. She described it as looking like the "Sméagol" character/animal from the movie

Lord of the Rings.[70] John further stated that once he returned home, he investigated the situation, looking for signs of tracks, claw marks, etc. around the barn, but there was none. He relayed that unusual things have been happening at his residence since almost the first day they moved in and that he wanted to know if we (the people at the ranch) would be interested in what was going on.

I informed John that his situation may be of interest and I would pass on his contact information to my head office, but their normal business days/hours were Mon-Fri. He then stated he would be out of town on Monday at a conference in Flagstaff AZ, but he would have his cell phone with him and if we couldn't get a hold of him to leave a voice message.

Personal Observation: John's conversational tone seemed sincere; he was very descriptive and concerning; he seemed eager to get our attention.

In October, there was a new pair of observers at the Ranch: Mr. Wheat and Rocky. There are no details as to their qualifications or profession. However, Rocky, as did Ranch Hand, would eventually reach out to Ryan with an offer to share his own experiences at the Ranch.

Patrol Operations: October 8, 2009

East Gate (Mr. Wheat)

At approximately 2000, I posted at the East Gate along with K9/Max and K9/Rucca. Shortly after getting there, I took several photos. One of the photos revealed a single white orb. It was clear skies and a little windy when I took the photos. I was sitting by the east gate observing with my eyes and ears, and watching the dogs for anything out of the ordinary. I was sitting in a chair just off the road, facing north about 15-20 feet from the gate. The dogs were being unusually calm. At 2137, the dogs both jumped up and started barking at something behind me. I immediately started taking photos. I captured a few anomalies/orbs in the photos, and after I stopped taking photos, I saw a single white orb with my naked eyes. It was very bright white and about half the size of a golf ball. It was about ten feet from me and was gone after about two seconds. It came into my view from my right. It wasn't moving in a straight line. It was moving up and down erratically. I tried unsuccessfully to get a picture of it. As I was about to take a picture, it vanished just as suddenly as it had appeared. I started to take more photos

and then I heard what sounded like a voice. This was only about 10-15 seconds after I saw the orb. It was coming from directly in front of me. I couldn't make out any words or how many words. The best way to describe it would be a deep, creepy whisper, but it didn't sound threatening at all. At the time I heard the voice I was standing in the road facing south about 10 feet from the gate. It sounded like a male voice. Immediately after hearing the voice is when I first noticed both dogs were acting very timid and scared. They were both whimpering and curling up against my legs and had their tales between their legs. They continued to act this way for at least another hour. I continued taking photos and captured several anomalies/orbs. I didn't feel any strange emotions nor did I notice any strange odors in the air during the experience. I did however get the chills and feel a little freaked out after hearing the voice. I radioed to Rocky who was at the mesa with K9/ Bella. I told him what I experienced. He decided to walk down to the east gate to investigate with me. Rocky and K9/Bella arrived at approximately 2155. I told him everything I experienced. We both continued taking photos in all directions. We were able to capture various anomalies/orbs. A few of the pictures captured some unique anomalies that I had never seen up to that point. We continued to scan and take photos in the area of the east gate and the road leading back to Homestead 1. At approximately 2325, we decided to head back to Homestead 1 so we could start the report while the incident was still fresh in our minds. We arrived back to the trailer at approximately 2335.

Report By: Mr. Wheat and Rocky

Patrol/Observations, East Gate (Rocky)

At approximately 2000, I posted at the East Gate along with K9/Max. While I was posted at the east gate I photographed numerous anomalies/orbs. At 2030, I noticed vehicle headlights south of the east gate behind the tree line. I viewed the car with my NVGs and saw two persons step out of the car and walk in front of the head lights. The persons shined a light at me so I ducked behind a bush and radioed Mr. Wheat.[71] Mr. Wheat radioed that he was on his way. As I sat behind the bush the persons got back in the vehicle and drove along the tree line in a westerly direction. Mr. Wheat and I decided to meet at homestead 1 and try to get a visual and see if the persons were trying to get on ranch property. We met at homestead 1 and started walking towards homestead 2. We noticed the vehicle driving along the hillside to the

south, back towards the east gate. At 2200, we started walking back to the east. Just after passing homestead 1 as we were walking down the road to east gate, we both noticed a significant temperature drop and started taking photos. All the dogs were acting normal. We did not get any photos of anomalies/orbs. When we started walking again, my camera's battery beeped signaling that the battery was dead. The battery was fully charged when I left homestead 1. We continued walking towards the east gate and stopped to scan with the NVGs. At approximately 2215, we stopped. I saw an orb fly in between Mr. Wheat and me. I was facing the east gate looking down at the camera. Mr. Wheat was standing to the right of me scanning with his NVGs. The orb was a very faint white color and flew in a straight line. It was about the size of a quarter. It was extremely fast, if I would have blinked I would have missed it. It started about 2 feet in front of both Mr. Wheat and me and continued past us and disappeared. Mr. Wheat did not notice the orb because he was scanning with his NVGs in the other direction. Neither one of us had any type of strange feelings. I have grown up where there are a lot of fireflies and I am certain this was not a firefly. I haven't seen any fireflies on the ranch. This event took place approximately five minutes after the sudden temperature drop. We were about halfway between homestead 1 and east gate when I saw the orb. The dogs did not act any differently from normal. We then started taking photos but they did not reveal any anomalies/orbs. We continued towards east gate scanning with NVGs and taking photos along the way. We did not notice any more anomalies/orbs. We arrived at the east gate at approximately 2230. We stayed at the east gate until approximately 2330. We then headed back towards homestead 1 to start on our report while the events were still fresh in our minds.

Mesa (Mr. Wheat)

Approximately 2000, I posted at the mesa along with K9/Rucca. I took several photos but didn't capture any anomalies/orbs. At approximately 2030, Rocky radioed me and said he saw two people getting out of a vehicle to the south of his position. He said that he then saw them get back into the vehicle and that they were driving along the tree line towards the west. We decided to meet at homestead 1. See above report.

Homestead 2 and 3 (Mr. Wheat and Rocky)

Approx. 0030, we departed Homestead 1 with K-9/Bella and started

walking down the road towards Homestead 2. We walked slowly; stopping several times along the way to take pictures, but didn't capture any anomalies/orbs. We were also scanning with our NVGs. We arrived at Homestead 2 at approximately 0130. We stayed on the road by Homestead 2 scanning with our NVGs, taking photos, and observing our surroundings. After about fifteen minutes, we proceeded down to Homestead 3. We walked past Homestead 3 and stopped by the west gate and took some more photos, but didn't capture any anomalies/orbs. At approximately 0155, we walked over and stood right next to Homestead 3 on the east side. We asked out loud for some friendly spirits[72] to show themselves and we both focused our minds on positive thoughts. We then started taking photos. We were able to capture a few transparent anomalies/orbs and one bright solid white orb. Neither one of us felt any strange feelings nor did we smell any strange odors or notice any temperature change in the air. K9/Bella was acting normal. When I (Mr. Wheat) captured the photo of the bright solid white orb, I was standing right next to homestead 3 on the east side. I was facing southeast when I took the photo. At the time I took the photo it was a little windy. We stayed in the area of Homestead 3 for about 15 more minutes and took some more photos but didn't capture any more anomalies/orbs. We also took some photos inside the building but didn't capture any anomalies/orbs.

Walking back to Homestead 1 (Mr. Wheat and Rocky)

At approximately 0215, we started walking back towards Homestead 1. We walked through the field instead of the road and stopped by Dog Run 2. We took some photos by the dog run but didn't capture any anomalies/orbs. We then proceeded to Homestead 2. We arrived at Homestead 2 at approximately 0230. We once again asked out loud for some friendly spirits to show themselves and focused our mental energy on positive thoughts. We took plenty of photos inside and outside of the buildings but didn't capture any anomalies/orbs. We went in all three buildings and stayed in the biggest one for about fifteen minutes. By now, both of our cameras, which had full power at the beginning of the night, were completely dead. We departed Homestead 2 at approximately 0300 and headed back to Homestead 1. We couldn't take any more photos because both of our cameras were dead, but we were scanning with our NVGs and did our best to be extra observant of our surroundings and of K9/Bella's behavior.

Investigator notes:

Besides the camera batteries dying fast, we have both noticed that our cell phones and laptops die very quickly. Also, I (Mr. Wheat) have had to reset the time on my cell phone at least once a day because it keeps jumping forward an hour. Neither [other individual] or Rocky have had this problem.

OUIJA BOARD CONTACT, LATE OCTOBER

Homestead 1 (Rocky, Caveman, John and Jean)[73]

At 2230, we left the east gate and went to homestead 1. We decided to act upon [Hobby Horse's][74] request and contact the spirits here on the ranch. The method we used was an Ouija board. Jean was also very interested and came over to participate. We made the board out of an old TV tray that Jean brought over. At 0001, we started using the board. We all had our fingers on the board and we started asking questions. After a few minutes the eye started moving. We asked several questions and got some interesting answers. They are as follows:

Q. Is anyone there?
A. 8
Q. [Are] there 8 spirits?
A. Yes
Q. Can we speak to someone who can move the eye faster?
A. Yes
Q. What is your name?
A. AZSMJ
Q. Is that an Indian name?
A. Yes
Q. Are you Ute Indian?
A. No
Q. Are you a Navajo Indian?
A. Yes
Q. Are you buried on the property?
A. Yes
Q. How old are you?
A. 120
Q. Were you 120 when you died?

A. No
Q. Did you die 120 years ago?
A. Yes
Q. Are you a malevolent spirit?
A. No
Q. Are you male?
A. Yes
Q. Can we take your picture?
A. No
Q. Did you sit on Cordayo’s bed?
A. Yes
Q. Were you trying to scare him?
A. No
Q. Do you shake the beds?
A. No
Q. Is the shaking in our heads?
A. Yes
Q. Is someone keeping you here?
A. Yes
Q. Who is keeping you here?
A. WS[75]
Q. What is WS?
A. WS
Q. Are there still Skinwalkers here?
A. Yes
Q. Are there any aliens?
A. No
Q. Are there portals?
A. No
Q. How many portals have opened on the ranch before?
A. 39
Q. What comes through the portals?
A. WS
Q. Did you hide Ryan’s glove?
A. Yes
At approx. 0034 the lights flickered in the trailer.
Q. Did you flicker the lights?

A. No
Q. Who was it?
A. WS
Q. Do you still want to talk to us?
A. No

We let the spirit leave and decided to take a break from the board. We all came back a few minutes later but could not get anything on the board. We called Ike and told him about what happened. He told us to write it in the report and he will make some more questions for us.

Side note: We never felt any presence in the trailer as [we] were using the Ouija board. We just did this as an experiment to see if it would work.

This was my (Rocky) first time ever using an Ouija board.

By late October, both Mr. Wheat and Rocky depart and three replacements arrive: Caveman, John and Jason. Their log reports consistently recorded a lack of anomalies or orbs. The log reports available for November were equally as mundane. In addition, there are logs available from January of 2009 until July of 2009. The approximately 180 entries are routine and with few details. The most common entries are some variation of “nothing unusual to report” and “nothing strange or unusual happened”. Daily reports frequently contained mention of vehicles presenting outside the east gate, and most commonly during the night.

Recent text correspondence between Ryan and Rocky, 2014

In the early part of 2014, Rocky, former security personnel at the Ranch, reached out via text to Wisconsin Ryan with a willingness to share his experiences at the Ranch. The script that follows is that dialogue and includes specific and detailed first person narrative of actual paranormal activity witnessed by Rocky and others employed there on the Ranch at the time. Consistent with the objectives of this book, all names have been changed to protect identify and confidentiality of participants.

Rocky
January 21, 2014, 9:33 PM

I worked on that ranch. I should tell you about it sometime.

Ryan
Jan 23, 2014, at 4:02 PM

I am really looking forward to your write up. When might you find the time to send it to me?

Rocky
Thursday, January 23, 2014, 7:59 PM

Sorry, I've been super busy at work. I…have been working too much lately. First please don't use my name. I'm not too sure about how much info you have about the employees of the ranch, but I'll fill you in on the whole operation. I did sign a confidentiality contract after I terminated my employment, but if you keep my name secret then I'll be fine. Plus the company isn't really around anymore anyways. Do you agree? First, the company that sends employees to the ranch is called BAASS (Bigelow Advanced Aerospace Studies). I worked for them off and on from [period of time].

Ryan
January 23, 2014, at 7:15 PM

I'm talking to several [reliable sources] right now. Ranch Hand didn't mind coming forward. Appreciate you helping put some pieces of the puzzle together. Like I said, I have a lot of parts from others on the Bigelow team, just trying to get the big picture and your story is important!

Rocky
Sunday, January 26, 2014, 11:12

In [period of time] I started working at BAASS. I was working [as a tradesman]. Prior to being [tradesman], I was security forces, which is basically [Military] Police. I did that for [a number of] years and was top shit. I always knew my stuff and was able to retain enough information to answer the security position interview questions.

The interview was one of the weirdest ones I've ever had. Bigelow's headquarters is in Las Vegas, at 4840 S Eastern Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89119. The building is a really old house that's been converted into a park and office

building. Bigelow also runs an apartment hotel business and an aerospace company in Las Vegas.

I was brought into the room with the head of security and Kelleher. I can't remember the head of security's name, but he was ex-[Government Organization], and you know Kelleher. They started the interview by asking several basic security questions. After several questions from the security head, Kelleher's [questions] started. His first question was, "Do you believe in the paranormal?" I have had a few experiences from old buildings on the base but not much more than orbs and sounds. I let them know this and he had me go into detail about my prior experiences.

A few days later they called me back and I accepted the job. They told me the logistics of how everything worked within security and made sure I was okay with it. We would work [a] normal schedule in Las Vegas at the headquarters or the Polaris building. Then they would rotate two guards at a time to the ranch for a two week period.

After my 90 days I got the opportunity to visit the ranch. The company rented a vehicle for me to drive from Las Vegas to Vernal, Utah. The security guards are staggered so I would work with a different guard every week for a total of two weeks.

I believe you a very familiar with the ranch. I will explain just a little about this. On the ranch there are two main buildings. One is a small house [in] which an old couple live. They are the ranch caretakers. I can't remember the old lady's name but she did all of the work. Her husband had fallen off of a horse years ago and didn't get around much. She has a Facebook and everything. I want to say her name was Jean or something close to that. For this I'll call her that. I'm horrible with names. Jean had several experiences at the ranch. She would always tell us about things that she sees. She would always talk about those missile UFOs. Other than that she would drive us into town to get food whenever we needed it. The second trailer is where the guards sleep. It was a double wide trailer with 4 rooms. Three for guards and one for Bigelow if he decided to visit. The other building at the west end of the property you know about.

Security trailer

The first time I went to the ranch it would have been spring time. We mostly would work all night and watch movies all day. When we worked, we would walk the property and always stand guard at the front gate. We called it the East gate. The east gate was where most of the paranormal events took place. So the first time was pretty uneventful other than the overwhelming feeling of somebody standing behind you. I felt this feeling the entire time I was on the ranch. The worst was while standing on the Mesa and east gate. We reported our walks daily and were always on the lookout for you. You were pretty much the person we were trying to prevent from getting onto the property. While doing our walks we would take pictures and see if anything would come up and then send those back to corporate to be analyzed. The first visit nothing out of the normal happened. After my two weeks of night walks and messing with teenagers, I went back to Las Vegas. When standing at the gate we would not use flashlights so we can catch teenagers at the gate. Then we would flash our lights at them and scare them. We were armed also. Every guard carried their own personal handgun.

The second visit to the ranch was one of the most paranormal experiences I have ever had in my life. During this two week period I experienced several different events. The first experience at the ranch for me happened on the Mesa. I was standing on the top of the Mesa with Bella, the collie. We had three dogs at the ranch. A Border collie that was always off leash and two black labs. Those two were always on leash because they would run and fight porcupines. So while I was standing on the Mesa I was trying to shake the feeling of somebody standing behind me. I was looking

out over the field and the two-house when my partner called me over the radio. He said he just seen a yellow glowing orb behind him. He was sitting in a chair at the east gate with the two black labs. I looked in his direction and saw the glowing orb fly towards the two trailers and just vanish. I ran all the way to the gate, which was around a mile, and got his story. He told me that he was sitting in the chair texting some girl when the dogs started whimpering. He stood up and turned around and floating at face level was a glowing orb the size of a cantaloupe. He said it hovered there for a second and flew west. He called me and I ran over. We took pictures and discussed. After a few hours we wrote our report and sent it to Vegas.

The next morning I decided to do an experiment. We would occasionally do something for the scientist in Vegas. One experiment they had us watering plants every day and recording the growth. I got an idea of stacking coins next to my bedside table. I had read that spirits sometimes move coins and I had been having very [strong] feelings in that room. It seemed that after I fell asleep I would wake to my bed shaking, just like someone trying to wake up. It would stop when I woke up. I always went to bed around 3:00 am. This second visit to the ranch I woke up three times to the feeling of somebody sitting on the end of the bed. I couldn't prove or explain anything. Just felt like somebody would sit on the end of my bed.

I took four quarters and a few pennies and stacked them in nice neat pile. Then I laid down and fell asleep. I had been sleeping in southeast corner of the house. Always in the same room. When I woke up I found the coins spread all over the room, no pattern but spread across the floor. It was different than if they fell, the coins would been a little closer together. I am a very light sleeper and the floors are very creaky. None of the other guys there messed around with each other. No pranks or anything. The other security guard went to bed at the same time as me. I told the other guard about this and he was very excited. We came up with an idea to take five pennies ranging from the year 2000 to 2005 to the creepiest part of the ranch. I had read Kelleher’s book so we went to the middle building and found a small cement pony wall. On the wall we placed all of our pennies facing west one inch apart from years 2000 to 2005. We went about our night and came to check the next morning. We took several pictures of the before and after. When we came back we found one penny missing and all of the rest spun. Some were now facing east or north instead of west. We looked around and couldn't find the penny anywhere. That day we were going to Walmart with

Jean. She would drive us to Vernal to get groceries. On the way that morning she was telling us how she found a penny on her pillow this morning, same year as the one that disappeared from our experiment. This is all I got this weekend. I'll keep at it and send the rest this week. There's still a bunch more.

Ryan
January 27, 2014, at 7:14 AM

Thank you for sharing the story! Can't tell you how excited I was to read it.

From other guards I've spoken to many of them tell me about the disappearing pennies, and a few other Poltergeist stories. Do you have any more stories about the balls of light, ever seen one up close? What are the hotspots on the property?

Has Kelleher or any other [of] the senior guards told you what to do look for? What Bigelow is looking for?

Any stories regarding the wolf, or other entities? Ever heard strange voices talking or other invisible encounters?

I know you have more stories or heard odd tales internally. Those are the ones that would really help me fill in some blanks. What you have described so far is almost identical to what another guard has told me. Can't wait to hear more!

Thanks for sharing,

Rocky
Monday, January 27, 2014, 9:30 AM

Oh, I have a ton more to tell you. I just couldn't finish typing. I didn't want to lose all of that. I will continue writing it and send more as soon as it's done. I never had any encounters with the wolf, but I did have an encounter with an invisible entity. That was the craziest thing. I'll start writing it up tonight.

Ryan
January 27, 2014, at 4:27 PM

Ranch Hand is a good friend of mine and he vouched for you. I get ALOT of imposters trying to talk to me and wanted to make sure you

checked out. Sorry if I shouldn't have spoken to him. He is my friend and I 100% trust him with confidence in such matters.

Rocky
January 27, 2014, at 10:59 PM

It's all good. I remember the name Ranch Hand but I can't put a face to the name. I have thought about doing [some sketches], but I wouldn't want them [in] my house.

So I left off with the penny experiment. I [have] seen a few small white orbs up close but nothing extraordinary. The one I remember the most was the size of a softball and flew in a horizontal line right in front of me, from one side of the road to another. I never heard voices, but "felt" an invisible entity. I'll explain that in detail. I sort of had an experience with shadow people and poltergeist. I'll explain it all.

Kelleher and Bigelow never fully explained the reasons we were there at the ranch. The most I ever heard was it was Bigelow's curiosity. He was bake [sic] to get a federal grant to pay for most of BAASS when it got big, but only for a year or two and lost it. He bought MUFON[76] and investigated a lot of UFO sightings. I don't think he ever found anything.

So after the penny experiment, Mr. Wheat and I didn't find much else. We did have an incident where Mr. Wheat lost a glove, [but] then found [it] lying on a chair in the living room of the trailer. Not big, but definitely was moved by something from his room to the living room. After the week, a third guard came to the ranch named Caveman. Caveman had several experiences with paranormal things from his time in the military. He was a bit of a know-it-all douchebag though.

So after a few days of no activity, Caveman convinced us of using an Ouija board. I didn't want to do this at first, but Caveman convinced us we should try it. We started using the board which Caveman brought with him. [77]At first nothing happened but then the board took over. First question we asked was, "Who is there?" We got a strange mix up of letters, but asked more questions and found out we were talking to a dead Indian on the ranch. The Indian was saying that he was trapped there and has to go. We kept asking why he has to go but never got an answer. All of a sudden the board moved and spelled Skinwalker.[78] We were all shocked and didn't know what to do. We thought about quitting and then all of the lights flickered and flashed. We freaked out and all got up and all of the lights came back on. For

some stupid reason we decided to jump back on the board. As soon as we did, it picked right back up, but the Indian was gone. Now "Steve" came in. Caveman freaked out and wouldn't touch the board anymore. He told us that "Steve" is an evil spirit that has been following him since his tours in Iraq. Steve hated Caveman and would only talk about hurting Caveman or us. He [wanted] us dead and was scary as fuck. We decided to stop when the board spelled dogs. We heard the dogs crying and ran outside. The dogs were on two separate runner chains in between two trees. Each dog had their own runner and chain. They could reach each other but had a breakaway in case they choked each other. When we ran out there we found the dogs' chain choking them and tied into a knot. We untied the dogs and stopped using the board. We all hung out for a while and went to bed when the sun rose.

Before that I had never used an Ouija board before. I didn't feel as the other guys were moving the board, but there is no proof that they didn't. We were all equally scared about the board.

After that week nothing happened. Everything was quiet and calm. I went back to Vegas and worked at the Bigelow properties. A month or two later I was sent back to the ranch. While I was home I was looking into everything that had happened to me and it really opened my eyes. I never had been to a place like this before.

The first week there [were] three guards there. Mr. Wheat, me and another. I can't remember his name, so he will be John. He was like 6'2", a real big guy. So we did the normal routine the first few days. This time it was around October, I believe so. It was cold outside. We would only stay out an hour or two at a time. It was just too cold to sit outside for long periods.

One night we went out something happened that still haunts me. It frightened me and still spooks me to this day. First I'll start by saying whatever I ran into didn't feel "evil", but wasn't my new best friend either. That night started the same as all of the others. Around 11, we got all of our gear on to keep warm. We went out and decided not to take the dogs this time. Nobody wanted to deal with them. We didn't plan on staying out too long anyways.

Since it was a cold night out our plan was just to walk to the east gate, look around, then walk to the west end of the property. We would only be out a few hours and then come back and hang out. All three of us starting walking towards the east gate. The east gate is the area where [a] majority of the events take place. We walked the mile it takes to get to the east gate and

we just stood around for a few minutes. I kind of broke away from the other guys and walked away from the group. I took around eight steps and froze stiff. I could feel something standing a few inches from in front of me. I couldn't see anything but something was there. This thing was way taller than me. I'm [shorter than 6’]. I could feel it looking down on me and its breath, or whatever, on my face. I could feel this entity in front of me just standing there breathing and looking down on me. I couldn't see breath, but just feel it. If I had to picture what it looked like in my mind’s eye, it would be around 6'5”, solid black, kind of humanoid, but its face is longer and wider than a human. More like a lizard than human. I couldn't see it but I feel like that's what it would look like. So the second I "felt" this thing, I turned around and slowly walked towards the other guys and just stood there. I didn't say a word. We walked from there all the way to the other side of the property. The entire time I knew that "thing" was there watching. We returned to the house and I had to get my mind off of what happened. I went to my room and watched a movie. I kept the lights on. After a while I went to bed. I was well asleep when I suddenly woke up. I felt an ice cold hand wrap around my leg. It wrapped all the way around my ankle and was cold as ice. I bolted up as fast as I could. The room was pitch black. I couldn't see a thing. I didn't see anything there but still felt the coldness on my ankle. Left ankle, by the way. So second I sat up, I opened my eyes. As fast as I woke up and sat up I was "put" back to sleep. I felt myself falling back down and asleep. I can't explain too well. I practice lucid dreaming so I have great control over my sleeping and dreams. No matter how hard [I tried], I couldn't stay awake. I was back asleep as fast as I woke up. I woke a few hours later in the room like nothing had happened. I called my boss and told him what happened. I wrote my report and explained everything. Nothing happened after that. The rest of the week we all talked about what happened, but never experienced anything else. We had coins out, took pictures, and tried to provoke. After the first week Hobby Horse came up to the ranch. I probably spelled his name wrong. He was the supervisor and from what I hear you had several run-ins with him.

We worked that week with nothing else happening. It was very quiet. The day I left, Hobby Horse drove me to the airport at 6 am. I got on a plane and flew back to Vegas. A few days passed and I came in to report in more detail what happened. When I came in Hobby Horse and head of security listened to my report. After my report they asked me if I had heard what happened. I said that I didn't and they filled me in. I guess that morning that I

left, Hobby Horse came back to the house and went to bed. He was lying in bed with his door open. He was in the room across from the room I was in. He could see the doorway to my room and part of the kitchen. He was lying in bed when we saw a shadow man[79] appear and walk to my room. The shadow walked to my doorway and stood just stood there. Then it turned and walked back to the kitchen where it disappeared. I was shocked. They didn't tell me anymore than that. I was spooked.

That was the last time anything happened. I went to the ranch [a few] more times before I found a new job working [in an] office. I never heard any stories. A few months after I quit they fired everyone and I haven't heard anything since. So that's my ranch experience. If you got any questions email back. I'll draw you up what I thought that "thing" looked like.[80] If you have anything to add, tell me, questions, insights, or just want more info about what I've told you, I'm here.

BOOK 3 CONCLUSION

The data entered into approximately 11 months of daily logs by multiple individuals reported primarily aerial anomalies: spheres of light of various sizes, plasma clouds, and at least on two different occasions, unexplained shadows. Beyond these anomalies, there were general feelings of fear, nausea and physical fatigue, canines exhibiting anxiety or timidity, missing and displaced items (a pocket knife, matches, and a sheath), a bed and a table shaking or vibrating without an identifiable source, unexplained temperature variances (for which there is no empirical evidence), on at least one occasion a threatening voice, and unexplained power loss in battery operated devices only. In this 11 month period, not a single member of the team conducting observations and experiments or providing security reported a single UFO in the traditional sense, sighting or encountering any type of creature other than coyotes and porcupines, or sighting or encountering any craft or entity identified as extraterrestrial. There is no mention of unidentifiable footprints, no indication of livestock on the property or mutilations, and no reference to bait cages or bait pens—other than perhaps as dog runs.

As for psychic conclusions, the highest incidence of aerial anomalies occurred in the presence of Hobby Horse. Hobby Horse, as derived from the information in the logs, is the only member of the team with any psychic training, and then only through his own claims that he is studying and reading material on the subject and as such is willing to implement new strategies. Hobby Horse throughout his reports references good and bad spirits and the spirit of a young girl alleged to have died or been killed there on the ranch. The presence of such spirits are associated with spheres of light. There is no evidence of any other form or manifestation. Other team members submitted log entries indicating that they too made psychic attempts to contact and communicate with entities. However, accompanying log entries indicate there was either no response or an associated presence of orbs described as barely visible or distinguishable in the supporting photos. There was a statement indicating that the presence of the orbs had decreased measurably.

On the other hand, both the Ouija Board experiment and the experiences provided by Rocky suggest a yet strong presence of the spirituality associated with the original Native American inhabitants of the region, and which manifests itself in the form of paranormal entities such as Shadow People and the Skinwalker. Whether or not these entities are a

constant presence or move in and out of some sort of dimensional portal is not ascertainable from the content of the logs or any of the dialogue. Ranch Hand, in fact, from his perspective, suggests that phenomena beyond light anomalies is relative to the state of mind and level of expectations of the individual.

Book 4: First Person Accounts and Narratives

In book 3, the daily logs make frequent reference to vehicles presenting themselves at one of the two gates of entry at the Ranch. Due to the interest generated by the Ranch in people seeking out both the paranormal and the extraterrestrial, it has become an attraction drawing those who hope to experience the associated phenomena themselves. Book 4 starts with the personal and detailed narratives of three of these individuals, each of who made the trip to Utah along with travel companions and spent extended time exploring the area in proximity to the Ranch. In their separate narratives, two of the three acknowledge taking their vehicles up to one or both of the main gates where they were met with the type of response cited in the logs. The remainder of the stories are the accounts of different individuals and their encounters with paranormal or otherwise unidentifiable entities.

Chapter 1: Correspondence with Pete M.

Mr. Pete M. refers to himself as retired and with prior military experience. He and his son were drawn to Skinwalker Ranch by a sense of curiosity and interest in the phenomena associated with the area. While the experiences he shares with Ryan are not extreme in terms of the paranormal, they are consistent with the narratives of others, including sudden and unexpected battery drain, a vague feeling of an unseen presence, security activity and residual symptoms of psychological and physical distress which are experienced days following the visit. He initiated correspondence with Ryan in January of 2013. Here is that correspondence in its entirety.

Correspondence with Pete M., January 22, 2013:
Hello,

Ryan B. was unable to make it last night, but he said that he will try and make it out next week when we return to the area. Thanks again for his contact info. It will be great to go out there with someone who knows their stuff.

We had 3 experiences that we are still trying to understand ourselves that might be worth passing along. We ended up taking notes because we experienced the batteries on 3 different cameras and two different digital records all draining within 30 seconds of each other and were left with only pen and paper.

I suppose that the first thing to note is that after stopping on UFO Hill for an hour, we made our way down towards the southern gate figuring that we would do a loop of the area prior to stopping at the Southern Vantage and then on up to East Gate.

As we made our way down towards the Southern Gate we experienced our radio acting up. I was about to turn it off when my son said, "Did the radio just say, ‘Stop, stop’?"

We pulled over to the side of the road and turned up the radio. We gave it about five minutes and nothing happened, so we took back off leaving the radio on. We had just started moving when the word ‘LEAVE’ came over the radio. It was loud, mechanical and direct. It was loud enough to where it startled me.

I don't know what caused it, but it was very clearly the word "leave". Then all of the sudden our radio started working normally again.

We drove up to where the southern end of the property is (south gate) and stopped. We got our cameras and recorders out and were setting everything up so that we could go out and take a bunch of pictures and talk about what we were seeing. We had one video camera, a couple of still cameras and we decided to take a digital recorder with us to use as a note pad.

As we prepped our gear we both thought we heard walking in the snow by us. I believed it was probably a deer or some other large animal but nothing too unusual. We [were] approaching this experience as the novices that we are, but with both of us having military backgrounds, I would say that we [were] open minded but a little skeptical—or were up until last night (skeptical).

We grabbed our gear and began to start taking pictures when the screen/viewfinder on the camera I was going to use went blank. I had charged all of the batteries and double checked them prior to leaving our hotel room, so at first I was just mad figuring I had done something wrong in the charging process.

Then my son said that the batteries in his camera were dead too. I picked up my other camera and it wouldn't turn on. The digital recorder was also dead. They all were on and working [when] we took them out of the car, and they were all dead when we went to use them. I guess it could be a coincidence, but it was weird that they all happened at the same time.

We decided to go to Southern Vantage for a bit. Neat place to watch the property from, but since it was our first time there we only spent about a half hour looking around. We weren't exactly certain of where we should be looking, so we left for East Gate.

We pulled up to East Gate using only our fog lamps for light and approached really slowly. We stopped about 50ft before the first of the concrete barricades and shut off our engine. We saw the two motion sensor lights in the trees and decided to stay in the car for a while.

After about 20 minutes we started hearing a humming sound. I thought that it might have been a plane or a jet somewhere but there was nothing in the sky. It was about 2:00 am when this started happening, so there wasn't much road traffic around to the best of my knowledge. The humming got louder and lasted for about 25 minutes. It sounded sort of distant, but not too far off from where we were. There [was] likely a common or man-made explanation for it, but it was weird that the only time and place we heard the sound was while we were at the East Gate.

During this time I noticed something moving down the path behind the gate. It was a ways off and at first I thought it was a deer or elk. But it seemed like it was trying [to stay] to the left side of the road along the trees/brush. It moved too deliberately to be a deer in my experience. It then crossed quickly over to the right side of the path and sort of hunkered down.

As it was crossing the path it clearly looked like a person in black gear.[81] I think it was likely security but we hadn't tripped the motion sensors or left our car or even gone beyond the first barricade, so I have no idea why they were there. It was after 2:00 am and -7°f outside. Why not just watch us from the warmth of a trailer?

I got out of the car and took my little laser pointer and pointed the light at the last place I saw the man, and there was nothing there. My son and I both know that we saw the man moving along, and also know that we saw him stop and sort of move off the path to watch us. I didn't see him leave and neither did my son.

Like I said, I believe that it was likely a security person, but it was weird that they were there and then they weren't. It was dark enough to where I couldn't see if there were any trails, but he could easily have just slipped back down a trail after seeing that we weren't doing anything.

We both saw a light. It was white and the size of a flashlight moving through the trees back off to the left of the east gate shortly after. It didn't reflect against the snow, nor was it pointed at us directly at any time either. [82]

We left shortly after that and are getting ready to hit the road today in a little bit.

I guess that there are several explanations for what we experienced. Nothing happened that couldn't easily be explained away by coincidence or natural processes. I will say that neither of us scare too easily, but we both had times during the night where we were very uncomfortable, and as we left

the area returned to feeling perfectly fine again.

Enough weird stuff happened to where we are coming back towards the middle of next week to spend a few days. We will be better prepared next time to capture our experiences and I will let you know if anything happens.

Thanks again for your guidance and for the website. It has been great learning about all of the weird and interesting things that are happening around this place and I can't wait to spend more time doing so.

Peter

Ryan's Response, January 23, 2013:

Excellent report and I'm not too surprised at the level of activity. The trick is, when you were out there, did you know exactly what day you would be returning? It's a silly theory but one I believe: Whatever is out there can read your mind. I was excited about you going out because I know the likelihood of having an encounter was significantly good as whatever "it" is was not expecting you. They seem to have a curiosity about new comers but quickly lose interest once they know the dates you are coming back. My suggestion is to come back on a day you were NOT planning to that night. I know it sounds crazy, but I work with statistics and there is a pattern to it.

"We both saw a light. It was white and the size of a flashlight moving through the trees back off to the left of the east gate shortly after. It didn't reflect against the snow nor was pointed at us directly at any time either."

It's hard to distinguish what is the phenomena and what is security sometimes. Was the light floating and how high was it from the ground? Did it ever dim out or "power up"? The direction you saw the light coincides with a portal location I have been researching for some time (refer to map). Also the guard(s?) out there are ex-military and pretty decent people as long as you stay on the right side of the fence and do not create a commotion at the barriers. I'm sure he was thrilled to have to leave the security trailer to investigate in that weather. In the future park further away and no lights, the sensors will NOT trip and the guards do NOT have a working video camera at front.

What are your thoughts on the radio? Believe it or not, I have never been to [the] southern gate, but after hearing this I'm tempted to.

Ryan

Pete M., January 23, 2013:
Hi Ryan,

Sorry it has taken awhile to respond. I am now in Ogallala, Nebraska, on my way to my sister-in-law's house in Omaha to look after their kids for a couple of days. I am not sure what day next week we will get back next week, but I am fairly certain that we will return after mid-week. We don't have a specific day in mind at all yet. It will be interesting to see how things go.

As for the light it flickered a lot. The only truly strange thing about it was that it was on the left side for a bit at what looked like was just slightly above the ground maybe two feet at most, and then it was on the right side at the same height doing the exact same thing. It didn't pulse or anything like that, it just sort of lightly flickered, went off and then ended up on the other side of the trail and did the same thing. It did appear at or around the same time as the guard (figure as I am still not 100% certain what I saw, but it seems like it must have been a guard to me for some reason). I don't know if those two things have anything to do with each other or not but they might. It didn't seem like a flashlight as it didn't seem to advance towards us even though the figure clearly did.

While driving my son and I had hours to talk about last night and he reminded me that while we were at the East Gate we both believed that we had heard movement to our right, which would be towards the ridge side of the road. Nothing came from it, but it was another interesting thing to us. After having the day to think about the radio, I really can't explain it. The words that came through both were directed at keeping us from going to the ranch or remaining there once we did. I [am] still not sure what to think. We both heard what we heard and while the ‘stop’ seemed like it could possibly have been radio interference, though how I am not certain. The word ‘leave’ was just so mechanical and clear.

We also have the groaning sound that we heard shortly afterwards. I just don't know quite what to make of it. In my time in the military I spent quite a lot of time working with various different types of broadcasting media and I haven't ever had this type of experience before. I suppose it could have been some sort of digital manipulation that is being broadcast using a wave frequency modulator, but it would have to be specifically directed at our vehicle in order for us to be able to receive such clear transmission.

The problem with that is that I can't think of a way that they could so completely interrupt what we were receiving and then still be able to broadcast a message that we would be able to hear so clearly. Suppressing the signal is easy enough to do, but then broadcasting one on top of that would require a technology that I haven't heard of before. Interesting to say the least.

We actually discovered we were at the Southern Gate by accident the first time we stopped there, and then when we went back later, we almost drove by it. We stayed in the car most of the night with the only exception(s) being UFO Hill and Southern Vantage. But to me things seemed to be more interesting when we stayed in the car.

I do have one more thing to add. This afternoon while driving I became disoriented; this has never happened to me before in my life. I pulled over and waited a bit before it passed. Then about ten minutes later I became irrationally afraid. I have to tell you that I haven't been afraid of anything really in my adult life. Respectful of things that I may not fully understand, absolutely—but flat out afraid? It just never happens. Could I have just been tired? Sure but I am only recently retired and in my former line of work I had to go days at times without sleep during stressful working conditions and I never once had a feeling like I did today. Probably didn't have anything to do with last night, but I thought I would mention it. Have you heard of anything like this happening to anyone else? Just curious. Well, thanks again, and if you can think of any other questions, I am happy to answer. I will email you again when I get back to Roosevelt.

Chapter 2: Correspondence with Jeremy K.

Jeremy K. initiated correspondence with Ryan in late 2009, and then again in late 2013. His first correspondence comes across as cautious and expressing concern as to the legal ramifications of what he intends to share. Ultimately, the communication breaks down only to resume four years later. The text of his communication and the time he alleges to have been his first visit to the Ranch correspond directly with the Daily Logs submitted by Ranch security, and there is sufficient data to speculate that the encounter to which Jeremy K. refers is reflected in a specific log.

As for his experiences, most of which are consistent with the expected, the one that presents as unique comes towards the end of his correspondence. He and his partner, while on the Ranch property itself, and not just outside one of the gates, encounter an unseen presence similar to the one described and illustrated by Rocky. In his narrative, Jeremy states the he believed his life was in peril, and despite being in possession of a loaded firearm, describes himself as defenseless and afraid.

OCTOBER 19, 2009[83]:

Jeremy K:

I received your reply on that ATS site and I registered to your website. I have no idea where you would like me to post my information. However, before I post my story and experiences, I better be sure that I am ok with my information. I noticed your videos on "no trespassing" and I also have watched a few videos of your experiences. It’s no secret to get as close as you have in some areas you too have trespassed (maybe not necessarily on the Skinwalker Ranch, but other’s property). Well, I will admit to trespassing and getting very close to the homesteads. I was able to get to the bait cages, the water towers and very close to the corral with the trailer. However, the dogs went nuts and I had to maintain position several times. So my concern is posting this information. Needless to say, if I was able to get that close and

roam the property, the military guys on site are not very good. Or maybe I am just REALLY good. Lol.

My experiences involve seeing strange lights, white, blue, red and faint cloudy lights.[84] Also very weird noises in the river bottom near the line of cotton trees. I could actually hear something very large breathing, but with very light feet. It would get within 20 or 30 feet of me and freeze. As I would walk, it would walk with me (as if I was being stalked). The breathing sound was very heavy and odd. Keep in mind...the ranch has no cows nor horses on the property (I was in the middle of the pasture at this point)—as of this last Friday at least. So, I know it wasn't either.

Being very rookie at this, I was not equipped with any night vision goggles or scope or binoculars. I did have binoculars and such, but nothing to identify my surroundings at night. It was very dark and visibility was maybe 3'. I also heard very loud helicopters at night with no lights and I couldn't see them. They were very low and it was 2:15 and 3:15 am on schedule. I also experienced very odd light sequences throughout the night (keep in mind I was mobile from 10pm to 5am on this property all night).

One thing that was very odd at the end of the night, I reached my car and drove up to the front gate. It was still dark and I turned my vehicle around to face the main road (when the blacked out Tahoe had dropped off earlier that night). They shut the engine off, flashed their lights 3 times, then about 10 seconds later, flashed them again 3 times, and once more 3 times. Then in an instant flew down the road in a rush and out of there. [I] flashed my lights as well, just to see if I would get a response of some sort. Then I got out of the car and walked to the front gate. I stood there for about 10 minutes and, just to push the envelope a little, I decided to crawl through the gate and just stand on the Skinwalker side. As I did that, a big boulder about the size of basketball was thrown on the road and rolled a few times and came to a stop on the side. I remained where I was and stood in silence—no words, no movement. Nothing happened after that for 5 minutes. I then crawled back out and was on my way.

I plan on going back very soon. One thing that will help in the trek to the ranch instead of hiking from behind it to the ridge, Utah gov. made it a law last year that you can fish any rivers in any area in Utah and not be trespassing. As long as you are in the river you can walk up and down that river all day long and it's legal. This will put you right on the ranch with great access.

Anyway, this was some of my experiences that I encountered. Seems and sounds like most stories though and probably repetitive to you. From my experience and what I saw, it definitely is strange and odd, but it also could be very feasible that the personnel had done it all.

You have my direct email now, if you have any questions let me know! I do appreciate your stories and interest in this and thank you for all the footage.

THAT SAME EVENING

Ryan:

I too have noticed the flashing white lights and if you see some of the YouTube videos they show these very same lights. I'm conflicted whether it’s ex-military personnel flashing powerful spotlights at me and the ground for some bizarre unknown reason or if it is part of the phenomena. Be very, very, very careful out there and do not get caught. I posted that video as a warning to others to never be too complacent out there, and the dangers are very real regarding security. Bigelow now has 3 guards stationed out there and has beefed up security due to "infiltrations" on the property. They do patrol the ridge behind the ranch house and have a special lease with the landowner. I'm told the activity has picked up significantly in the past week and that around the 28th or later you may be in for a show.

Again IF you feel safe talking about it, I'd like to hear about where you get in, get out, and where you stay positioned. Do you go with friends? Walkie-talkies? Sounds to me like you’re entering from the western part of the ranch or possibly the south and walking across the fields. You claim to have actually walked up to the bait pen?? Let’s say people I know have been to the Ham Radio tower and to the bulldozer but not the bait pens.

Tell me MORE about the strange colored lights and also especially the helicopter...I've now photographed the helicopter and actually have heard several unusual nightly stories about it. I'll see what I can find about it. From some of the people I've spoken to, it supposedly makes no noise...I have a paranoid suspicion that it’s NOT a helicopter and that the noise is replicated to make you think it’s a helicopter... of course that could be all paranoia...but from some of the things I've seen...doubtful. Have you seen anything in the trees next to and to the east of the ranch house (behind it)? A lot of flashing in those trees and typically starts around 9pm

Note: Ryan didn't receive a timely response from Mr. K. as to the above message, and therefore sent him a follow-up. He acknowledged that he did not respond to Ryan, suggesting the tone of his message was skeptical. Below is the dialogue of their follow-up conversation:

OCTOBER 27, 2009:

Jeremy K.:

I never replied back. It's not important where you get into the ranch, more the fact of how you get into it. I [am] not convinced there is "ex-military personnel" watching the grounds. If so, I would never of been able to get as close as I did. As far as the bait cage—I didn't claim I was there... I said I was there. I have nothing to prove by telling you lies or stories. I simply replied to a post of yours and described the black Tahoe that I saw a couple of times.

Ryan: You sound very defensive. What did I say specifically to offend you?

Jeremy: It's not necessarily you, it just seems that everyone questions me on my trip to the ranch. I did it for my own personal research as well as my own personal curiosity. I have nothing to prove to anyone and I simply was sharing my input. Yes, I did get to the bait cages and probably could have gotten even further. The dogs were my only barricade to that. Yes, I could get on the property at any time and get really close, if not to the house. I have a lot of experience in this type of thing. I plan on going back in the spring.

Ryan: I'm not at all questioning your story. I'm curious how you went about it to help my own expeditions into the area. Sorry if I gave the impression that I didn't believe you. It's a misinterpretation, as I was fascinated by your story and wanted to share similar accounts/compare notes.

Jeremy K.: I can appreciate that. I will email you later tonight and discuss my method of entering and exiting.

Note: As of November 3 of that same year, Ryan had not received a follow-up from Mr. K., and took it upon himself to attempt to restart the dialogue.

Ryan: Still looking forward to your email.

Jeremy K.: I get it bud... I guess it's just not as important to me as it is to you.

Note: Mr. K. re-initiated conversation with Ryan four years later. By the 'tone' of his message, it seems that he may have forgotten that they had shared dialogue in the past. While some of what he shared this time around is a rehash of his previous material, most is new and the detail is greater.

NOVEMBER 5, 2013:

Jeremy K.:

My name is Jeremy and I just listened to an interview you had on the radio. Somewhat interesting. Thought I would share my story of Skinwalker Ranch and some unexplained experiences I encountered. I actually pushed the envelope quite a bit and found myself in the bait cages on the property. One thing that just came legal in Utah is any river in the state is BLM property. Regardless, if the river runs through private property or not, public can fish the river and not trespass even if it's through private land. As long as you're in the river and not on the land. There is a river that runs through the lower part of the property (the trees where the big black yellow-eyed creature would perch) that is lined by trees. Anyway, if you're interested, I have a few experiences and have been to the ranch on several occasions
Jeremy

Ryan Skinner: Can you please share some of your stories? If they are good, I'd be happy to include them in my book I'm writing, with your permission. Regardless I would love to hear about ANYTHING you experienced. Each story brings me one step closer to the truth.

NOVEMBER 6, 2013:

Jeremy K.:

After watching some of your footage and reading some of the stories you have shared, I am pretty sure you will enjoy a few of my stories.

My first time visiting the ranch, a friend of mine went with me. We drove up during the morning. Spent the day canvassing the area and viewing every possible side of the ranch. My idea wasn't to just monitor it from the perimeter. I was going to get on the property, and better yet, I was going to

push the limits and get into the bait cages. We scoped out the front of the ranch where the entrance gate was. We scoped out the high point of the ranch where the road is on the far [eastern] side. We also scoped out the possibility of hiking in from the road where the houses are, driving down to the entrance gate. While we investigated all sides of the ranch and every possibility of an entrance advantage, one thing that I noticed was there was not ONE cow, horse or livestock on that ranch. This becomes a very important factor in this story. I was particularly excited to have livestock on the ranch being that I had a goal to get to the bait cage. For some reason, I had a strong sense that something was going to happen and I was going to get validation of my skeptical belief of this ranch and the stories that came with it. Keep in mind, my friend who went with me was VERY skeptical and approaches everything with "PROVE IT WITH EVIDENCE" mentality. Rightfully so, I can't say that I blame him, after all, he was raised Mormon (sorry if you're Mormon, no disrespect). Anyway, he wanted hard proof and evidence and most important, he wanted to believe. He wanted to believe that there was more to life than just earth and us. He just wanted facts and hard evidence.

It was the first week of October last year.[85] We drove up in the a.m. We decided to go to a local store and ask for direction. As we asked the cashier at Maverick for information about Skinwalker Ranch, she looked at us with question. She said, you two aren't from around here are you? No, but we have heard stories about the ranch and we don't believe a thing about it. She laughed and began to tell us that everything we have heard is more than likely real. One question she asked us though (and so did everyone else we inquired about the ranch), are you guys FBI? It was a bit odd. We both laughed and said no. If we were FBI, would we be driving a BMW? She laughed and continued to tell us that she used to date a guy who was related to the owners of the ranch previously. I immediately was intrigued and wanted to know. So she continued telling us more and more about the property. She must have felt comfortable with us because as customers would come in, she would get very hush-hush about it. Long story short about the clerk, she gave us the info we needed. She was very cool about the whole thing and before we left, she said, be careful out there. People get hurt. Laughing with disbelief we walked out and thanked her for her info.

We drove down the road and used her instruction to the ranch. Sure enough her poorly drafted map had led us to the gate. It wasn't anything special. It definitely had an iconic feel about it though. Signs, numerous

locks, cameras in the tree and a long dirt road where ALL the stories were based off of. It was pretty cool to be at the ranch when the only thing I did was read the book and had no idea where this place was. I was determined to find it and experience the ultimate feeling. Being in the bait cages where all the investigating happened.

To date I have visited the ranch 8 times. Each time I have experienced something different. Every time I have chosen to visit the ranch, it has been on a moonless night. With my experience of the ranch and all the stories I have read and learned, I have taken a different approach to the execution of the ranch. Yes, I have climbed the front gate and approached the property in broad daylight (much like Stone did from TruTV). I stopped halfway because I heard dogs barking and they were approaching me at a pretty fast pace. So I rushed back past the gate and into my car. I never did see the dogs or any guards though. Each time I have been to the ranch, there has always been vehicles parked there. A couple [of] trucks and cars. Not once have I ever encountered an actual guard or human there. I have hiked the back way through the desert and ridge. I have walked the long walk from the east road into the ranch from the pasture side and I have walked down the canal that goes through the property. As I mentioned in my previous email, if you walk in water that is used by the public for water sources and irrigation, it is not trespassing. It definitely is a cold and wet way to go, but I found it an easy way to access the property and be right there.

The bait cages are visible from the stream and it's only a 100 yard walk to them. As you might already know, I like to push the envelope a bit. When we were talking to the lady at Maverick, she had told us that the ranch was owned by the government and was heavily guarded by armed guards and dogs. Well, as we scoped the whole area and planned our entry, not once did we see evidence of that statement. So it wasn't a concern of mine. However, I definitely didn't want to get caught. So let the recon begin! My friend and I were dressed in all black. We had backpacks loaded for emergency purposes. What we didn't take was ANY technology! For a reason.

One of the bait pens/dog runs

So our first time entering the ranch we decided to approach it from the Skinwalker Ridge side. We parked at the very end of the road off the main road. There is a little place where people drive up and back into this little place with an opening but looks like a local hangout at nights. From there we hiked all the way in on the ridge. Dogs were barking the whole time. Not the dogs on the ranch, but the local dogs from the houses on the street to the ranch. As we were hiking in, we would glimpse over the ridge to get a feel for where we were and how close we were getting. It was about 1 am and we glimpsed over the ridge and I saw a light up where the entry gate was. We stopped and kept watching the light go on and off, on and off. Then, it just stopped. Of course it was a guard, no big thing, but then all [of a] sudden 3 blacked out Suburbans come flying down the dirt road with their lights off. As they reach the gate they turn around and face the main road. About a minute goes by (we're watching through hi powered binocs) and the 3 Suburbans simultaneously flash their headlights 3 times. Then again in what seemed like 20 seconds, and again once more. Then they take off down the road and disappear. Now, at this point, we have hiked for 2 hours, clearly on private property and now my concerns started to rise. I was committed though. We were committed, no turning back now. We were determined to conquer our goal.

Once the SUVs left, it was very quiet. No dogs barking, no lights, no

movements—just the silence of the night and our breathing. My friend and I only spoke when necessary. We were very quiet when we did speak. At this point, we decided to sit on the ridge and not move for a while. I had thoughts going through my mind... were the SUVs loaded with armed guards and we tripped a sensor and now they are coming for us? Was it just a simple shift change? Were we being watched? Why the odd series of flashing lights and why not have your lights on when driving? The whole thing was odd. So we sat. We watched and we listened.

We were on the ridge with a view of the compound, but as you may know, from the ridge all you can see is THE ONE light. The one right by the house to the left. The dull, yellow, lonely light that sat in the middle of the compound and illuminated only the ground below it. That very light was our guide and we used it to guide our distance to where we were in comparison to the house. As we sat on the ridge patiently we kept watching the area of the light. We sat very quietly thinking we possibly were being watched or maybe they were coming to get us.

After about an hour of sitting there, we realized no one was coming for us. During that hour, we witnessed the big tree by the house completely light up! It was as if someone had put a spot light right on the big tree and held it there for 5 seconds. Then it went dark again. This light overwhelmed the dull street light that is on the property. It was a very distinct light and had no tracers to it. Just the tree lit up as if it had Christmas lights all over it.

After that, it was probably another 10 minutes and we witnessed an indigo blue light like orb, floating around. It was pretty close to where the feeding trailer was though. Then two of them appeared. They were very faint and almost unreal. I remember trying to blink several times to make sure it wasn’t just my eyes, but it still remained. Very faint but moved. Sometimes it looked as if it was getting closer to us, but never left the area of the compound.

About 30 minutes past and the lights had slowly disappeared. At this point, we decided to move and try to get closer. If we were to get to that cage, we had to get moving. Time was not on our side at this point and we had at least another 2 hours of hiking. We started hiking the ridge and decided to get out of sight while doing so. So we backed off the ridge about 100 feet and kept that distant. As we were hiking I could hear something very faint but it was consistent. Almost as if it was above us, but nothing was there. So again, we sat there and kept still. Sure enough, there was something above us

alright, we couldn’t see it, but once we stopped walking and sat there, you could hear air moving in the distance. If that makes sense.

We sat down and there was a completely blacked out helicopter flying above and around us. It was the weirdest thing. You couldn’t hear the standard helicopter noises, it was silent but you could hear the air moving from it flying. Now, I don’t think it was there for us, actually I know it wasn’t there for us. But it was very odd and crazy to see a blacked out helicopter flying in pitch black sky. That had us curious and quite honestly concerned. First the SUVs now this crazy helicopter? Again, thoughts of us being watched and tracked went through my mind.

At this point, we decided, if they wanted to come get us, they would have done so by now. So we hiked some more. We hiked for about an hour and decided to peek over the ridge. We had hiked far enough that the cliff edges had drawn to a hillside. We knew we had hiked far enough to start heading down into the pasture area. The light was a long ways away.

As we started to hike down the hillside, the dogs started to bark that were at the compound. It was crazy. We were along ways away. My thought was they were probably barking at something else. So we slowly and quietly kept hiking down. Once we reached the fence I was surprised to not see the road. The road to the pasture went all the way along the fence line but then veered towards the field a ways down.

We had hiked past the bait cage at this point. We managed to cross the fence without being noisy at all. The dogs stopped barking and it seemed as if things were in the clear. Finally, we were walking on flat ground. What happened next was probably the weirdest and honestly the scariest thing I have ever experienced. Now keep in mind, we are dressed in all black, it is pitch black dark outside and we can’t see but maybe 10 feet ahead of us. Using the light from the compound as our guide was really all we had for light. I didn’t want to bring any tech stuff, no lights, cell phones, walkie-talkies, watches nothing. We had backpacks with food, emergency stuff and yes... 9mms.

As we started walking in the pasture we had to walk very softly to not make noise. This time of year the fields are short and very hard, making snapping noises of the straw and hard grass on the ground. We were walking towards the direction of the bait cage and all of the sudden I heard a noise. We stopped and my heart started pumping and chills started going through my body. The noise we heard sounded like the noise of a horse when it

snorts. Only this noise was twice the sound of a horses snort!

Ok, I know what you're thinking: you're on a ranch, it has livestock etc. NO! The whole day we scouted this ranch out from all sides and there was NO livestock at all. Even if there was, what happened next is unexplainable. As we heard this violent snort, we drew our guns (now from reading the book, I know the guns will do no good for us, but it was a bit comforting just having them.) I whispered to my friend Troy and said, "Did you hear that?" YES!! What was that? Both of us clueless, we stood still back to back in opposite directions. I whispered, "Let's slowly walk the other way from the sound."

As we started walking away from where the snort came from, it seemed as if we walked right into the direction of it. Again we heard the snort and this time it was right in front of us! This was a huge animal, whatever it was and the creepy thing is, we couldn't hear it move. It was as if we were surrounded by hungry mutant beasts! As we stopped walking, the snorting stopped. We were freaking out, knowing this thing was right by us but we couldn't see it.

I immediately thought of the big black hyenas that were mentioned in the book. We were right by those trees where they were often seen. We decided that we were going to walk towards the bait cage very slowly and together. As we started walking towards the cage, the snort happened directly behind us. It was close and very powerful. Knowing we can't make sounds or really do much, we both turned around and nothing. We continued to the bait cage and all the sudden we felt a slight wind come across us and the snort was right in front of us now! We can't hear this thing move, walk, or anything. All we can hear is its breathing and this weird snorting sound.

At this point, Troy wanted to leave. He wanted to sprint out of there and go. I had to explain in complete fear of my life, if we run, whatever this thing is, can outrun us. If we start shooting, we get busted by guards or we get killed. If we stay put and hold our ground, I think that is our best option right now. So we both sat down, guns drawn as we sat on the cold ground back to back telling each other stories of happiness. We sat there till it started to get light and realized we were 20 feet from the bait cage. It was the craziest and most freaky thing I have ever experienced. We exited the property from the east road side and walked all the way around. I can't explain what it was that was stalking us in that field that night. But I can tell you, it was huge and nothing I have ever heard before.[86]

I know this is a bit of a long experience, but I have never really been able to talk about it to someone who might possibly understand where I am coming from. Needless to say, my friend would never go back with me again. I have been back 7 times since and even took a Ute member with me one time. That was interesting! Anyway, I do have more experiences and information that you might like. If you’re interested and feel this is "Good enough" (as you put it in your email), keep in touch and I will share.

Chapter 3: Forum dialogue with “Rich”

In 2005, Rich (not his actual name) and two companions set out on Halloween to spend a night camping within vicinity of Skinwalker Ranch. Their objective, in Rich’s own words, was to walk away with the bragging rights to having spent a night at “the portal to Hell”. All three were admittedly skeptical, but at the same time respectful, of the tales they had heard about the area. Following the experience they went through at their campsite that night, all doubt was discarded.

In brief, while at their campsite, the three encountered numerous light anomalies, one of them was bitten by “some kind of bug” that looked like a “hairy disc”, another had physical contact with a creature she describes as “organic” and approximately to her knee in height, together they were buzzed by something bird-like that had a ten foot wing span, and ultimately all experienced unexplained mood swings and loss of energy. As a group they decided to retire to the tent and get some sleep. Sometime later, Rich awoke to Mother Nature’s call. He exited the tent, and while outside encountered a large, amorphous entity that lifted him from his feet. He then passed into darkness and remembers nothing more. The following morning, all three spoke of sharing similar physical symptoms and maladies, primarily sore throats, feeling “stupid” and having either had odd dreams or the distinct feeling there was something they needed to recall. They attributed their condition to the surrounding environment.

Almost six full years later in August of 2011, Rich reached out to Ryan through his Skinwalker forum to discuss his experience, providing a first person perspective to that evening and all that has transpired since.

TRANSCRIPT OF FORUM CONVERSATION BETWEEN RYAN AND RICH

Ryan: I heard a rumor your group had implants or some sort of wire inserted into your nasal cavity and that some members had it removed, others left it in. True? If so, what effects have you noticed from it?

Rich: We believe, as independently confirmed in separate hypnosis sessions, that all three of us were implanted through the nasal cavity. The implant was alive and resembled a small squid. All could feel the implant move inside of our skulls for six or so months afterward. It then integrated and the movement stopped. During this time, any talk of the experience brought on migraine headaches in each of us. The morning after the incident all of us had sore throats and one of us was bleeding from the nose. The implantation was, as gathered from the hypnosis sessions, done by a tall, dark, entity [with tentacles] that forced the implant through the nasal cavity. Audible crunching sounds were reported by all three participants under hypnosis. Also sharp pain and intense fear. The entity's eyes were infinitely deep, like staring through them into space itself. Some attempt at easing the stress was also noted, as the entity appeared to access childhood memories and change its shape to fit a soothing, familiar image. In this case, with Mitch, the giant head of Cannonball from the Cannonball, Harvey and Raymond TV show. The attempt was only temporary. It showed its true form after a few minutes. Probably because it freaked Mitch out more to see a giant head.... weird, I know, but that's what happened.

I have noticed, over the years, a heightened sense of intuition and the ability to “see through” energetic interference. I have developed an acute BS detector.

Ryan: Are any of your photos actual photographs taken as the events happened?

Rich: All of the photos are recreations, my own, of the event after we had finished our hypnotic regression sessions. The drawings were completed in the sessions. Notice the tall entity composed of smaller entities. The implant looks like a small black squid. The horseshoe shaped disc is the thing that took a chunk out of Mitch’s leg and scuttled off. The wound took months to heal. It never bled and was quite deep, a dual puncture mark, like fangs.

Ryan: Did you see the flash drones (pulsating balls of light) and if so what was their intention and interaction with you?

Rich: Yes. We saw lights and captured some on video just prior to the event. Each spoke of blue, starfish-like lights used to induce fear in an attempt to cause the mind/spirit to dissociate [sic] from the physical body in order to facilitate easier, less traumatic implantation of the symbiotic organism. The light was wielded by two medium sized human soldiers.

Ryan: You mentioned it took a year to recover from this event, how so?

Rich: Each of us experienced symptoms similar to severe posttraumatic stress disorder that included night terrors, heightened startle responses, affective disturbances ranging from anger to spontaneous tearfulness and depression, physical pain in the nose, throat and head, ringing in the ears, existential angst, etc. A general feeling of helplessness and anhedonia[87], in my case, persisted for well over a year after the event.

Ryan: Have you ever revisited the ranch? Notice any after effects from the event?

Rich: I have been back twice since then. One overnighter on the ridge just south of the ranch and one excursion on the ridge overlooking it from the northwest. On the first I observed a large (over eight feet tall and approximately that wide) dark, organic object move across the road in front of my vehicle and slide off into a field just southeast of the ranch. It was dark out and I was unable to discern details. The second was uneventful.

Ryan: Where exactly where you camping? Can you please post the coordinates? Your map is somewhat difficult and I'm little confused as to the exact location. Where did the phenomena initiate from on the ranch? (Looking for potential portal locations.)

Rich: We were camped just south east of the ranch on the road leading along its southern border, just east of the bend where most of [the] photos are taken and the area April Slaughter describes in her article.

Ryan: The sky was orange and bright most of the night just west of our location about three hundred yards. Possible portal?

Rich: If you approach the road that runs just south of the ranch from the east, it lies just before the hill where the overlook is located, just before the bend in the road. There is a galvanized, six foot security fence there now. There are also the remains of a dwelling of sorts, you can see the foundation. It looks like a pull off or turn around area west of the road.

Ryan: Any communication between the entities and you?

Rich: Yes. One phrase stands out "How can we help you stop screaming?" This phrase was also echoed in Whitley Streiber's abduction reports, interestingly enough. It appeared to be a scientific process designed to prepare "containers" for uploading information.[88] Nothing special about us, just right place right time for them. The symbiotes are designed to integrate on a cellular level and increase capacity to download and store information regarding human society, history, etc., for future reference…like a flash drive. They are hedging their bets by implanting as many people as they can before an undisclosed event. Possibly cataclysmic in nature. Definitely life changing. Even though the event was horribly traumatic, I sensed a detached concern for the species in general. I believe they are benevolent in their own way.

We were urged to bring more people.

I understand the total crazy nature of the story. I stopped telling it because people were trying so hard to discredit it. It really doesn't matter if anyone believes us or not anymore. I know what happened, that's all that is important to me. Reality is much different than it seems. I wouldn't recommend poking around too much. You WILL find what you are looking for if you do.

I posted the entity on C2C for input and received answers back from local Native Americans validating the existence of the entity in their cultural meme. I was told to be very careful, that I had been lucky to survive the incident. I believe them. It has altered me.

Ryan: You mentioned human soldiers were holding up these flash drone-like objects that induced fear. My experience with the flash drones is that they can fly and hover and are typically in a group of three or more. They do not

need a handler. YES, THEY 100% can induce fear or somehow alter your emotions. I went into a raw panic one time when witnessing this. Uncontrollable raw panic. How did you know they were human? What did you see regarding the starfish like light? (I know what you mean by starfish-like.) We commonly see this, and have seen it land based, and also hovering and flying.

Rich: Yes, they appeared to be human and in some kind of uniform, almost turn of the century doughboy. They were short, around five foot tall and looked similar to each other, like brothers. They were very casual and flip regarding their work. It appeared that they were holding the blue light, or that it hovered just in front of them. I could hear them speak, but could not make out the words. The blue light waved slowly back and forth as if underwater. The fear was intense. Petrifying.

Ryan: I really want to know why didn't you run away or fight. What happened to your fight or flight response? I assume you were paralyzed in some fashion...how so, what caused it? (Please really think about this). Did the eyes in any way hypnotize you? Did the entity physically touch, grab, or hold you?

Rich: Prior to the incident, our moods vacillated between sheer terror and absolute peace. This happened for several hours prior. During the event I was grabbed, while urinating outside near the truck, by an entity. It came out of the darkness, as if it was composed of it, grabbed me by the face and pulled me up into the air so my feet dangled a foot or so off the ground. It stared into my eyes and I stared back. I was completely calm and still. I could see the cosmos there in those massive eyes. They were vast and empty, like a window out into something of great expanse. I could feel the implant being forced into my nose. I could hear the crackle as it moved deeper. I could see the men in my peripheral vision moving toward the tent to my left along with the blue light. The light moved like it was on some kind of stand, smoothly and evenly.

Ryan: Was the entity attempting to calm you for humane reasons or simply to shut you up? Did it have an evil feeling to it or an uncaring neutral tone?

Rich: I feel like it was a combination of both. More of a logic based question really. Very matter of fact, devoid of real emotion either way. It was sterile and neutral.

Ryan: When face created from memories morphed, did the other members also see this or only the one witness whose memories were being pulled? Did other members see other things?

Rich: [Mitch] saw the face. I heard something drag the entire length of the tent, pull up a peg and push in a corner toward the other campers. I heard what sounded like heavy hoof steps.

Ryan: I'm fascinated it asked you to bring others. Why do you believe it wanted this? Perhaps I've been implanted with the same message…

Rich: We are containers for data storage. I believe they want to hedge their bets against something that may threaten or lead to mass extinction of humans.

Ryan: I also thought I remember reading something about an Indian in a red flannel who approached your group. What is the background to that story?

Rich: Yes, he only appeared in the hypnosis sessions. Each had seen him. He appeared to be a guide or guardian of sorts that may have ended the event prematurely. We all heard a man coughing, circling the camp in sync with a pack of coyotes that would howl from time to time.

Ryan: Also there are rumors that [female companion] was there and that she was apparently raped by this entity and bore a child. I'll withhold judgment until I hear your reply to this this recurring rumor regarding April.

Rich: [Female companion] was not at this particular event, but attended an event with the three of us and Alien Dave closer to the overlook just south of the ranch several months later. I'm not sure about the impregnation, though she went missing for about thirty minutes during the night. I was sleeping in the same tent at the time. I suppose implantation is possible in this case as well. I do know that her behavior changed afterward. She was withdrawn and

silent regarding her missing time. That happens sometimes. She has [children] that were [older] at the time and has not birthed another since that I am aware of. I would have been aware of a forcible rape as we were [intimate]. I would have noticed any physiological evidence or injuries. I didn't observe any at the time. Her affect, her mood and her general outlook on life were affected in some way, however.

Ryan: The rumor further is told that she returned to Skinwalker with the group and that that the baby was taken from her by the aliens (typical Whitley's "communion" scenario) and she never saw/felt it again. I'm not at all convinced what's going on at Skinwalker is anything like what is portrayed in Whitley's books. It may be similar but completely different agenda, appearance, and origin. I question the validity of this rumor if true. I also assume if you two were dating you might shed some truth to it.

Rich: I do remember her talking about feeling something alien within her body and a subsequent "emptiness" occurring several weeks later. We were all pretty messed up at the time from the experiences we had at the ranch. The details escape me, however. I suppose that it is entirely possible as stated. I feel that April is the real deal. She is pretty accurate in her description of things and not given to exaggeration.

Ryan: Her claim is obviously extremely monumental. Again the alien agenda may be real elsewhere, but what is going on at Skinwalker does not fit the typical alien cookie cutter scenarios we read about in pop literature.

Rich: The locale appears to be a nexus of sorts for all kinds of alien, for lack of a better word, activity and I don't think it precludes traditional alien agenda interaction. Just seems to include a great deal of atypical, anomalous events in addition to the traditional occurrences.

Ryan: You mentioned you may have thought the aliens to be benevolent towards humans and mankind's future in general… do you still feel they are our space brothers or uncaring scientist like insects on a mission and we are but no more than a scientist views at lab rat?

Rich: There is some concern for our survival as a species. I did not sense a

particular attachment to us as individuals. I believe we are the key to something that holds importance for them rather than the actual focus of their benevolent attention. They need us somehow. They need us to survive.

Ryan: I also know the ups and downs of euphoria and sheer terror at the ranch, strange how emotions change. How did the event end? What happened to the light, the shadow creature, the human soldiers etc.?

Rich: We woke up in the morning sore, scared, bloody and roughed up. The vegetation under the tent was black and withered. We packed up, went home and tried to make sense of it. We agreed not to discuss details until we could be seen, separately, by independent hypnotherapists. The story and events came from the hypnosis sessions. It has been life changing.

Ryan: By any chance do you feel the soldiers could have been the soldiers stationed at fort Duchesne years ago when it was first erected? And now brought into service to a new allegiance?

Rich: No. They felt soulless, synthetic somehow. They were very much alive in the physical realm. My impression is that they were created and utilized.

In October of 2011, and following a period of time in which Rich was confronted with numerous posts by a variety of forum participants which questioned his credibility resulting in the discontinuation of his participation, Rich returned and provided an unexpected admission.

Rich: MUFON leadership conducted the hypnosis. We volunteered to have MRI/CT scan and asked for donations. No one took the offer. The experience was a lot like rape or assault, but WAY outside of conventional experience. Who does one go to and report such things? The police? What kind of tests does one conduct? Who pays for them? Who do you trust?

We weren't going to tell anyone about the experience, didn't even want to talk about it among ourselves. Eventually, we went to MUFON and had some hypnosis done. Nothing much came of it, though. They actually attempted, post hypnosis, to convince us that we had seen "greys" but our description didn't fit their ideas of what should have happened, so they disregarded it.

MUFON has an agenda as well, believe it or not, and their processes aren't actually scientific in their approach.

Sometimes the experience has to be viewed in terms of mythos and should not be shoved, kicking and screaming into logos. Sometimes "abduction" should be viewed as a universal, spiritual experience, maybe even a karmic contract, in order to be comprehended as something other than an assault. Victim mentality isn't too healthy. I'm not convinced that scientific investigation will ever provide any answers for anyone. It breeds too many critics, or goes into some file somewhere never to be seen again. The experience was a valid, powerful one for me. All experience is subjective, you can't get around that.

Chapter 4: Skinwalker and Paranormal Narratives

Story 1: Lara C.

Lara C., February 2014:
Ryan,

I just learned about you and your experiences at Skinwalker—I live in WI now, too, which is why I am reaching out. I won't detail all the stories here but just suggest if you ever want to theorize what is going on there, let's talk.

My life and experiences in the Four Corners region is very parallel to yours in that I had my first o/n (petrified forest) with a second person witnessing: [it was] ten to twenty minutes of being approached by a ranger with a flashlight who totally disappeared (did not exist). I have had an extreme paranormal experience almost every time I have been "cut-off" or lost, beyond civilization so to speak, in the 4Cs, and each time I was with a second person witnessing/experiencing the exact same phenomena, because otherwise I would think I was completely nuts. These include: UFOs (witnessed independently by someone driving in another vehicle), ground gouging, a feral human nest in a canyon, a robot (that was the nuttiest, and was witnessed with a rock climbing friend who is a Gov. Scientist) and flying (levitating) snakes.

Most interestingly, I have had real wolves (two) sleeping in my garage here in urban Milwaukee right before leaving for a trip in the Ozarks that was full of extreme high strangeness. The wolves were also witnessed and pointed out by a second person, left tracks, and were taller and not remotely colored like normal wolves.

I DO think there are areas here in WI that can channel this kind of "high strangeness" energy (mound builders, etc.) because I have felt it but cannot pinpoint. It's also in Arkansas along the volcanic corridor, which is where I have had the most weirdness since I moved up here.

If you ever want to get a beer or coffee, call or text me—I'll buy one of your books. Can also help you with writing, photography and other book

publishing stuff...I'm a former professor.

Way back when, I transferred from Columbia University to UNM Albuquerque out of the blue. Nobody understands why I would have made such a "bad" choice. Do you?

Lara C., February 20, 2014:

Feral human nest and robot are in the same story. Forgive caps. All my computers are down. In 1993, I went rock climbing with a 100% rational type friend. We were both archeology students. She went on to Sandia Labs, then USGS for satellite GIS. We were both professional archeologists for several years after graduating, but that's another story.

So we are in an unmarked, unnamed—not any kind of park, [probably] just vast BLM land, canyon 35 miles west of Albuquerque, and the only landmark was the mesa of Los Lunas to the south where the state pen is.

Now, I was an artist type and more open minded, and had experienced LSD and bizarre after-death communication cold sober, including receiving a love letter (my only one from him) six months post mortem that mentioned the four corners and seeing me in AZ. But the eyewitness here was an extreme, extreme rationalist (like Richard Dawkins) and we actually NEVER discussed this event again.

She had allegedly climbed this canyon many times, but we never did any climbing, instead poked around a 18-19th century sheep pen and picking up obsidian flakes and cores (and putting them back per our training), and then it suddenly seemed late in the day and we needed to hike an hour back to the car.

We kept getting lost, circling, and it was getting darker and darker. The canyon was about 40 or 50 feet sheer and we couldn't find the slope out. So we were already in a state of paranoia/panic when we see a huge pile of grass covering a limestone sheared out "shelter" at ground level, and both of us instantaneously realized that it was a human shelter, even though we (having almost identically keen archeology instincts to find, read and interpret) didn’t see any droppings, tracks, charcoal or other signs of human shelter. The grass itself was out of place because it would have been gathered elsewhere. We went from panic to hair on end and started fast walking or running looking for the exit when we saw...a robot. Or some type of metal structure that looked like a robot glinting sun. And one of us spoke aloud, “Is

that a robot?” And at that point, my memory is that we spotted the exit, almost like the robot triangulated it, and we ran back to the car. We talked about it on the way back but never mentioned it again. I will have to ask her what she remembers, but we both felt completely spooked out. We never rationalized it, but robot and human nest were mutually acknowledged and confirmed.

Now the levitating snake story is something I would need to corroborate and go back into my journals. But it was a ghost—vision—of a semi-coiled snake that was just travelling about two feet above the ground, levitating.

I didn’t explore your site—didn’t know anything about Skinwalker until I listened to maybe 20 minutes of your interview on Paracast. Believe it or not I'm sort of a skeptic, but just like the Oracle of Delphi turned out to be a geochemical feature (intoxicating gas), I am really fascinated by this story and do believe that private groups would try to weaponize [sic] whatever the energy is.

The Hopi especially seem to use this energy for good and have prospered and weathered colonization. Not all pueblo groups have prospered in the 4Cs as you know from living there, especially the Navajo.

Now, the mound builders are the least characterized group, and the main park in WB has been closed for construction since I lived here. I know there are a lot of people here into hauntings and I think some of them are true only because I experienced one. But I generally dislike ghosts and the ghost hunting fad.

There is a ghost at Concordia University in Mequon [that] I experienced almost every day along with every student [that] goes there. The only reason this has not been on TV is that they would never allow filming...it's a pre-seminary and the [administration] is Missouri Lutheran to the core (extreme conservative). The ghost is in Albrecht Hall, which used to be the dormitory for the school sisters of Notre Dame (catholic nuns) until Concordia expanded and bought their campus. Lutherans and Catholics share no love. The ghost slams doors in Albrecht Hall on a daily basis year round and the students call her sister six toes. The building itself is creepy and they never removed the bathtub from the women's restroom. Real ghost or not, she is part and parcel of campus life there.

Now about the mounds. I don’t think there were permanent year round settlements at this latitude, and I tend to be in the let-the-mystery-be

camp, but I do wonder...Why are the mounds meant to be seen from above, like Nazca, etc.? If there are faces in the sky watching, it makes sense to mark or make territory this way, which brings us back to...levitation.

First I have to point out that we think we are more evolved, educated and better off than earlier peoples which has not been proven, and if anything, we have so much noise in our culture it's a miracle we understand anything.

The levitation state is well documented by yogis for thousands of years. There may be places (check out David Paulides of Missing 411...dude is a captivating speaker) that create slips in time or physical displacement due to geomagnetism. Just like the Hopi and Tibetans who choose certain sites for their temples, it may be that siddhis (superhuman powers) are more accessible in certain locations. Sore finger now...gotta fix my computer...at any rate would love to meet you if you ever come to town. Meanwhile, I will check out your site.

Lara C., February 20, 2014:

I have to get in touch with my old archeology bud about the robot and a drawing would help too.

From the canyon, which was just a deep rocky slash out of desert (grass and Cholla cactus scrub above), since we were panicking to get out we were scanning the top 1/3 of the rim for a dip/dirt/a trail. We were running due east. The "robot" was either just above the rim or on a ledge below the rim facing west and looked like a four foot tall aluminum box structure (no reason for any utilities at this location and zero resemblance to desert junk), and the setting sun glinted off what looked like "eyes" near the top of the head. As I remember it, and again, we are two highly intelligent, sober archeologists highly experienced at reading features in the desert, we both saw a robot.

I'm going to get her recollection on this story, and also see if she can map the location any better. We lost touch after college but reconnected on linked in so I will have to ask her.

Now the feral human. My response to the "nest" for twenty years was that it belonged to an escaped convict from Los Lunas. I put it in the back of my mind until I read David Paulides and his suggestion that there are feral people living in the Smoky Mountains. This brought the canyon memory rushing back and suddenly the concept that people might choose to live feral

or partly feral seemed extremely obvious including the skill of covering tracks and lack of fire, and that seemed far more logical than an escaped convict. The nest was 100% real.

Never thought about an animal bigfoot, though I do believe that there could theoretically be tiny populations of hominoid primates who have evaded us...but we would have skeletons and tool evidence at some point, especially now with our satellite IR and remote sensing data.

My feelings on Bigfoot is that the sightings are about fifty different phenomena being talked about as one phenomenon. Personally, I think elves, giants and Bigfoots, angels and possibly Merfolk are part of our genetic heritage and are hardwired into us and get read as energy signatures—maybe the "intelligent designer" programmed these in (like butterfly imagoes in caterpillars) or we access these modes/visual subroutines from our DNA or our cultural (consensus total information bank of imaginative possibilities) heritage. But we can't just stick an electrode in the brain and see Bigfoot or angels like we hear music when we stimulate that area of the brain—even if they are wired in. These sightings are part of a cascade that could never happen in a lab setting, like all the hallucinogen experiments fail.

I gotta read more about this, but I have had so many time slips in the 4Cs. Combo of geomag features that may distort time, and what the Greeks called Kairos—when human emotion is pushed, sublime, extreme fear or ecstasy as examples, we experience time differently and may even affect time on the planet when we bottleneck or expand or just open up the chemical channels—think about the sensation of extreme adrenaline during paranormal fright. You become "wired" to perceive. Even Steve Jobs said that taking LSD changed his life. (It’s like getting satellite TV when all the neighbors have five stations.)

If we have five senses, there are many, many things, experiences and emotions which open up the "super senses" and "super abilities". Pain is an obvious one. Just look at the Sundance ceremony of the Lakota. Suspended by knives under the flesh—are you kidding me?

All of my paranormal experiences happened under extreme adrenaline...could even call them para-sensing. What is really interesting to me is that when two totally different people eyewitness or sense the same bizarre experience...the way our brains are wired...say 50,000 chemical and electrical signals per second...that creates field resonance. When two human beings receive or broadcast simultaneously, say "robot" at the extremes of

sensory reaction...whether the thing, light, being or portal is fixed in space but not time or vice versa, or is merely being perceived by the para-sensory system (the extreme senses create "the portal"—possibly [amplified] when more than one person), i.e., para-sensing—it exists!

Sorry for getting all Meta about a robot. Will definitely bug the climbing bud for her version of events.

Lara

Story 2: Three Friends at Skinwalker Ranch

March 20, 2014

Note: This account has been minimally edited for grammar and structure, and only when absolutely necessary to facilitate reading without detracting from the original material.

Not since summer 2012, [had] we had quite the trip. Right upon pulling up to UFO hilltop we noticed it had no trespassing signs and a lot of vegetation that was not there the summer before. Within five [minutes] activity started to happen. We saw a flash drone a good twenty feet ahead of us flash once and vanish. [We] then got out [of] the car and saw a really large bright light up in the sky but not too far, maybe 100-200 ft. up, and then we started to hear this mechanical noise that was coming from all directions and sounded like it was underground, but would go off all around us and sounded like it was getting closer, then farther, then closer. It was really strange, and within maybe 20 min. of hearing this and being at UFO hilltop, a security truck starts speeding up the back way through those roads that go past the house where the cattle marker is on the hill. The truck was at least going 100 mph. He was driving very aggressive and ran us off the side into the dirt.

In my friend's car we were going about 90—no joke. Then the truck was far ahead and when we got back on to the main road there was another identical white truck waiting for us like the first one. [They] got behind and in front of us and gave us some distance and followed us to our camp site [at] Pelican Lake and they stayed [and] watched from a distance for a while. [Our] friend who had stayed at the camp site, a prior skeptic, who was alone tending the fire and tents, swears that a shadow figure with yellow cat like

eyes came up in front of him. [Then] he heard it running behind him, and then it was in front in the back of him and on both sides all at once and then vanished. [The] reason I believe him is he had no information and knowing of any skin walker descriptions, and that fit to some that I have heard. [Prior] to our UFO hilltop visit we were hearing a lot of noise by our camp site and one of us heard a faint voice saying 'shut up' while walking around.

So the whole night was pretty crazy. On top of that, we saw something faintly light up Pelican Lake which was really weird like a green glow. Into the morning at sunrise we see the same big bright light that we saw at the ranch above Pelican Lake, just sitting there in broad daylight for almost a half an hour making no movement. [The] three of us went off for a walk and a much smaller orb-like light was floating around again in broad daylight and we were calling it towards us and it actually started to drop down closer to us. Once it was a good 50 feet above us my friends started to run and I followed. And right after we started to run, this small orb-like light jumped back up to where it was at first and started going towards the big light that had been sitting there. [We] watched the small orb light go into the big one and then they both vanished. [When] we left Pelican Lake, man, we saw a quick glimpse of something on all fours that looked really big and white, like a wolf or a goat or something, up on a higher ridge , and when we backed the car up it was gone. [Right] after this happened, a falcon or some kind of bird of prey started flying around our car. I think this was the skin walker my buddy saw alone in the night time. Lot of information and sorry if it's scattered, but this all really happened. One of the more eventful skin walker trips I've had.

Story 3: Utah Woman's Recollection

One: I was 12 years old and we were heading down to Randalette for a Bear dance with my Father, Mother and Brother. We got past the Police Dept. and across the firing range my dad stopped and drove backwards. My brother and I were in the back bed of the truck and tapped on the window and said look over there. We looked and we saw monkeys, a lot of them running up this hill next to this old shack. What was weird is that it was in broad daylight when we saw these things. I was like what are monkeys doing out here???? Yes, monkeys. I will never forget that day ever in my life.

Two: One time I went to visit my brother and my son. This was in 2004 and we were in the bedroom talking and my niece was talking loud in the next room and my brother came to the room and said do you know how to use a gun? I was like I grew up with guns, crazy guy! Lol...But he was serious and told me to lock all the doors and windows and pull the shades down. I was like okay??? But then asked what is going on? He said that something tall and dark was out there and that his daughter had seen it by the corner of the house. They were pretty much freaked by what they saw. We did what was asked and he went out to see what was going on and but nothing was there. Well, that following morning we were talking but still half asleep. The door to our room banged shut real loud that it would wake up the whole house. I was like what the heck? So I went to look to see if anyone had shut it and everyone else was asleep. Different?

Three: Later that night- my son was playing his violin outside on the porch and while he was turning his pages he heard a loud breathing noise around the corner, but he continued to play because he thought horses snorting or something. But he quit playing and again the same thing. So he said to just leave it at that and go in.

Four: One night as we were going to this apartment building we saw a lot of children running and crying. We were like okay, what's going on? And someone said that they confronted this thing—not a person, a thing standing by the playground and it had a heavy coat on and a hat and bulging eyes. I was what??!!! No way. But they were telling the truth because I seen the kids crying.

Five: As you know we heard a Bigfoot bellowing in Uintah Canyon that woke my husband up from a deep sleep. I was watching Finding Bigfoot and they had recording of yelling and I was like, “that's it, that's it”—the yell is similar to what we heard that night. It was eerie high scream. It was not a cougar, bear or whatever...it was so scary.

Six: One time my son was living [with] my sister in Ft. Duchesne and the person she was dating was a police officer. Well, he came up to tell them that something was out there and they were chasing it. He told them to get into the house. As they watched from the window—they lived on the hill—they

saw police lights and heard dogs howling and trash cans being tipped over. Yes, it echoed and it was loud. Whatever it was, was making a ruckus. They never knew what it was. They said they shot it and they were chasing it from the bridge by highway 40, and it ran at [an] exceeding rate. They lost it by dead man's curve.

Seven: My mom and my sister were mentioned in the Uintah Basin UFO book [for] seeing lights around that area.

These [are] all the ones I know, plus many more...These people are my family and when they tell me these, they sweat, get goose bumps and just jittery voices when they tell it. So I know it is real. There are things out there that choose certain people to see them—like my friend who went to work in the morning hours in fort Duchesne. Right past Hilltop on the east side of the hill she saw 4 Skinwalkers cross the road. She wasn't going fast and her daughter was in the back seat sleeping and she knew going fast would just not be smart. But she said they were tall, hairy and they just looked so hard to describe, she said. She waited for them to cross. This was like around 4:30 am. She rushed to work all the way around instead of going by the lake. She told her boss about it and she said we know there is crazy things going on. Told her to come in when morning breaks.

See they are chosen to see these strange beings. To make them believe and not understand.

My dad once told me that when they went to Dark Canyon by Uintah Mountains, they were hunting, and when they were [in the] woods they smelled a bad odor of dead animal. He told them he said, "Let's go and leave this Big Man to his business." And he shouted out to him, "We will leave you alone now!" And they left and came home to tell us. They never hunted up there again.

Then later in the week they had a lot of calf mutilations around the Whiterocks area. This was in '85.

So now, I can go on and on about things like this. But like I said, people tend to hear things and see things that boggles the mind. I'm one of them who doesn't understand the monkey part...why here? Hope you enjoy these awesome true tales.

Story 4: Bill Muldoon

Bill Muldoon, (Claims to be a local Native American):

The following is a series of messages sent via cellphone as text by a local Native American who shares his knowledge and experience concerning the paranormal and Native culture with Ryan. The content is colorful and at times fantastic. It has been minimally edited for grammar and formatting, but it otherwise is as originally transmitted and intended.

Wednesday, August 28, 2013, 3:29 PM

I may [or may not] be able to help you with some of the happenings at Skinwalker Ranch, like with the Wolfen that has been sighted there. But I can help with some of the other things going on there, due to what I have found, [the things I have] seen and [entities I have] talked to. I found a library, I guess is what you'd call it. But it seems to be a like a hall of records for Native Americans. It has a lot of drawings of creatures, UFOs, dragons, big giant lizards and giant birds. But what caught my eye most was a large drawing of land with all types of weird creatures, funnel-looking things with something standing beside [them]—looks like a black star with V shape [and] feet and claws. If any of this is of interest to you feel free to contact me.

Thursday, August 29, 2013, 10:02 AM

I found the library while searching Nevada out in the desert a ways from the Nevada-Utah state line. It's buried under the sand. I found it during a sand storm. The storm uncovered it. I've been back a few times, but haven't been able to find it. But I will.

I know of [another] place outside Winnemucca, Nevada. My people call it the Gates of Hell. Weird place. Electronics will not work there, and people have experienced different things. But we don't know who made it. Neither do the lizard people.[89] It's about 80 feet of underground stairway until you get to a wooden door with strange markings. Once past the door and a few more steps, you enter a room with 13 stone chairs carved into stone. When I measured them they all were identical, no tool markings of any kind. Each seat has a different symbol above it. Now I think I found one, well they are similar, that has a symbol that is very close to those found on the Atlantean disc.[90]

What type of info are you looking for? I may have a lot of info for you, but I need to know what you need: paranormal, crypto, site 46, UFO, the

ancient cities, alien tech, who created humans and where they are from, traveling to another world made easy—just let me know. You would be very surprised what I've done [and] seen and what I've talked to. I believe we [can] scratch each other's back. See, I'm looking for a few places and a couple of things. You can [have] all credit for all discoveries—except what I'm looking for. So please, if terms are good for you, please ask all the questions you like.

Ryan asks Muldoon as to the location of the chamber and if he has had specific experiences relative to particular anomalies, spirits and encounters.

The stairway's GPS location—I have to go see my dad. He knows. He was the one who told me about it,[91] but eastern Winnemucca Mountains—hard to miss, but I'll get that for you. I need a little time. My dad doesn't believe in technology so he has no phone. The Shadow People, some of them are cool but most are assholes. DO NOT EVER go with them. They will ask. Say no. They will try to persuade you with lies to [go along with them]. If you go with them make sure your affairs are in order because you will never be seen again. There is one way to catch one. It's a little difficult.

Fog, cloud, or vapors. Seen a few, mainly at power spots. Very few times outside of power spots. But all they are [are] just spirits cruising around, basically harmless. They know a lot of things, though. If you can focus enough they will take their true form and speak. But yes, I see them on most nights. They enjoy waking my girlfriend up in the middle of the night.

Ok, Bigfoot, Do Not Piss them off! Other than that, great people to know. I'm still working on their language. It's very hard and fast. But I go and spend 3-4 days a year [with them]. I go and visit 3 of them, a mother, father and their daughter. I've been seeing them for the past 5 1/2 years now. I met them when I was out camping in the Sierras. I had just finished fishing, pretty good catch—five trout. Well, while I was sitting there [at the] fire and cooking, I smelled some bad BO. So I went looking for the source thinking someone got lost.

So as I was walking [and] following the sent I was looking around. As I was walking—probably should have had flashlight—I passed a tree and the smell got very strong. Next thing I know, I walked right into the father. At first I thought I walked into a tree since I stumbled and fell to the ground.

Thinking nothing about it, I went to get up and grabbed what I thought was the tree. And first thing that popped into my mind is that trees are not hairy. Next thing I know, I'm being picked up. And mind you I weigh 240 lbs. Right after I was put back down on my feet I apologized, saying, “I didn't see you there.” And after that I asked if he was hungry and said I have some fish cooking at the fire. And as I was walking back to camp he was following me.

Once I got back to the camp I turned to ask him how long had he been out here. And holy shit, when I turned around [there was a] 9 foot fucking tall Bigfoot. I could tell when he saw the look on my face that he thought it was funny. So trying to be calm, I still offered him some beans and rice. He came to the fire [and] smelled the food, mainly the fish. He then made like sign language. About to piss and shit myself, he walks away [and] then about 10-15 minutes later he walked back into my camp, stopped, looks at me, raised one hand out to me like, you know, when you put your hand out to try to calm someone down. And his other arm went out as If he signaled that it was ok. Next thing I know, two more come walking in being very cautious. And then I said hello and asked, “How are [you] doing?” And the father said something. It was hard to make out. I offered them to sit, then the father came and sat right next to me. Then I reached over, opened the ice chest and pulled out all the fish I had caught. I then motioned if they wanted it cooked. The father and mother motioned no and took their fish. The daughter seemed to be fascinated with what I was doing to the fish. So I ripped some of the fish off and ate it, then ripped some more off and offered it to her. She then said something, sounded like ten words all put together. Then the father nodded and made a grunting sound. Next thing I know, the daughter is reaching for my hand, smells the fish and then takes the fish and eats it. So then I start cooking one for her. Everyone ate the food, then made their own bed. The father patted me on the head. We all went to bed. The next day, I woke up they were gone but left me a bunch of berries and nuts. Ever since then I go back every year. It's pretty cool. Every year we spend a day or two together.

Ryan asks about the Shadow People.

Well, for the Shadow People, unless you learn to travel as they do, you will never be able to go where they go. Some things travel different-like. I am a Shadow Person. I use shadows. Those that can use this skill [call it]

"shadow walking". Anyone can learn it. Others use dimensional circles, but you have to have one where you want to go. Going through to the other side is pretty easy, but to travel you have to have another circle where you want to travel. Most of the old races use this for their traveling. The reason being is because while you're traveling like that you really can't be seen, and if you're seen, the people who saw you think that they just saw a ghost and that is where you get some of your ghost that people see. A Word of advice: You don't want the shadow people to teach you how to shadow walk. They demand a heavy price for that.

Ryan asks about the Indian spirit that many claim to have encountered [92] *as well as to other entities.*

The Indian you are seeing is more than likely Mr. Marcus. Do not piss him off or disrespect him in any way, shape or form. If anything, offer him tobacco or konnikanikamolin[93] as a peace offering. If he accepts the offering, he will leave you something. And where have you seen him? I've been looking for him. He has something that belongs to me.

Yes, there [are] far worse things than death. But they really can't do anything unless you let them in, especially if you get caught by one of the Dark Ones. Avoid [them] at all cost because there is nothing you can do about them. The most we were ever able to do against one of them is we trapped it at the cost of 36 people. Yes, they died so that it could trapped. When they are around there will be silence and tracks—V-shaped. It walks like a human, but bigger. If you see those, run and don't stop.

If you want to try to learn to control your gift, I suggest a 7 door Sweat Lodge. It will open your mind and purify your body. Then do one more a week later with some peyote.[94] Yea, I know you think it's a drug, but it helps to open doors so you can see more. And if you do this, remember take only ONE sip and when you feel the effects, ask the questions you want to know the answer to and your answer will come as a vision, or words or smells. But with an open mind, you'll get the answer. But remember, sometimes you won't like the answer, but you can't change what is.

Ryan asks Muldoon as to his experience with the light and aerial anomalies that are frequently observed in the area, particularly the orbs or spheres.

I'll tell you: Did you know when a Crystal skull is next to the firestone or stones that a mist comes out that you can speak to? That's what your smoke is. I know this for a fact because my tribe found one of the skulls about 20 year ago. When it was put next to the firestone there was mist or smoke, which ever [you] wish to call it. To stop the smoke, go to where it is and you'll find the skull and you should see within five feet of it there will be one or multiple spheres. Remove the sphere or spheres and keep them at least two feet from each other. Do that and the mist/smoke will stop until the sphere or spheres are brought back to it.

I've seen them, but, well, similar—not blue orbs. They're an aqua color and they're ships, or vehicles of some sort. I have been about five feet away from them. They are old. They have been around a little bit shorter than the lizard people. They live in caves.[95] If you go to one of the caves they been sighted at, go inside during the Day. Make sure you have like a hammer with you to tap the walls. You'll find one spot that doesn't sound like the rest. Examine that wall [and] you'll find a seam. It'll be hard to see, but you'll see a perfectly straight line and that's the door. You would have to open it to find them. But they are somewhat peaceful—unless they are hungry.

I was wondering [about] Skinwalker Ranch. There should be some native drawings on a rock, [actually] on about 6-9 rocks. The drawings will be of one or two men fighting a creature with a vertical drawing of a whirlpool with some dots on each line. Have you seen anything like that?

Thursday, September 5, 2013

First find a power spot (land lines). Where they meet is a called a power spot. You'll feel different there. Go to the center [and] draw a circle in the ground with your finger. Then draw arrows outside the circle pointing towards the center. Draw the arrows at north, east, south and west. After that, cut yourself. Use your blood to fill the lines you drew. The blood has to connect the circle, so make sure basically [that there are] no gaps [in] the lines. When finished, sit back and wait. Oh, shit! Almost forgot—it has to be at dusk, when the sun is almost gone. Now when he comes, he may come in wolf [or] coyote [form]. Have a clear mind and only concentrate on what you want. If [you] stay till midnight and see nothing, go home and go to sleep. If this happens, make sure you have his payment. If [you] don't have his payment, you'll have 24 hours from when you summoned him. If this

happens, get his payment or you'll be the payment. At this point, you will have headaches, a small bump on your head [and] your dreams will be of him. And only he can remove the bump and the bump cannot be removed by doctors. I don't care who [you] get as a doctor. Because if it's removed you will die. No SHIT, U WILL DIE. Normally you would have to put the Skinwalker's name in the circle, but in your case you don't know any of them, so you won't know which one comes. That will [be] dangerous for you.

Story 5: Abridged interview with Larry C., Ute tribe member

The following text comes from an interview of Larry C. and is presented in the first person. The words are Larry's and have been edited in spots to eliminate normal conversational hesitations, repetitive phrases and pauses, and to provide for continuity.

I grew up on the reservation. [Last name] means 'white belly' in the Ute language. My grandfather had a white splotch on his belly. When it came time to go to the reservation, the name stuck as our family name. Both my parents are from Utah. The family uses eagle wing and sweet grass to do blessings. The creator uses the eagle wing to transmit to those for whom he is doing something. I have a wing that is three generations old. It is very powerful, has a lot of power in it. It's used for terminal people, and those kinds of things.

That's the gift that my family has. I'm going to share with you some of the things I know about this area. It's recently called Skinwalker Ranch. Locals say it's a spot for Skinwalkers. There's a hill there we call 'Dead Man's Curve'. I think that hill there is a place of portals for other dimensions. The stories I recall come from when I was growing up in that area. I grew up in Fort Duchesne. This location is about two miles south of Fort Duchesne.

I've always heard of people talk about red balls of fire that came and chased tribal members in their cars in that area. You couldn't really control what might come from it, good or bad. It's a door to another dimension.

We've lost a lot of tribal members to accidents. There are a lot of different things that have happened there. There are a lot of spirits that are still locked in there. There is a lot of energy that has caused accidents there,

car accidents, and we have lost a lot of tribal members there.

The most significant sighting of things that have come through that portal is a big ship that has flown over the small communities down there. It's bigger than the homes. It's a pretty significant size—mammoth. It has a lot of lights.

Historically our people have always just accepted those things as part of our universe and we've lived pretty much in harmony with anything that has come through there. Some of the negative stuff scares our people because we don't know what it is. You see it on the native writing, the petroglyphs, you see some images. I think [they are] visitors that came before us.

At this point, Larry C. pauses trying to come up with the Ute name for the Skinwalkers. He can't recall the Ute name for it. He says instead that the Skinwalker is Navajo people.

Even they (the Navajo) tell you there are things that go on down there (Arizona—location of Navajo Reservation). My mother said there are people that have used the dark side to acquire what they want, love or money, whatever. Nowadays, we call them a cult, or something like that. My grandfather says he met a Navajo girl at a boarding school—really pretty. School was out (for the summer) and of course they went home. One night there was a knock at his door and it was the girl. He asked her how she got there and then they went out for a walk to talk. It got dark and she said, "Well, I have to go now." He asked her how she was going to get home, and she was non-committal, telling him not to worry. But she said she'd be back to see him, and she did. This went on for a number of nights. His parents finally asked, who is that girl? (Larry C. infers—he gets sidetracked—that she was actually a spirit of some sort that was looking for companionship.)

I want to set the story straight about Skinwalkers or were-wolves and the portals, whatever is coming through there. I'm a pipe carrier. It is the tool of the creator. If someone comes to me with a problem, I will go with my pipe and smoke and then use the ash to smudge the house or the people. And that's as good as it gets. You can't control it. And when you can't control it, that's when they'll hurt you.

I smoke as many as four bowls [of the sweet grass[96]] and it raises my [consciousness] to a higher level to where I can communicate with these extraterrestrials—these other beings. These portals have been there for ages. My whole life has been like that with spiritual things. Negative things know there's no chance [with me]. It's a waste of time. When I go out to help

people, I know I have to face that other side and I am not afraid. But those other things, they know what will scare you and will come in those alternate forms.

My partner is here with me in this house, she passed away in November.

The interviewer claims to have felt her hand upon him during the interview. She touched him. He then asks if Larry had himself witnessed anything with his own eyes.

After the last football game of the year, we went out to Dead Horse National monument, near Moab. There were about 10 guys from the football team and we drove back deep into the park and were drinking beers following a football game (1969—he was a senior in high school). We were sitting out on the Volkswagen bug and sipping suds. Suddenly a transparent bubble came over the hills and it was blue, green and red with lights around the middle. You had to really stare at it to be sure you were seeing something. When it moved, the lights moved. It was like Alien, the Predator[97], making itself invisible. We all saw it, looked at each other, dumped our beers and got out of there. It followed us as if to see where we were going, and then right at the main road it just suddenly shot up straight in the air and that was it.

The interviewer prompted him for more information about Dead Man's Curve.

Some people may have seen things that causes an accident. For example at Dead Man's Curve, when it's wet or slippery. Or the accident has happened because of something. And those people who have been chased by things.

Larry C. offers an additional recollection from his childhood days.

Down by the river in Fort Duchesne, our grandparents, when we were in junior high, we were told not to go down there, that there are spirits. One night we made some torches and went down by a foot bridge that went across the river. All the old Utes used to live down there along the river. We started down a hill towards the foot bridge, and as we got closer, maybe a hundred yards, this light comes. It was about the height of a person. It's not like a light bulb—it's hard to explain. It wasn't bright, but almost like a [kerosene lamp]—a sort of circular light and this thing starts coming towards us. We all looked at each other, and this thing is coming. We jumped off the path we were on and it just went by us and up the road—as if we weren't even there. We ran home and told our parents, and they said, "See. We told

you don’t go down there. There’s good and bad stuff down there.”

We always grew up with things. It’s like you and I here talking. I have things that tell me this is going to happen. I don’t like it. But it’s all just part of this gift. I don’t want to know. I don’t. But that’s what you said you would do.

Story 6: Colm Kelleher incident report

Dr. Kelleher at the time was staying at the ranch and was on patrol, both keeping an eye out for trespassers and possible anomalies. He was accompanied by three other individuals. While out on the property, they encounter an unidentified creature that seems undisturbed by their presence and ultimately disappears without explanation.

On the night of 090803, at approximately 21.45, Robert Bigelow, Colm Kelleher, Jean Dietz and JW left the double wide trailer in order to patrol on the path leading to the west end of the ranch. RTB, CK, [and] JW carried a set of Gen III NVG (night vision goggles) and assorted cameras. CK carried a Thermal Eye X200 XP thermal imager. Security officers Hobby Horse and Tripod were stationed with dogs on top of the mesa and at the East gate respectively.

All four people arrived down at the small pasture containing the second homestead and both CK and JW entered the pasture to check activity near the homestead. Both were stationed about sixty feet from the homestead and scanning the area with NVGs. Both noticed a large, approximately 40-50 pounds, animal that was moving slowly, almost casually in a northerly direction. RTB and JD were stationed on the path and the large animal was moving slowly in their direction.

Through the NVGs the animal was watched separately by JW and CK and to both observers it appeared to ignore both people as it walked slowly and casually to within 100 feet of both observers. The animal appeared hunched to CK and appeared to have a large amorphous tail, not unlike a beaver tail, although the NVG resolution was insufficient to define it.

The animal passed out of view behind the old homestead still going north, and almost immediately, Bella the dog followed it. Bella then reappeared around the house apparently not having encountered the animal.

This fact was puzzling since Bella should have encountered the large animal. Both CK and JW then walked after the animal and searched the tree line carefully, but the animal was not found. The lack of sound of the animal, the casual demeanor, the fact that the animal ignored two noisy observers within 100 ft., Bella's failure to encounter the animal, the failure of both observers to find the animal within a couple of minutes of its disappearance, all combined were judged to be anomalous.

No further anomalous events were encountered that night.

Chapter 5: Texas Hot Spot

Slim’s story takes place in Texas in an area just north of the Alabama-Coushatta Indian Reservation and not too far west of the Louisiana State line. Houston is to the south. The actual airfield is located in Tyler County, and according to local records, on a piece of property that once belonged to the Native Americans there on the Reservation, but that was given to the municipality due to the belief that the land was inhabited by some unidentified evil. The runway, estimated at 4000’ in length, is located just to the north of the main highway and runs north to south. Slim’s work place is to the west of the runway. The land surrounding the entire airfield is covered by extensive tracts of trees and brush in all directions.

Slim’s story involves multiple paranormal events, including aerial anomalies, unexplained encounters with paranormal and alien entities, attacks upon his person, episodes of sensory deprivation or hyper-sensitivity, illness and unexplained disruptions to the physical environment. The story was shared with Ryan over a number of days through email and text.

CORRESPONDENCE 1
Ryan,

I just remembered something else that would occur to everyone.[98] We would experience an extremely high pitched sound that "felt" like it was in our heads, if I'm making sense. It didn't appear to be an external thing. It couldn't be caught on a digital recorder, and at times it could be loud enough to stop a person from performing normal activities. I spent several nights at a local motel to see if I would be afflicted by the same thing in another location, but I wasn't. Also, for a month or so, the sound of a large fly or wasp-type of buzz would always pass by my left ear. Again it was a loud BZZZZZZ, with its tone oscillating up and down slightly. It occurred to me, my wife, and an employee, but only for about a month. We never heard it again.

When we would work on a part late at night, and with the airport being wide open, there was always at least a 5 or 10 knot wind blowing. Well, I realize there's a phenomenon where its sounds like muffled voices in the wind, but this was definitely not that. The voices at times could be

understood, but just pieces—words here and there. It lasted for a year I guess. But I don't remember it having happened the last year or two I was out there. Again, as I go over my notes, I'll write them up. So much happened out there, and I was also damned and determined to not let these things run me off my own property. But it accomplished that in the end anyway. It seemed like if it couldn't get you one way, it would sneak up on you and back door you, so to speak. Very, very clever. At times it almost seemed some of these things had a twisted sense of humor.

These voices we heard sounded like a crowd of people, all murmuring at once. I don't recall the exact words, but I do remember we once in a while could make out a word or two. I think you're absolutely right about this being a multi-dimensional thing. I have some really great shots of what look like a 50 to 75 foot long oblong craft, one with a windscreen, open on top, and the other with a full bubble canopy, zipping down Highway 190 heading east. It was if they were phasing in and out of our reality. If that makes sense. I wondered if what I had seen was a glimpse into the future. I mean, when I leave from home, I drive on a highway that was once an old wagon trail, and now is a modern 2-lane well-maintained asphalt highway. Could that be the case with these sightings? In the distant future could some form of mag-lift type of vehicle be the norm, zipping down an interstate highway that was once a wagon trail, then a 100 years later an asphalt covered roadway with fossil fuel burning vehicles rolling down it?

It sure appeared to be the case. The vehicle that had the open top, I could clearly see two humanoid figures sitting in it. I couldn't discern whether they were human, but I would bet money they were. As for the runway lights, I should have two complete lights by this upcoming Sunday.[99] I specified they are to be un-plugged and not to open them in anyway. I'll package them carefully and ship them to wherever you want. I gave him instructions on which two lights to get, as they were very active the last time I saw them moving about. I've taken a couple and visually inspected them, only to not find anything out of the ordinary—but you may have a better method of testing them. I wasn't equipped to really give them a going over. I did have an old Geiger counter, it was one of those types that came from a Civil Defense Shelter. I would routinely get readings that were extremely high, not just simple background radiation, but readings of a 100 GPM and at times, nearly twice that.

Now the counter wasn't calibrated, at least not in the last 40 years,

but I would zero it out, checked the batteries, and yet was still shocked at some of the readings. Inside the building and away from the runway, counts would be half as much. But at times on the runway, it got pretty dam hot. I never noticed any side effects, at least none I could tell. But then again, I'm no doctor, and it was sometimes hard to believe what I was seeing. One of the old Quonset hut hangers was owned by an 85 year-old man who kept his ER-coupe in it. And I do remember a lot of concern with the numbers from him, as in his younger days he was stationed at White Sands Missile range in the 50s. He had witnessed, so he said, several atomic explosions while in the Army. Now I wish I had come across this Skinwalker ranch story and had made contact with you while I was out there and these things were happening. But as it turned out I had nobody to discuss these things with as they occurred. I don't think anyone could have done a damn thing to stop it anyway. I was doomed from day one [with] this.

CORRESPONDENCE 2
Ryan,

I haven't set foot on that airport in nearly a year. Just the pure evil alone out [there] had a hand in creating for me several illnesses, [including] high blood pressure [and] one count of Atrial fibrillation—I was [air-lifted] from that airport to a hospital in Houston. It was responsible for causing me to become diabetic, to suffer kidney failure, and a few other minor illnesses. Now a year later, all of my health issues are gone. [Of course], it took the help of a Priest and moving nearly a 100 miles away from the place.

When I said the Devil lives at the Tyler County Airport, Dude, I was serious. You have just heard the tip of this iceberg. I had a dozen or so "still" pics, framed nicely, of Naval Ships, US destroyers, guided missile frigates, etc., [all] on the wall behind my desk at the airport. I had taken a photograph of an aircraft part lying on my desk, and had captured these ship photos in the background. I downloaded the pics onto my desktop with intentions of attaching them to an email, and then sending it on to a customer. As a secretary I had employed at the time and I were looking to see which pic of this small aircraft part that would be best to send, the still pics of the naval ships before our very eyes became "animated", and clearly shown were separate couples having sex in each photograph! The still pics had become animated! I was so shocked I couldn't speak, as was this secretary. Still photos becoming animated were a common occurrence out there, and usually

every time it depicted a sexual scene.

Would contact with you be easier by simply using each other's email? I know it would be for me. Here's mine. It's a company email: [deleted]@sbcglobal.net. Again, I have nearly 4 years of events that occurred nightly. There was even an incident one night where this small being was shot and killed. I have pics of that also somewhere around here. That actually occurred in front of 6 people while we were working an overtime job that had been trucked in from San Francisco. The body of this thing was kept for nearly a year in a chest freezer where we stored structural adhesive. It was confiscated by members of the ATFE, FBI, TSA, and the FAA was there. This whole story is very long and complex. Several people had to undergo exorcisms. It was a fucked up mess out there. I'm just touching on parts here and there of some events which were tremendous in nature. This story has really never gotten out. I've already told you more than what I probably should have. But there was a concerted effort by Law Enforcement, both local and federal, to cover this debacle up. I no longer am in that community, nor do I have any federal ties which they can use to shut my mouth with. Fuck'em! Again, if you'd rather use our emails, I know I would feel more comfortable doing that rather than spilling my guts on this forum.

Couldn't sleep as thinking about this has kept me up. But there was a month or so where we were photographing and had nearly captured these two different types of bizarre insects. One looked like a giant "moth". We would only see it at night, and I first noticed it on the security cameras I had installed around the main hanger, and an outlying above-ground electrical control box. These Moths had a wingspan of at least 18 to 24" wide. That was just an educated guess, as again I never could get close enough to catch one.

The other bizarre insect thing was [a] lightly built, very fragile looking creature, that's body was almost "Leafy" in texture, and it formed a complete 360 degree circle, with a set of very small, ineffective looking wispy type of wings located at around its 12 o'clock position of its body. Several of us one night, while out in front of the hanger, ramp lights on and illuminating everything really well, got within a few feet of it, but as we closed the distance, and we were at [a] fast jog trying to catch these things, it would simply climb and outrun us. This thing acted not like an insect. It had awareness of anything around itself, if I am making sense here. It's hard to explain. These weren't just dumb insects; they had an intelligence about them.

I know this shit sounds insane, but I swear these events occurred.

To be honest with you I wish I hadn't seen any of it, as this was a waking nightmare. It destroyed my marriage, destroyed my health, and eventually put me out of business after having been there for well over a decade. I'm still not completely "right". I was affected deeply by this stuff.

CORRESPONDENCE 3

Ryan,

I apologize for skipping around time-wise with these events. I made fairly detailed notes, keeping a log best I could of daily happenings from start to nearly finish. I'm also putting it together chronologically, along with supporting video and pics of each event. Now I have a list of witnesses I can provide you also. Some may choose to talk, some may not, not sure. You know when this first kicked off, most of what occurred was tame compared to how it ended. Month by month, it ratcheted up in both amount of events and the "Shit in your Pants" factor.

One event comes to mind: I had employed a woman that came to the office which was attached to the back of the main hanger, and she cleaned the offices and restrooms. Well, one Thursday evening she had wrapped up her work, and walked out the front of the hanger where I had set up a pair of Celestron Binoculars and was intently watching these glowing orbs high overhead in the evening sky. She asked to see what it was I was looking at, so I let her take a peek. She wasn't impressed, and by the time she looked up, I had one those Infamous "green" laser pointers that the FAA now put people in prison over, and I was tormenting this orb with it. The pointer I had purchased off Ebay, and its advertised output was 100 mw. Powerful enough that with fresh batteries I could burn a hole thru dark colored note book paper. And it was, for lack of a better word, really pissing this orb off. So as we both stood there watching this orb zigzag back and forth, trying to dodge the beam from this laser, it stopped all of a sudden, and the cleaning woman and me at the same time were hit at first [by] what felt like hot water being thrown on our heads, followed by the most intense headache either of us had ever felt. Within a few seconds of that, blood poured from our noses and ears. Of course, by this point I had stopped with the laser thing and we both staggered as quickly as we could back into the hanger for what I thought would give us relief. It didn't, and only until we had reached our vehicles, and drove wildly away, losing ourselves in traffic on Hwy. 190 and then into

town, did it stop.

She never came back, as the event traumatized her. Of course I had to, being the shop owner. But I learned a valuable lesson that day as up to that point things of course were occurring, but nothing as serious as this had ever happened. I believe had it wanted to, it could have easily killed the both of us on the spot. Later, a year or so, did I also find out that the ghostly apparitions could wear one down and slowly take control of its victim's thoughts and actions. With each encounter it, they, began to "wear-down" the victim's spiritual resistance. I also noticed that employees with the least intelligence were the first to fall victim to this type of attack. A common thread in everyone was thoughts of suicide, but that was only in the last year, year and a half of being out there. I know this may sound hokey, but when this all started, I was about as religious as a hog. But with each passing event, I could see a decided "demonic" influence to all of it, including the UFO encounters. And as such, I was pushed farther and farther into the belief that maybe there really is a supreme being. If there was a "YANG", so to speak, then there must exist a "YING". Sounds goofy I guess putting it that way. But I gotta call it the way I saw it.

Now, after a year away from that awful place, I pray every night, try my very best to treat everyone with kindness and compassion, living life the way it says to in scripture. Big change for me. Anyway, I'll keep it coming, doing the best I possibly can to tell these happenings as accurately as I can. Again, I can back this all up with other eye witnesses, although most of them I've not spoken too since the un-timely closing of my business out at the Airport. I'm sure most of them ponder why this occurred to us, and why at some tiny, little County airport. Oh well. Guess we'll never know.

CORRESPONDENCE 4

Ryan,

Now this next event started happening from day one, and from what I understand from a friend there, it's still occurring at night to this very day. I'll start first by giving an explanation of how the runway is [laid] out. First of all, the land the airport sits on was cleared of timber in 1958-59. Construction began in 1960, and was completed sometimes in December of '60. It was initiated because a man from the local area became the Texas Governor—Allan Shivers. Of course, that's a quirk, I think, [which has] been afforded to every Texas Governor for the last 60 years. The runway is 4000' long, and is

roughly 60' in width. It easily handles aircraft with a total gross weight of 12,500 lbs., but no more, as that's its max capacity. The area where the runway sits was built up some 30 feet in height compared to the rest of the terrain, using rock hauled in from West Texas.

Now I personally noticed that the rock used [for] the underlying foundation contained what appeared to me as quartz. But I'm no geologist, so I can't be sure. Now the runway is lighted along both sides, and the ends are marked with a displaced threshold on the northern end. Bear with me as the runway construction I believe had a lot to do with these events. Anyway, power in the way of 3-phase, 277 volts AC runs from a main line and terminates in a pilot/radio controlled switch box. From there, the 277 runs out and parallel down the entire length of the runway, both sides, and of course the ends. There is a white runway edge marker light down both sides, equally spaced at 100 foot intervals. Each light has a concrete pad, [approximately] 24" by 24" by 12" deep. There's also an access panel cemented in it, allowing maintenance [performance] on each light's transformer. As each light has 277 VAC ran to it, a transformer drops it down to 22 Volts. Now I can't recall seeing a rectifier that would change AC to DC coming out of the transformer but as most runway lights are DC, I would think that these aren't any different. I once checked it with my Fluke meter, but I do not recall as to whether it was AC or DC. The bulbs that are used have a maximum output of 22 volts and a minimum of 19 volts. This allows the intensity to be changed from low, medium and to high. Their listed wattage is 40 watts. Along each side of the runway is 40 lights, a total of 80 runway edge lights, white or clear in color. Now on each end, as you approach the end of the runway, the edge is marked using red lights. The same voltage and set up is also used for them. I guess off the top of my head, there's probably another 50 light fixtures total for both ends. So together, there's roughly 130 runway lights, not including the airport rotating beacon and runway identifier sign denoting the runway's compass heading, which is 340 north and 160 south. Our winds here are predominantly out of the south due to our close proximity to the Gulf of Mexico (120 miles).

Now when this entire thing began, I caught a lot of images of strange blurry creatures. Later on as my skills at taking photographs became better, I was catching things that the naked eye could not see, yet the digital camera picked up clear as day. Well, that was the case for what I experienced late one night. I had ventured out onto the runway, and was snapping some pics

of a suspect light hanging low over Woodville (6 miles away) when by shear accident I snapped a couple pics straight down the runway. The runway lights were on, low intensity, but it still illuminated the runway fairly well. I didn't notice anything unusual until I downloaded the camera onto my desktop computer an hour later. Well going thru the pics one by one, I was struck by half a dozen pics that clearly showed two humanoid looking figures bent over working on one of the runway edge lights. I think at the time "humanoid" wasn't a word I used ever, as I think I thought, "Hey, there's a couple of dudes messing with one of the lights!"

So I grabbed a flashlight and hopped into my pick-up, as it was several thousand feet from my hanger to the runway centerline, and I also thought it would afford me protection had it been thieves. Well, I got out to [the] runway and drove towards the north end, and then back to the southern end, and never saw a living soul, nothing, all clear. None of the lights were missing, so I thought, well, maybe I caught [them] off guard, and they both fled.

After catching these "things" evidently modifying the runway edge lights, we didn't immediately notice anything strange. It was several months after that when we were experiencing what turned out to be the first of two separate and distinct "waves" of UFO activity. The first "wave" of these things came over in what looked like to me three separate and distinct altitudes. The first or lowest level maintained positions near ground level sometimes operating as high as 10,000 feet, but usually much lower. It was during this first event that I made a very detrimental mistake. [One] of these egg-shaped, covered-in-light crafts came over the airport late one night, and I'm not sure if my attempts at catching its attention stopped it, or it just decided that hovering over a little county airport might be a good thing. So I called the police, as this object was no more than 150' above the geographical center of the airport. I realized my mistake after they arrived, and although they (3 cars, 3 deputies) witnessed this thing slowly move about over us, they were trying out loud to assign an explanation to each one. Finally, to my dismay, they decided as what we were seeing was a Stealth bomber or fighter hovering soundlessly above us, and satisfied in their little minds, left.

That phone call proved to eventually be a mistake. I should have known better than to call those knuckle draggers. I'll never ever call the police about something like this again, ever. These craft appeared to be taking biological samples from open fields, wooded areas, everywhere. I even had a

sister-in-law who witnessed one of these things, nose down, looking as if it was pecking the ground. We also witnessed similar actions.

Now the second level of these craft were radically different from the first. They were built differently and had a more mechanical look to them. I never a got a really good look at these, at least not up close. The third level of these things also were identical to the [second]. I swear these craft would communicate through the use of multiple colored light which appeared to be emitting from the forward section of its hull.

You know, I'm probably wrong, but they maintained line of sight. Meaning, I don't believe they could speak craft to craft like we would using a radio. What I witnessed multiple times was one craft doing what appeared to be relaying communication from a craft at a lower altitude, to one above it. Weird, huh? Also, after that first sighting, these things would come in nightly, hover at different points above the runway, and as they did, the light being emitted from each runway edge marker would elongate and bend, pointing to the craft's location above the runway. I likened it to a possible refueling stop. That may very well have been why these things had modified the lights. This activity went on for several months, and it did draw the attention of a few, but not very many people.

I never could fathom people’s reactions to seeing one of these things. It was like a mental defensive block or something. People for the most part absolutely where frightened to death. So they ignored it totally. Across hwy. 190 from the airport was a ball park. Every weekend during the summer months, the locals gathered by the hundreds, and their children engaged each other in ballgames. I witnessed an object, a disc, glowing so brightly that its output exceeded the illumination emitted from the lights of the park, and yet the game went forward, never once stopping. Oh, there were a few individuals I could see looking up at in wonder, yet the bulk of the people there , after seeing this disc hover over the field for nearly 20 minutes, only looked once, then ignored it completely and It finally departed the area, disappearing slowly over the tree line. I can’t explain reactions like that, can you?

I wondered was it spraying those zombies with pixie dust or what? This entire series of events were so utterly fantastic and out of this world, yet it was treated by denial and simply ignored. Why? I could imagine the crew of these vessels, laughing and rolling on their cabin floors looking down at a race so filled with superstitions and just plain old ignorance, laughing about

how the human race was invaded, and because of fear and refusal to acknowledge the event, these beings simply walked right in un-opposed. That realization also changed me forever, as I knew right then that the human race is in no means ready mentally to accept what was evidently and without a shadow of doubt, the fact that we are not alone. Funny, I remember when I was child my Mother telling us that monsters weren't real nor did they exist, so go to sleep. Momma lied.

CORRESPONDENCE 5

Ryan,

I have a couple of the lights here. I can’t discern anything out of the ordinary. These lights are equipped with a break-away base. The base is then screwed into a metal fixture which is embedded in the concrete. One of these lights I caught on video one night detaching itself and running down the runway a 100', then returning and doing what looked like somersaults in the air. Now when I told that story to my mother and step-father, they did not believe me. I mean, how the Hell could a metal light break loose from its mount, which is concrete, and then move about staying lit the entire time? Well, finally after a few months, the last few months I was there, my mother had decided to check on me, as by this time I was suffering from extremely high blood pressure, had already had an Atrial Fibrillation event requiring [an airlift] to Houston where I stayed in a cardiac unit for week, had my appendix and gall bladder removed, and had become severely diabetic. I also had by this time sold my equipment, surrendered my repair station certificate back to the F.A.A., and had no employees. I was just too damned sick to work anymore.

Well, as she turned onto airport road, she got to witness a light doing what they did every night, turn somersaults in the air and running around the runway. I was finally vindicated, at least in her eyes. There were others who had also seen these event on separate occasions. One evening, I had a mechanic working late with me. We had the hanger doors opened and as we were shooting rivets into a wing we were repairing, [he] looked at me in amazement, and said, "That runway light is moving!" Yep, welcome to my world, buddy! Well, now, being totally away from that place for over a year, I no longer suffer from diabetes, no special diet, and [my] glucose levels stay under a 100, whether I eat a bowl of fruit or an entire chocolate cake. My blood pressure is always 120/72—no more BP meds. That crippling stomach

pain is gone, and I pass a stress test and have a normal ECG, every time.

I'm sure the two surgeries were for naught. I truly believe these things were doing all the above to me. Also towards the end, last year there, I would try and leave the place only to become violently ill, throwing up, and having to return back where upon all the symptoms would stop. I don't know why this had happened. Again, I guess I never will. I tried to document most of it the best I could with notes taken in a binder. I didn't get it all, but most of it. The public's apathy when these things were thrust directly into their faces still to this day amazes and appalls me. There's a name for it. I can't recall what the medical term is, but it is a common thing most have when faced with such overwhelming events. I would question those who would see and acknowledge these events as I am sure there's a common thread between those who see these things and [those] who state they saw nothing. If I had the resources, I am sure that common link between us could be found. Those who see nothing I believe really can't see it. Oh, well.

CORRESPONDENCE 6

Ryan,

I've been thinking of a good analogy to use to describe this next event. It dawned on me today while I was replacing some window screen. Imagine taking a piece of black colored window screen and cutting a solid figure "8" or a kidney bean shape out it. Except instead of it being 20" long, it was 50-75' feet long. And then imagine it zipping around the sky at incredible speeds, stopping occasionally to hover over anyone outside. That's what we encountered nearly four or five times a week. It wasn't easy to catch sight of, but once everyone knew what to look for, then it became easier to spot. It appeared to be a craft cloaked. It never landed, nor did it cause any harm. It just seemed to be curious about any goings on at the airport. I'm short on time tonight, but the next sighting will blow you away as it did us, probably frightened and angered us more than anything. Talk to you tomorrow!

CORRESPONDENCE 7

Ryan,

After a year or so, I must admit that all things happening there drew 100% of my attention. To the point I let some aspects in my life suffer because of it. But when things like this are occurring daily/nightly, it's virtually impossible to carry on and ignore it. I guess I spent a small fortune

on surveillance cameras during this period. Some of the best ones were night vision capable, all-weather camera sets I bought from "Harbor Freight", believe it or not. They ran around 40.00 bucks each, but had superb day and night vision, perfect clarity, and the price was right. Anyway, it was about mid- summer in 2011 when I began catching images on six different wild life cameras I had purchased at a local Wal-Mart. Although more costly per unit, I thought placing them in a few areas where there didn't appear to be much activity I might catch something unusual. I would check them every couple of days, and I began getting pics of what looked like a humanoid figure walking past them during the daylight hours, and you could clearly make out by the shimmering silver outline that it looked like a "man". I would catch this image on every camera, and finally one day while I had taken a lunch break and was sitting in my office eating, casually watching the monitor, one of my employees wives came barreling into the parking lot at a higher than usual speed, and bingo! There [was] this image of what looked like a man wearing a pair of jogging shorts and a Tee-shirt with the A&M logo on the front. Although he was shimmering on and off in the silver color I had mentioned earlier, I could plainly see the logo, and when he dodged this guy's wife's mini-van, he stood out like a sore thumb as he moved and changed angles towards the camera. I was shocked! Could someone who has invisibility technology actually be watching the place? Of course, and sounding like a conspiracy nut, but could it be someone with the government?

We saw him a half a dozen more times, sometimes not as clear as that first sighting, then sometimes much more clearer. I swear it was a man cloaked in some manner. Every time I caught a glimpse of him, I was more convinced that's exactly what it was. I guess like some of the other events, I'll never know. I have to read over my notes and must see if my desktop is repaired as it holds a goodly amount of photos that I want to send you. Also, there's an exterior hard drive packed away somewhere I must find, as I think it does also. There's a lot more incidents, some small and some of them very large that I want to share. It was 3 years-worth of something new every day. I could have written a book about it. Anyway, I would be curious to see how closely these entities compare to the ones at the Skinwalker ranch. I understand that there was a book written about them; haven't gotten one, but I would be willing to bet that a lot of the smaller sightings also occurred there too.

I'm not convinced 100% whether this was all alien, or a mixture of

the paranormal, sort of a portal being used by many, many entities. It’s a dimensional thing I guess. Makes one wonder whether or not some of the disc and other oddly shaped craft are simply vehicles which carry these beings from one dimension into another, not intergalactic spacecraft.

CORRESPONDENCE 8
Ryan,

You ask if there were ever any sightings of a wolf-man like creature. Only once. I caught what appeared to be a wolf-man hybrid-looking creature loping across the open field between my place and the runway. It was the only time such a thing was seen in the entire 3 years of strange occurrences. And voices? Yep! Dis-embodied voices, especially at night, were very common, and would make your skin crawl, so weird they were. I never could discern whether they were speaking English or another language. There was a sighting many times of what appeared to be a couple of primates in the tree line across the runway. They appeared to be monkeys. There was another instance of what looked like a sort of kangaroo-man mix running around the place also. We attempted more times than I can remember to communicate with the craft in the sky, and on several occasions got some limited responses. One night a disc shaped object about 25' foot in diameter [was] hovering over the top of 3 of us, and the tallest of the three, a guy named Chuck P., [reached] up standing on the tips of his toes and actually [dragged] his fingertips across the bottom of this craft. It instantly got a response out [of] it as a light mist was sprayed upon us, and I immediately ran to the building, stripping my clothing off as I ran, hitting a shower and hopefully getting whatever the liquid was off me before it had a chance to soak in. I might [be able to] get a couple of lights for you. I’ll speak with a friend of mine and see if he would grab a couple. I could box them up and send them to you for analysis. I'll let you know on that.

My now ex-wife also has suffered crippling depression, and I too battle with it daily. I was never like this, ever. Always upbeat and with a can-do attitude. Now, no—stray thoughts of suicide at least once a day. The sad part about this is there's no one I can really open up to, meaning any Health Care worker. I doubt they would even be able to help, so bizarre this has been. You ask what their motivation was for doing what they did to us, with regards to nose and bleeding from the ears. [I’m convinced it was in response to] the red and sometimes the up to a 200 mw green laser pointer. They did

not like it. I thought eventually I could get them to descend and force a meeting. But as always we [and I] were treated like one would treat a bed of ants. It was almost contemptuous in their actions towards us. Like a mechanic I had employed there, like he put it, we were treated like shit under their feet. I had been given mirrored glass that measured 24" by 36" by a 1/4" thick. So I constructed a frame out of 1"x1"x1/8" thick steel angle, and mounted these glass panels with the mirrored side outward, ending up with a box including a hinged mirrored door that was roughly 6 foot tall, by 4' by 4', so that in the event it occurred again a place of refuge could be had. It worked. By the time I reached it, the pain was almost unbearable, but upon getting inside of the box, it was as if a faucet had been turned off, the pain instantly dissipated. I was correct in thinking the energy being targeted on me would be reflected away.

We were hit late one night simply sitting on the couch watching TV, [and] for no apparent reason. It really could have killed us if they had wished to do so. I am curious, how long did your friend suffer from depression after that orb passed thru him?

CORRESPONDENCE 9

Ryan,

I'm curious, were there a lot of beings/creatures/UFOs not able to be seen with naked eye in Utah? We experienced a lot of things that were only captured with a digital camera and also only able to be viewed on the LCD screen of our cameras. The apartment attached to the north side of the hanger was filled with bizarre creatures at times. We always had orbs, streaks of white light, shadow people, and other oddities, some capable of being seen with the naked eye, while others were not, only able to be viewed after capturing on digital camera.

I guess it was a full year into these events that I brought a catholic Priest in out of desperation, and he blessed each room, whereupon every door or window opening was placed a small crucifix, also having been blessed. He did that to every room, working his way out into the middle shop, and then main hanger, and out the back door facing the parking area. The activity inside completely stopped including all orb incursions. For a while, a year I guess, it gave us a safe area in which we could finally sleep. However, any irritation I gave to the craft in the night skies, I would still be hit with whatever it was they were using on us. So, that part didn't stop. I mean this

whole thing had both spiritual and alien mix in it. What spurred me to finally try having the place blessed is waking myself howling like a wolf. And I mean it sounded just like a wolf's howl. I freaked pretty bad about that, as it occurred twice.

Chapter 6: Anonymous Narratives and Recollections

The following stories were submitted to Ryan via email or social media sources. They are brief experiences and encounters that took place in and around the ranch in Utah or in the Four Corners vicinity. That they were submitted anonymously does not detract from the validity of the stories. Furthermore, the simplicity of the narration and the general vagueness of detail supports the integrity of the sightings, in as much as none of the descriptions are embellished or otherwise "over-the-top".

As per the text and content of each story, there has been some editing for the purpose of flow and to facilitate reading. They are otherwise as received and faithful to the tone of the story teller.

Story 1: Anonymous contributor, various sightings and the Little People

This first story seems to describe with some variation the Little People that are referenced in the BAASS Briefing document. There is a similarity to the length of the arms and an indication that they live beneath the ground.

I wish I had video or recordings or something to offer in the way of evidence but even then...it's so hard to know what is real or what has been completely hoaxed out of its gourd, you know. Here are my facts:

1. I have lived in the Basin since 1984 with a few years here and there and everywhere in-between.
2. I have seen some awesome UFOs as close as my backyard.
3. I have heard other local tales of UFOs and otherworldly creatures.
4. My mom had a UFO follow her and her friend down

Diamond Mt. in 1988.

5. My son saw a blue-eyed alien on our property which turned into a blue orb and flew away.

We live on the outskirts of town in the woods. After [his] experience, my son has heard stories of these creatures from various people. One person said they saw a bunch of them burrow into the ground! I don't know if their stories are real but I believe my son. He was truly freaked out when he came in the house that night. He said it was small with gnarled looking arms and dark, except for its eyes, and that he couldn't move until it flew away. Later that night, I woke up and heard these distinct sharp clicking sounds outside my window. There were two different whatever was doing this, as if they were in conversation with each other like binary code or something? IDK... I was frozen in my bed and didn't want to see what it was!

Story 2: Unidentified lights in the sky above Skinwalker Ranch

This particular narrative describes an aerial anomaly and in particular an unidentified flying object. The individual witnessing the event claims both he and his son experienced physical symptoms related to the encounter.

Incident time: From approximately 2300-0008
Distance: Roughly 20 miles
Date: 9/01/13-9/02/13

Description: Hopefully someone is out there watching this that has some images, because I have nothing powerful enough to view at this distance.

I'm on a visit to my father’s house which is in Lapoint. At around 2330, my son had a severe nose bleed, and at that same moment I began to feel really tired like something was dragging me under. I went outside to look around, and as I was listening for nocturnal animals, I noticed that there were no crickets to the southwest of my position. When I looked to the south west I witnessed three lights in a triangle shape that I had not seen the previous two nights I've been here. The bottom light sat right on the horizon, so it may

have been a tower or aerial light of some kind.

I grabbed a spotting scope my dad had and setup to observe the object, but I couldn't get a clear enough shot at it to really define shape; however, one of the lights appeared to be an array of 4 lights side by side. The object did not move in the slightest, but there were smaller lights that were visible. At the time that I am making this post it is still there.

My best estimate from this distance is that the object, if a singular object, is approximately 2 miles in diameter. If they are a fleet of smaller ships, there could be 4-8 of them in a tight formation.

While it's hard to tell from my current position, the object looks to be directly above Skinwalker, but it may also be above Bottle Hollow, or the surrounding area. I hope someone is watching the site at the time I'm seeing this to corroborate the story.

Story 3: Anonymous contributor, red creature in the road

Although this narrative is not set in Utah, it did occur within the Four Corners and is consistent with similar Skinwalker or Little People sightings common to the area.

Back in the late 80's, my friend and I were driving from Massachusetts out to Cali. I think we were in Arizona. It was day time and I cannot remember the highway which was not very busy. I could see in the distance of the highway a little red figure darting back and forth on the highway never leaving the road and we never caught up to it. It always stayed in the distance. I looked at my friend and asked if she saw it and she did. At that time I called it Yosemite Sam because of his red beard. It was that color and ran like he did in the cartoon...funny. I'm wondering if anyone has seen this phenomena and has an explanation for it. Again, I think it may have been Arizona or a state around that.

My story may not have been too clear on the description. It was all red totally—not a stark red, [but] a lighter orange/red. It didn't really have any features. But if you take Yosemite Sam and color him an orange/red and hold your arm out like he did, [as if] carrying something—that’s what it looked like. Tiny too…not the size of a person, although the distance had to

be 200 yards or so. At the time I thought it was just some weird thing the road does when it's hot out like the gases you see. I never [have] seen this anywhere else though. It just went back and forth, back and forth. Funny.

Story 4: Anonymous contributor, wolf-like creature in the kitchen

This narrative was submitted by a resident of Salt Lake City, Utah, which is located north-west of both Roosevelt and Fort Duchesne. The witness describes seeing various aerial anomalies performing different maneuvers, experiencing paranormal activity within his house, and encountering a creature that fits the description of a Skinwalker.

New to the site, hello all. I am a fairly down to earth and try to put a positive face on things. I always try to find a logical and rational reason for everything.

I live outside Salt Lake City, Utah. A friend showed me this [site] after visiting the famous ranch several times, and I became interested and started to read about the ranch. Strange things have been happening since then.

I have seen a bright light above the hills behind my house. After watching it move only so slightly for about a half hour, I decided to test it. I know this is going to sound weird, but I thought to it, "Hello! Show me something impressive—do a figure 8 for me". Now like I said, I try to be rational and see things the way they are (and I know talking in thoughts to a bright light isn't the most rational thing I've ever done), and the light literally started making a figure 8. I told it to stop, it would stop. I think it to go left [and] it starts drifting left. By this point I have tears in my eyes and can't really believe what I am seeing.

My computer will be turned off and folded. I have awoken several times to [find] it open and blaring music in the middle of the night.

Last night at about 2 am, I finally decided to get off the computer and get to bed. I live with 3 other people and have 1 dog who was sleeping with me at the time. Everyone was asleep and the house was dead silent. As I grab my dog from my brother's room I notice he is sleeping with the room light on, which he absolutely never does. He later confirmed that he turned the

light off before falling asleep. Something turned his room light on.

I sleep on the second floor of the house and if someone makes a noise downstairs I can definitely hear it because of the large echo. I hear a cabinet in my kitchen slam and a voice mumble something rather loudly; but I couldn’t make it out. I think I heard two voices but I can’t be sure. My immediate thought was, "One of my family members must be downstairs getting some cereal or something." But I knew that wasn’t right because I had just seen all of them in bed and would have heard them going down. Then the howling started.

It was as if there was literally a wolf in my kitchen. I heard a few more cabinets slam and a snarl/whimper. By this time my hair is standing on end and my dog is starting to growl as he hears it too. I grab his snout so he wouldn’t bark and slowly enter the hallway. For about 5 minutes I stood and listened to what I can describe as a wolf howl, slightly sad feeling to it, as if it was hurt or disappointed. But very distinct and very close. I knew there was something in the house—the echo was too perfect for something to be outside. Another cabinet would slam, and it would howl again...long, nearly human-like. This was no howl from a nature show ... it was quieter…subtle. It would moan like a wolf would moan and then start to howl again. My dog was shaking like crazy; you could feel his fear. I began to sneak towards the stairs, and the floor creaked below me. As soon as the creak was audible, the howl stopped mid-howl and everything became dead silent again.

No one was downstairs, everyone was still in bed sound asleep.

I have no idea what in the hell is going on here, I could use some advice.

Story 5: Four friends and an encounter with Bigfoot

This narrative takes place in Utah and is told by an individual who while traveling with three friends claims to have encountered a Bigfoot while stranded alongside the highway.

Hi, I have been trying to find somewhere to tell this story and lots of other ones I have that are paranormal. But I thought I would start with my Skinwalker or Bigfoot encounter here in Utah.

Three friends and I were on a spring break trip in southern Utah. We were on our way from Saint George to Moab on I70 passing through Fish

Lake National Forest. We were driving at night. It was a calm, clear evening and seemingly not much traffic. My friend's car decided to overheat, so we were left sitting on the side of the road for a while waiting for it to cool down. My friend who was the driver decided to go urinate out a ways from the car. A few moments later he came running toward the car screaming that there was something out there. I was in the backseat on the side looking from where he was running from. Suddenly I saw a huge black shape behind the fence. He got in the car and began to try and start [it]. I watched as this 7-8 foot tall creature covered in hair just walked over, or maybe it leaped over [the] fence. It approached the car and stood maybe 15 feet away. We were all screaming at this time for him to get moving. I noticed its eyes were red, and seemed like hot coals floating in this black hairy silhouette. It had either long ears that poked up above the top of its head or it had horns. The car started and we sped off. I kept looking at it as we drove away. It just stood on side of the road. I could still see its eyes. This was back in 1992-1993. The driver to this day doesn't like to talk about it and I haven't spoke to the others for years.

I had to do some research, but I believe it was along I-70 and the San Rafael Swell. There is a gas station that has a sign that reads "no gas, no food, no bull for 110 miles" along this road. I remember seeing that sign then driving for another 30-45 minutes, then the above story unfolded. I'm glad you asked for more detail. I ended up watching some YouTube videos of that road and read some stories about that area and I am sure that's the spot. I really think it is strange how the car overheated right nearby this creature. I've seen a lot of other paranormal things like UFOs and ghosts/spirits too. Some UFO stories are very unusual; I may post some soon if people are interested.

Story 6: Anonymous Native American contributor, friends encounter multiple Skinwalkers out in the desert

This narrative is told by a member of the Navajo tribe. According to his tale, he and friends with whom he was working encountered a number of Skinwalkers in the desert. One of the Skinwalkers who he describes as more

human-like than the others placed them all under a spell which was later removed by a tribal Medicine Man.

One rainy night in the middle of May, 2003, my friends and I were hanging out at around 9:00 p.m. We are the Navajo Tribe people, getting water for the livestock in Sun Rise, Arizona. We were having a good time. Tony was driving; I was on the passenger seat. John and Cody were sitting in the back seat. We were telling jokes and cracking up. We got to the windmill. We started the water and waited for it to fill the barrel. We were walking around looking at the local cows. Then the water started to over flow. John ran to pull out the hose. (John is a professional sheepherder.) Then we all got back in to the truck. This time I was going to drive.

I got in and the truck would not start. I tried and tried to start the truck, I even looked under the hood to check if anything was out of place. Nothing was. I went back into the truck. Tony wanted to go and mess around with the cows, and so did John and Cody. While they were out there, I was trying to figure out what was wrong with the truck.

Suddenly, a sound so loud that I jumped up. I thought it was just the guys throwing rocks to scare the cows. So I kept on working and looking for the problem. Then I heard the sound again. I got out of the truck and yelled for the guys to stop doing that. They started to come back. When they got back to the truck, I asked them if they threw rocks at the windmill. They all said "no." I kind of got the chills. Then we went back to where the cows were. Tony stayed with me.

Then we heard the sound again, this time it was a harder hit. Tony yelled to them and told them to stop that. They didn't answer. Usually, they would tell him, "Zhoo' yea'." (A "calm down" joke in Navajo language). He called them once more, but no one yelled back. We got worried. We started walking out into the dark looking for them. We called out their names. But no one answered. We had no flashlights. The only light we had was the moonlight, which kept coming in and out of the clouds. We could barely see where we were going.

After about 10 minutes, we finally found them. They were on the ground, almost shivering, and their eyes wide open. Tony and I thought about the worst that could happen. We have heard stories about these "Skinwalkers" (or Yana glooshi). We have experienced encounters before, but not like this, or at least not with us out here in the open. We knew what we had to do, but

we didn't know if there was only one or few more. Then we heard some scrambling noise in the bushes nearby. Tony and I got scared. Then we heard it again, but on our right then our left, then in front of us, then behind us. This all happened in about three seconds.

We got the chills that raced up our back. I knew Tony always had some Navajo Mountain tobacco or blessing cedar to protect us from the Skinwalkers, but he didn't have either of them. So Tony and I made a run back to the truck with the half-dead bodies of Cody and John. We heard the footsteps of something running after us. We made it back to the truck and we all got back in, then it went silent. Then the witchcraft that the Skinwalkers put on Cody and John wore off.

All of a sudden, some sickly looking coyotes jumped on to the hood of the truck. There were three creatures that had the body of a coyote, but a little more human-like features. They could walk on their four legs or just their two back legs. They had eyes that were crystal, blood, and red. They had the smell of dead animals. The smell was so unbearable. We all fell back into our seat and started to scream like little girls. They started to sing or chant. We knew they were speaking in Navajo, but we were so terrified that we couldn't tell what they were saying.

Then some tall, longhaired, furry, black creature with crystal-like eyes was just outside Tony's window, breathing heavily with the ugliest face we've ever seen. Tony looked at it and jumped back so fast and powerful, that he almost knocked out Cody. The creature blew something like powder through the window and onto us. We all stared to slow our breathing and calm down. After seconds it was quiet. We started to knock out one by one.

Next thing you know, we woke up the next day face down, ass up, in Tony's bedroom. We never found out what happen to the Skinwalkers. We had a series of ceremonies that was to protect us from the sickness that the Skinwalkers placed on us. The medicine man told us that the people who did this to us were after us because of jealousy. They were jealous of us because of all the things we have and all the accomplishments we've done. So we had their power turned around to backfire on them and it was supposed to get them back with the witchcraft that they placed on us.

After we had the ceremonies, Tony went back to his house and his mom said that night we just walked through the door about 1:30 a.m., got a glass of water and went into my room. She also said we were so quite she thought we were sleeping. Up to today, we still hang out with each other. We

still get water and take care of the livestock. We will never forget happened that night, but we always say, "Zhoo' yea'."

Story 7: Posted by anonymous Utah resident #1

This story relates encounters with UFOs and other aerial anomalies.

I am a Utah resident. I have had several sightings of UFOs over the years. The First was about 17 years ago. Another witness and I were just east of Salt Lake City. Just south of the Lambs Canyon exit, at around 3:00 AM, a brightly illuminated round object flew into view and came to a complete stop. It then hovered and flew off at a high rate of speed in another direction.

About 15 years later, slightly further east in the same mountains just north of Park City and Jeremy Ranch, I encountered a dark hovering object with no lights a few hundred yards from my vehicle around 1 AM. When I became aware of it and how it blocked out the night sky and stars I was completely shocked to be so close. It had a thick saucer shape and appeared to be similar in color to modern stealth aircraft. It then began to move down the canyon and I accelerated in pursuit for several miles before it outran my vehicle.

Lastly, another person [and I] witnessed two UFOs launching from what appeared to be the ground just north of Fish Lake in Central Utah. It was again very late at night around 2-3 AM. These UFOs where bright white lights that appeared and rose from the ground slowly and then accelerated to a much faster rate of speed, as [if] they were advanced ships launching from the earth into space. One UFO launched and then another followed shortly after.

I have also encountered beings in human form. They have a very eerie presence about them along with exuding extreme confidence. They are not detected by most people and live among us pretending to be human. They seem to be aware that I am capable of detecting them, yet it does not concern them at all. One has even used superhuman powers in my presence as if it was trying to shock me or demonstrate its abilities. Is it possible they are the fallen angels spoken of in the bible or guards for the prison planet? The draconian stories and references also come to mind. The coincidences have been proven to be mathematically impossible without extraterrestrials and some kind of intelligent being in control. God perhaps?

Story 8: Posted by anonymous Utah resident #2

This particular narrative is in response to one written by Ryan and posted on his website. It recounts a similar experience.

I stood watching for another ten minutes or so and then decided to crawl into bed. I lay in bed for another ten or fifteen minutes debating with myself whether or not I was witnessing real alien craft. Finally, I said to myself, "Forget it, I am just going to go to sleep." At that instant I was hit by a sound that seemed to be coming from a loudspeaker directly behind my head. My entire body vibrated as if resonating with the sound. My first thought was that it was a diesel engine's brakes because that is what it sounded like in the very beginning. Its pitch changed and became higher and I vibrated with more energy. My next thought in the same moment was that it must be someone with a loud car stereo in the driveway. But the sound's pitch returned to its original bass and stopped altogether. The sound was so loud that I was sure that it had vibrated the entire house and that my folks would be waking up wondering what the sound was.

However, at the instant the sound stopped. I found myself totally unable to see and unable to orient myself. I could not tell if I was still in bed, standing upright, upside [sic], etc. Very quickly my vision returned and I found myself still in bed but feeling calm. Then it was as if someone had drugged me with a tranquilizer. I found myself descending into sleep very quickly as if riding an elevator down into unconsciousness. It was only at the last moment that I thought, "It's them! I asked them to come!"

Upon reading this post, eerily reminded me of what I experienced the night in my bedroom (that I told you about before) although I didn't fight it--felt that same "calmness" and instant sleep. I thought, "That's EXACTLY what they look like"—100% sure—and I was asleep…

After that night I looked extensively through the internet for similar happenings—and never found anything like what had occurred to me—until I read this post…

Enjoyed your new videos…

Story #9: Indian Burial Grounds

This brief narrative was provided by a man who grew up only a few

miles north of Skinwalker Ranch prior to its notoriety. He and his father had an encounter with three Indian spirits in an area south of what is now Bottle Hollow Reservoir, and not too far from a noted Indian Burial Ground.

I grew up just south of Roosevelt, Utah. My family's home was only a few miles from the Skinwalker Ranch and Bottle Hollow. At the time, the reservoir was yet to be constructed. But even then it had been a place of unexplained activity. We—meaning family members and neighbors—routinely saw unexplained lights coming from the hollow. One event I particularly recall was seeing a ball of bright white light with a long tail moving along the horizon, suddenly turn and go the other direction. The older people in the area referred to them as Spirit Lights.

When I was in junior high, I guess, my family and I were out in the backyard. My parents had a barbecue and we were just sitting taking in the night. I had this telescope which I had set up on the patio and it was a beautiful night with a sky full of stars. As we took turns checking out the stars, I heard what sounded like voices coming from the wash on the other side of our yard. It sounded like men talking, but no language that I had ever heard before. As I listened I noticed my dad was hearing it too—and he looked scared, as if he was seeing a ghost.

Together my Dad and I walked out toward the end of the property and as close to the wash as we dared. Suddenly we were startled by these really weird sounds, as if someone was chanting or bellowing—but it was short and sharp. Then as if out of nowhere, there were three figures there before us, definitely human looking and as tall as my dad, only really skinny and with gangly arms and legs. They seemed like some mix of both human and animal; that's the only way I can describe it. They didn't move or make a sound. They just stared back at us with these coal-like eyes. The one in the middle turned and pointed in the direction of Bottle Hollow. My dad grabbed my arm and started pulling me away and as he did he yelled at the figures to leave us alone. When I turned to look back, they were gone.

On the way back to the house my father told me to say that we saw nothing. Many years later, on a similar type night, he brought up the encounter. As he got into it, he told me that there was an Indian Burial Ground south of Bottle Hollow Reservoir (which had been dug by then), and that those figures were the spirits of Ute Indians there on Sacred Land and that they pass through dimensional portals to frighten those who trespass. I

think these may be the Skinwalkers that people around here talk about.

Story #10: A boy who became a Skinwalker

This narrative appeared as part of a conversational thread on Ryan's internet forum. It is the story of a man who when a boy was involved by his father in a Native American ceremony intended to transform chosen individuals to Skinwalkers. While elements of the story are perhaps beyond validation, as a whole it does provide a unique insight into the mind of those who would pursue the dark art.

When there comes a time for a child to be born, there are several children that are sensitives and those that are sensitives get chosen. We who are sensitive to evil or good can "see" what normal people can't. ESP many scientists believe to be "paranormal" or "supernatural", but you have to see it in the eyes of us who have been taught that "everything" is possible and it is all limitless.

So basically we see things and we let our elders know. Now when children cry, it's either because something was bothering them or they sense something bad. When a child is laughing or is smiling while no one is in the room, it "could" be a good spirit playing with them, or it "could" be a bad spirit playing with them. It's hard to tell because there is nothing "evil" in the beginning. It's all trickery to us because they can't harm the innocent.

I was one of these children who was a sensitive and I was given the name Hashke Ta Deezwood, which translates to "one who walks around with warriors" or "one who is always honest with those he encounters".

Now with me, my grandmother raised me to be a good kid. Never into the going out at night or opening a window at night or whistling at night. [That's a] no-no for a child because that's what calls the bad spirits over to you. So I did nothing but listen to her stories of all these things.

My father came into the picture when I was like 5 or 6 and he just visited time to time. Now when I turned 8, I was allowed to go with him to his place. He then started my "training" as I call it. I was hunting and gathering things with him. I thought it was fun because I was hanging out with my father.

Now when I turned 9 it began. I was the youngest of the group of kids chosen by his "elders" to partake in this event. I was a sensitive and still

am. So they performed a 3 day ceremony in which they had a huge bon fire going and they were dancing around it. They had their skins and animals skins. When I say skins I mean human skins as well. There were people getting butchered and mutilated in these camps in the caves on top of the mountains near my hometown. I vividly remember watching a man get slaughtered and I can remember his screams of agony.

This is what haunts me to this day. I tell people all the time, "Dude, you have NO idea what it's like to go through hell or have to hear screams from it or even watch it". We the children have to sit in front of a mirror, this mirror is like a portal to another deep dark dimension and it remains dark until the ceremony is almost complete. It reflects our image but in a ghastly way. Now the chants and songs are being made while people around are getting slaughtered and we have to fast without food or water for the whole three days, while in front of these huge bon fires while watching our own image in a dark mirror.

Once the three days are over and there are some of us who survive—keep in mind that they choose up to 15 kids and only three of us make it out alive. I'm the youngest of all of them. Now the 4th day we have to go around talking to animals in THEIR language and we HAVE to understand them. We have to play with some and then challenge some, all while being observed by Skinwalkers that are already initiated. If we pass with their approval, we get to do one more thing—eat. But in order to do so we have to kill either an animal or a human. Then we eat whichever we kill. I killed a prairie dog because I couldn't even stand the thought of eating a person. That's what sets the Skinwalkers apart, whether you eat an animal or human. Eating an animal will most likely result in us being able to obtain "white" or "clear" eyes, UNLESS you eat snakes or coyotes. Eating a human will always result in obtaining the famous and infamous "red" or "yellow" eyes.

Once the sacrifice is made and you survive through it all, you obtain the right to be called a Skinwalker. Now keep in mind that even Skinwalkers play by the Natural Law. They come together in this time, be it bad or a good Skinwalker, to raise more Skinwalkers. But this only happens every rare occasion in which there are changes that are being made by the planet due to climate or interplanetary change. We are more in tune with nature than most. We understand the crystal and how it communicates to us. This is why most scientists believe that logic does not mix with reality. Logic is their way of "trying" to explain something they don't understand and are afraid of. We on

the other hand know enough that there are always going to be things that we can't explain but we will describe it. We won't be afraid of it because if it's in our world, then it must be in others as well. Meaning it was ALWAYS there to begin with, so it's nothing new to the universe, but it is to us therefore it is NOT supernatural or paranormal. Same goes for spirits/aliens/UFOs, they're just crossing over, no big deal.

Now Mother Earth provides us chosen with massive amounts of energy which we can keep forever. We have the power to manipulate and control certain things. I for one can control the weather with my emotions and I can befriend any wild animal and I can also manipulate peoples' thought process.

I was chosen with clear eyes, and I was given a bald eagle feather. See, most don't know this but you don't need the full skin to transform, you just need a piece or a part of the animal. I transformed for the first time, it took me 12 hours to master the art. I had to let go of all the limits I was taught. See I was taught that I could only go so far before there would be no limits—like they teach nowadays, but you have to let it ALL go in order to realize the beauty of shifting.

Once shifted, you can fly as high as YOU see fit. It was great, being 9 and flying over Shiprock at high speeds. Having pure sight of everything was the best. Then I did something stupid. I transformed back while I was trying to land, I landed on my face.... HARD. I stumbled a bit and I couldn't remember anything for a while, but then I caught my thoughts and I knew what I had done. I was proud of myself.

I was greeted back at the caves with joy and food and water. I enjoyed every meal afterward because I was hungry. The other kids had turned too. One transformed into a snake and the other was a cougar. We were happy until it came time to face the mirrors. I got in front of my mirror, stared into my own eyes and saw a great glory. Clear eyes. The Mirror then finally became "wavy" as if it was part of the water and something had hit it to make it start to wave. In the mirror was a mountain of flames and towering over those flames was a dark winged creature that had a long jaw and what looked like ram horns. It stared at me and it called me its son, but it said my purpose was to help those in need and to fight for the better good. Therefore it rejected me and said that I was no longer its son and it was [going to] protect me from harm but it would have nothing to do with me. The mirror cracked and the pieces fell.

The other kids didn't have the same experience. Their mirrors were returned to normal, so I guess I was the one that the mirror decided to show me this image. After all this, my dad took me back to his house and we slept with the doors open. I didn't care, I was practically invincible and had this thought that I could do whatever I wanted and I was fully protected. But I snapped.

This orb of light came into the house and I stood up. I wasn't scared and this orb flew into me. It tickled and I started to glow as if I was a glow stick. I walked outside and I saw a face form out of dust in front of me. It was a man. He spoke to me saying that he was the Creator and that what had happened was for the best and that I was to be honored to protect the people when I transformed. I was excited and I didn't want to believe it was the Creator speaking to me so the orb left. I went to sleep.

[The] next day, I got back home to my mother’s and I told her everything. She freaked out and took me to a medicine man fast. I got all the ceremonies done to reverse it all but I feel that it's stuck with me and that I can still transform. I haven't tried it, but if you knew what it felt like, your body thirsts to do it again. So on occasion I clear the clouds and I make sure no animals harm people.

I hope this helps you in your quest to seek the truth on your end, but I'm pretty much covered on everything needed. By the way, 2012 is going to be a normal year, same goes for 2013. It's just a time for transition and coming of evolution. I'd tell you more but I'll leave the rest to your research. Blessings from afar, peace.

Afterword

The idea for this book started out as a collection of stories shared by others with Ryan about the Ranch and the paranormal and extraterrestrial entities associated with the property, surrounding area and theme in general. And while ultimately these stories have been included, it became apparent as the information was being collected and collated, and in doing the research suggested by the material, that the real story was in the documents and dialogue afforded Ryan through the relationships he has cultivated with the people in and around the Ranch.

While most of the other Skinwalker books that have come before present more as fiction, making liberal use of half and quasi-truths to romanticize their plots, we saw enough here to focus on fact, and while at times, admittedly, some of the material is dry, when taken as the sum of its parts, the whole is intriguing and provides multiple launch points for anyone who wishes to further their own perspective. In addition, the documents are all first person, and unlike those other books, are not speculative or hearsay. How the reader chooses to interpret the content does not detract from its authenticity or the fact that the content can be directly sourced to the one who provided it.

BIGELOW, BAASS AND MUFON

Any book on the Ranch would be incomplete without a section on Robert T. Bigelow. Despite often being portrayed as an eccentric personality, he presents as an intelligent self-initiator whose interest in aerospace development just happens to extend to the extraterrestrial and the paranormal, and who has the financial wherewithal to take it to the next step. And while there are those conspiracy theorists who further the position that he attempted to use his wealth to buy out MUFON to monopolize and control the flow of UFO-based information, the earlier documents (letters) exchanged between Dr. Kelleher and Mr. Carrion suggest his objective was to assure timely access to information as to be able to act expediently were a verified sighting to occur.

As for MUFON, their current website is evidence that they have

moved on from their relationship with BAASS and continue to search the skies for UFO activity. The most up-to-date sightings and reports are provided continuously through the Latest UFO News and they are humbly accepting viewer donations. They are at this time a self-declared non-profit organization relying on volunteers.

THE INTERVIEWS

In terms of bringing all the material together, the four primary interviews presented the greatest challenge. It was absolutely necessary to maintain their integrity and authenticity, while at the same time protecting the confidentiality of those involved. This was done by providing for anonymity. That what we present is fact and offered without speculation or interpretation on our part ultimately is sufficient.

The Task Force briefing involving Dr. Kelleher and the two investigators supports the intense spirituality of the people living in and around the Uintah-Ouray Indian Reservation, and the deep ancestral connection they have with the original Native Americans that inhabited the area long ago. The Skinwalker is not an entity derived from a B-movie or children's literature, but as depicted through petroglyphs and petro-graphs going back thousands of years, is an element of the origin myth of the first human inhabitants of the Great Basin, and no less credible than any other religious tenant, nor is the belief in portals, alternate dimensions and other paranormal entities. That the current residents would maintain, protect and defend these beliefs is quite natural and expected.

The most sensitive of the interviews is with the previous resident. It is obvious from the content of that interview that a significant degree of confidentiality was requested, and we hope, respected. However, even within the implied anonymity, the intensity of the content is maintained as is the impact of the first-person narrative.

As for the content of the correspondence, it is clear that there was paranormal activity of some sort occurring with frequency on the Ranch and the surrounding property, and while most of it was categorized as aerial anomalies, the resident does acknowledge encounters consistent with Native American legend, specifically the manifestation of what appeared to be Indian spirits and the appearance of wolf-like entities. In addition, it can

clearly be interpreted that stories attributed to past residents of the Ranch by at least some of the other written sources were, to say the least, loosely interpreted and derived indirectly from third-person accounts.

The two transcripts of conversation with the confidential sources are most intriguing in terms of providing an insider's perspective. And while these transcripts might fall short of the expectations of those who had hoped to hear all kinds of fantastic tales, their true value is as actual accounts of encounters that took place and were witnessed on the property itself. The same is true of the Daily Security Logs.

THE PYSCHIC INVESTIGATIONS

The confidential report on the work of the remote viewers directed by Dr. Angela T. Smith initially in terms of content fell short of expectations. Given the intensity of the psychic phenomena associated with the property, we had hoped for greater detail and something other than general conclusions, no few of which—in retrospect—lack congruency with the history of the Ranch as we now know it. That aside, it does bring the reader up-close and personal to a psychic science—unfamiliar to most—which the military, law enforcement and academia not only deem credible, but often rely on to provide leads and information where more conventional methods fail. That alone was sufficient for its inclusion. However, when taken together with the content of the Daily Logs, and especially those entered by Hobby Horse, it is evidence that the Bigelow/Kelleher team was convinced that psychic investigation is an effective strategy when confronting dimensional portals and non-corporeal entities which tend to defy the laws of physics and the norms of the physical world.

THE NARRATIVES

Finally, we get to the narratives—the initial stimulus for the book. Following the comments on Ryan's first book on the subject, it became clear that readers were hungry for more stories. That's when Ryan reached out with a proposal for the second book. And while he had a trove of stories that had been forwarded to him by numerous sources, some of the better ones already appear on other sites and/or are the formal property of other individuals. It made no sense to include them here and risk the criticism of simply repeating what has already been told.

That said, the narratives that have been included have in common at least one thread, and sometimes multiple threads, that link them directly to the material that precedes them, serving both to substantiate that text and enhance it with real and personal experiences.

Like most other readers, we too tend to act with skepticism when asked to take seriously claims of encounters that lack the descriptive and empirical detail that would normally be expected of any witness, for example viewing a crime, a car accident or some unusual event. It is for this reason that the narratives of Pete M. and Jeremy K were prioritized. Both share the understated nature of someone who wishes to be taken seriously and therefore is careful with their words, and both are consistent with the experiences described by reliable sources and which Ryan himself can confirm. And while neither individual is aware of the other and have never had contact, the content of their separate narratives support each other.

The inclusion of the “Rich” interview was last minute. We were actually engaged in editing the draft when Ryan suggested it. He would have liked to include the original narrative, but as it can be accessed readily elsewhere, we decided instead to focus on the after effects of the encounter, feeling the reader would be most intrigued by the peripheral involvement of MUFON at a time preceding the agreement with BAASS.

The remainder of the narratives, though generally brief, give evidence of how widespread the Skinwalker phenomena is throughout the Four Corners, as well as paranormal and suspected extraterrestrial activity in general. One in particular that stands out is *A Boy Who Became a Skinwalker* due to the emotional investment the narrator has in its telling, its faithfulness to the elements of the legend and as evidence of the power of the paranormal to influence the individual. Others, we are certain, will be genuinely intrigued by the contribution of Bill Muldoon. His is a unique and informative perspective.

While reader and writer may come at the topic of the Skinwalker, the Ranch and the paranormal from different extremes, we can all agree it is fact that matters. To that end, we are confident the book succeeds in its objective.

We hope you have enjoyed the experience.

Ryan T. Skinner

D. L. Wallace

Author Page

RYAN SKINNER began his research into the phenomena at Skinwalker Ranch in 2008. Since the events chronicled in his first book, he has returned often to Utah's Uintah Basin to conduct field investigations. While there he spends several weeks in his specially equipped RV, camping alone in the desert, trying to find answers to whatever lurks in Fort Duchesne's nearby mesas and valleys. In September of 2009, Ryan created the web domain names www.skinwalkerranch.org and www.skinwalkerranch.com; paranormal websites which promote discussions on Skinwalker Ranch related topics. The website challenges visitors to think outside of the modern-day paradigm regarding the possibility of alien life as it relates to human consciousness and multiple dimensions. On April of 2011, Ryan received his Private Pilot's License enabling him to explore hotspots throughout the United States. In 1999, he graduated from Eastern New Mexico University with a Bachelor's Degree of Science and received a Major in Public Speaking and a Minor in Theatre. He graduated with Honors, earning the title Magna Cum Laude. This is Mr. Skinner's second book. He anticipates writing additional true stories chronicling not only his own past, present, and future adventures but those of others who have experienced the paranormal. Mr. Skinner does NOT condone trespassing on or around the Ranch.

Ryan Skinner has been featured on several nationally recognized television programs. In 2012 he was featured as a "Skinwalker Ranch Expert" on the *Jesse Ventura's Conspiracy Theory* which aired December 3rd on TrueTv. In 2013 he helped produce and was also the featured "Skinwalker Guide" for the *Joe Rogan Questions Everything* show which was televised August 21st, on the SyFy Channel. He has also headlined various radio shows, and podcasts. As a producer, entertainer, and now author; Ryan Skinner hopes to continue his search for answers for many years to come, and invites you to

watch him on his paranormal journeys. Ryan currently resides in Milton Wisconsin, where he lives with his two children, Whitney and Max.

You can view more pictures, stories and videos of his adventures and learn more about Skinwalker Ranch by visiting his website at: http://www.skinwalkerranch.com

Thank You for reading my second book on Skinwalker Ranch. If you enjoyed reading this eBook, your positive review (click here) would be appreciated.

Ryan Skinner

---

[1] http://www.uteindian.com/ute_tribal.htm

[2] http://paiute.net/

[3] http://www.everyculture.com/North-America/Eastern-Shoshone-Religion-and-Expressive-Culture.html

[4] http://shoshoneindian.com/legend_001.htm

[5] http://www.utetribe.com/

[6] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Buckhorn_Draw_Pictograph_Panel

[7] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Horseshoe_Canyon_(Utah)

[8] http://thssite.tripod.com/shel1/anas.html

[9] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:RochesterPanel_04_2008.JPG

[10] See Book four, Chapter 3, for the abridged interview with Larry C.

[11] Kelleher, Colm and Knapp, George. 2007. Skinwalkers—What are They? Rense.com. http://www.rense.com/general77/skin.htm

[12] The movie *The Missing* (2003, Ron Howard) costars Eric Schweig as an Indian Medicine Man called El Brujo. Many of his powers are those of a Skinwalker. He employs rattlesnakes suspend in the air as charms of black magic, blows corpse powder into the faces of his victims causing death and hallucinations, and he uses a few strands of Maggie's hair to conduct a ritual that brings her near to death.

[13] James Jones, Adam. July 28, 2011. Skinwalkers. Rocky Mountain Legends. Retrieved March 23, 2014 from: http://adamjamesjones.wordpress.com/2011/07/28/skinwalkers/

[14] There are other sources that make the date closer to 1992.

[15] Other sources deny the existence of these locks.

[16] Van Eyck, Zach. June 30, 1996. Frequent Fliers. Salt Lake City Deseret News. Salt Lake City, Utah.

[17] Van Eyck, Zach.

[18] Van Eyck, Zach.

[19] Van Eyck, Zach.

[20] There are other stories that have been published on various websites that infer a direct connection to the Shermans; i.e., referring to them as the Gormans, and in which the reported experiences have not been verified or confirmed. The most fantastic describes an incident in which a large wolf casually approached Terry Sherman, presented as intelligent and accustomed to humans, made an attempt at a calf, and was subsequently driven from the property by Sherman. However, to date, the known valid sources directly attributed to the Shermans make no mention of this wolf or particular encounter.

[21] Van Eyck, Zach. October 20, 1996. Millionaire Leads Quest for UFO Data. Deseret News. Salt Lake City, Utah.

[22] Whiting, Lezlee E., January 1, 2001. Ranch still studying cattle mutilations, unexplained sightings. Deseret News. Salt Lake City, Utah.

[23] Pete Pickup is further referenced in the conversation between Wisconsin Ryan and Ranch Hand which appears following the preface of Book 3, Chapter 2.

[24] Whiting, Lezlee E.

[25] The left ear is often tagged by ranch owners to identify their cattle. There are reports that speculate the left ear is removed to make formal identification of the calf difficult if the incident is one of theft.

[26] The content of this section has been extracted from the original source document.

[27] The correspondence was a letter on official BAASS stationary and signed by Dr. Kelleher.

[28] The letter is formally addressed to Dr. Kelleher and signed by Mr. Carrion.

[29] Carrion, James. January 31. 2011. Follow the Magic Thread. The Personal Blog of James Carrion. Retrieved on April 14, 2014 from: http://followthemagicthread.blogspot.com/2011/01/strange-bedfellows.html.

[30] The observation made by Investigator 1 regarding wildlife footprints in snow is not necessarily accurate. I looked at multiple photographs of tracks made in the snow by various woodland fauna and all were capable of the description Investigator 1 is declaring abnormal.

[31] Located south-east of Fort Duchesne and Roosevelt.

[32] There is no indication that Investigator 2 and Investigator 1 took this trip or spent time at the cabin referenced.

[33] Wisconsin Ryan has been faithful to that promise.

[34] Not a neighbor, but actually the author of The Utah UFO Display, published in 2010 and co-written with Joseph Junior Hicks.

[35] Co-author with Frank Salisbury.

[36] American broadcaster and original host of the paranormal radio program Coast to Coast AM.

[37] This event was reported in a local newspaper in Vernal on or about 3/17/12. An eyewitness by the name of Corey Serawop reported seeing a brightly illuminated object in the skies over Fort Duchesne at the same time there was a power outage. Paul Betts, manager of Moon Lake Electric, confirmed that a transformer at a local substation blew and emitted an arc of sparks.

[38] Resident is referring to the Kelleher/Knapp book.

[39] Joe Rogan has his own television program.

[40] *Suspect Zero* (2004), starring Ben Kingsley, is loosely based on the concept of Remote Viewing and the use of drawings created by the process. A detective pursues a serial child killer.

[41] Note the similarity to the description of these figure and those provided by the local people who claimed to have seen the creatures associated with the Skinwalkers.

[42] Orbs of light and other aerial anomalies casting or emitting bright light are commonly observed in and around the area of the Ranch.

[43] There is a creek abutting the Ranch property.

[44] Another similarity to local description of the creature and of its movement.

[45] Similar to the description provided by the Shermans as to the unidentified flying object she encountered over her property.

[46] Tom Sherman and his son claimed to have heard voices that materialized out of nowhere and spoke an unidentified language.

[47] One of the first tasks completed by Bigelow when he purchased the Ranch was to build the observation tower and equip it with audio/visual equipment.

[48] In all likelihood, Ranch Hand is working security at the Ranch at this time and is attempting to lure Wisconsin Ryan into a conversation with the objective of obtaining information relative to his activities.

[49] Ryan B. is a self-described paranormal expert who has contributed significantly to Skinwalker content in various forms of media. He resides in proximity to the Ranch.

[50] There are three bait pens on the property. The guards refer to them as dog runs. Each has an observation tower.

[51] Ranch Hand’s claims of an encounter are likely contrived as to gain Ryan’s confidence and interest.

[52] The actual month is redacted to protect the identity of Ranch Hand. Daily logs are dated and include the names of the security personnel on duty at that time.

[53] At this point, Ryan is cautiously suspicious and engages in some deception of his own.

[54] A number of documents were obtained substantiating that a specific individual was assigned by Kelleher to monitor Ryan's website. One document informed Kelleher that his book had been referenced by the site. A second refers to the site listing the name of the Jean D. and her husband.

[55] Here Ryan continues to employ the same tactic working to further gain the trust of Ranch Hand.

[56] Ryan references the supposed creature Ranch Hand mentioned at the beginning of the dialogue, aware by this point that no such creature had been spotted.

[57] Pickup Pete's daughter witnessed two large, white canines which she further described as inconsistent with the type of stray dogs found on the reservation, healthier and cleaner, that insinuated themselves into a group of small children playing in a field—one was her 6 year-old daughter, allowed the children to mount them as if they were ponies and seemed to be communicating with the children. The two canines were seen around the area for about a month and then disappeared. The children insisted the canines were speaking with them.

[58] The comment infers a connection between the sulfur-like smell and a paranormal presence, as per the creature reported by William and Nash B.

[59] Incidents of vehicles at the gate occur with frequency. It is interesting to note the perception of the guards as to their interaction with these vehicles and the occupants as compared to the perception of those occupants as provided in their own personal narratives (see Book 4).

[60] Throughout the log entries, both Hobby Horse and Tripod use both *meditate* and *mediate* indiscriminately. It is unknown which term is intended; however, given the action described, it would seem that *meditate* is the word they intend to use.

[61] Note that Hobby Horse does not entertain the idea that some other person may have entered the room while he was away.

[62] The dogs often become excited and agitated when they detect local wildlife.

[63] The "dog run" is actually one of the three bait pens on the property. The over-watch position is the tower erected at the end of the dog run.

[64] References to photographs routinely appear in the logs. No photographs were made available.

[65] Rumors have it that a little girl was killed on the property prior to ownership by the Meyers.

[66] Shortly thereafter, Bigelow made financial arrangements to gain permission for his security detail to patrol the area in question.

[67] Ranch Hand's comment as to the usual guard deployment is contrary to other sources which suggest a greater presence on the Ranch.

[68] Notice that Ranch Hand too seems not to differentiate between meditation and mediation.

[69] Similar observations are made numerous times. However, neither Hobby Horse, Tripod, Ranch Hand nor Bongo ever thinks to make use of a thermometer of any sort to provide for a reading that verifies beyond perception that any such change actually occurs.

[70] Similar to the reports shared by local police with Investigator 1 and Investigator 2.

[71] The description of contact and interaction by Rocky with trespassers and vehicles is consistent with others throughout the logs.

[72] There is no indication in any of the documents available that either Mr. Wheat or Rocky have any psychic training, and it appears they are attempting to interact with spirits or entities as did Hobby Horse.

[73] Caveman and John have not been mentioned prior to this point nor otherwise identified.

[74] The original source mistakenly referred to Tripod. This event is related differently later in the book by a another participant.

[75] Other sources indicate that WS was ultimately interpreted as SW—Skinwalker.

[76] Based on rumors by conspiracy theorists.

[77] Contradicts the Daily Logs which state Ouija board was a tray supplied by Jean Dietz.

[78] This comment is inconsistent with the dialogue in the logs, but does provide clarity as to the WS (SW) spelled out by the spirit.

[79] Referenced in the material provided by Bill Muldoon in Book 4.

[80] Drawing appears below.

[81] The logs from Book 3 substantiate that security response was consistent with this description.

[82] Log entries by a number of the Ranch team mention using flashlights to discern the presence of trespassers.

[83] The time frame of K.'s visit corresponds with the log entries in Book 3. The inference that there was a sophisticated or militarily trained presence on the Ranch at this time is not substantiated by the evidence.

[84] Coincides directly with the evidence presented by Hobby Horse.

[85] Mr. Wheat had security duty the first week of October 2009.

[86] The log entry of October 2, 2009 (Mr. Wheat) reports the unauthorized presence (approximately 2 AM) of two males approximately 50 yards from Mr. Wheat and partner when observed. The entry reports both males were accosted verbally and fled. They were lost in the darkness of the tree line. Jeremy K.'s narrative makes no mention of contact or being chased.

[87] Loss of capacity to experience pleasure

[88] At a later point in the conversation, Rich states, "All of us are just storage receptacles, like a flash drive. From what I understand they are hedging bets against extermination based on innate instinctual qualities and genetic hardiness that predispose the organism to survival in changing times…though, frankly, they are taking what they can whenever the situation allows just in case."

[89] The Lizard People according to American Indian legend was an ancient society of advanced intellects. Jean Bosquet, January 1934, NY Times, wrote an article speculating on an underground catacomb in Los Angeles rumored to have been built by the Lizard People and filled with priceless artifacts and treasure.

[90] Muldoon refers to the symbols found on the Phaistos disk, a product of the Atlantean Bronze Age.

[91] Contradicts his initial assertion that he found it after the sand storm.

[92] The Indian spirits are discussed in Ryan's dialogue with the previous resident in Book 2.

[93] No further information on this reference.

[94] The use of peyote goes back thousands of years (see Book 1).

[95] I assume Muldoon is inferring that there is some sort of being associated with the ships and it is they not the ships that live in the caves.

[96] Sweet grass, also known as flote grass, grows wild in the Midwest and is eaten primarily by cows. Native Americans use it in rituals and ceremonies.

[97] The alien character in the move Predator starring Arnold Schwarzenegger.

[98] Slim is referring to others that worked at the airfield shop and experienced the various anomalies.

[99] Slim had mentioned runway lights associated with strange happenings—the lights were moving on their own—and told Ryan he would send them to him for examination.